NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CIII.

APRIL, 1839.

ART. I. — 1. *Storia di Napoli del* 1734 *al* 1825, del Gen. COLLETTA. Firenze, 1837. (2da ediz.) 4 vol.
2. *Storia di Genova*, di GIROLAMO SERRA. Torino. 1834.
3. *Storia della Repubblica di Genova*, di CARLO VARESE. Genova. 1834.
4. *Storia d'Italia*, di G. SFORZOSI. Italia. 1830.

OUR age is the age of history. Numerous associations of able scholars are actively employed in the compilation of Cyclopædias, universal biographies, and contemporaneous memoirs. History appears in dictionaries and manuals, in general views, sketches, and essays. While the ephemeral literature of periodicals and magazines opens the treasures of memory to the newly-awakened curiosity of the people, works of a more solid stamp, noble monuments destined to immortality, are rising in all countries. Such in France are the works of Thiers and Sismondi, those of Schiller and Niebuhr in Germany, of Hallam and Mackintosh in England, of Sparks and Prescott in America. Every insignificant town, every obscure province in the old world, every state forty years old in the new, is publishing its annals for the instruction of posterity. Sepulchral vaults and family portraits, city archives and parochial registers, are rescued from the venerable dust that covers them, to become in their turn monuments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of irrefragable authority. Add to this the establishment of historical societies and historical lectures; tragedy turned into historical drama; and that ingenious device, recently substituted for ancient *epopee*, the historical novel. Verily, our age is the age of history.

This so decided tendency to look to the past, this restless inquisitiveness, that leads us to disturb the silence of the tombs of our forefathers, this universal rage for story-telling, is not so much a matter of choice with us, as of necessity. There are ages essentially destined to act, and ages inexorably condemned to write, history. The progress of human society is marked by an intermittent succession of activity and repose, which, without interrupting its eternal law of continuity, preserves it from the weariness of monotony. The generation, that comes after a stormy period of revolutions and wars, must necessarily be employed in repairing the ravages occasioned by the late convulsions. A council of philosophers is always seen seated on the bloody field laid waste by the rage of the warriors that preceded them, speculating on the causes of the past desolation, and, with theories and systems, providing against its recurrence. The social system proceeds by the impulse of two opposite forces, analogous to the centrifugal and centripetal laws of gravitation, that suns and planets obey. Man, in conflict with nature, is always aiming in his works at immortality. Cathedrals and capitols, forms of religion and constitutions of government, are always intended for an endless futurity. In all his fabrics and monuments, this being of clay seems ever to appeal against the short duration of the span of days that is assigned him.

Thus he prepares laws and institutions for the generations to come. He deplores the consequences of the errors of generations gone by. He endeavours to foresee all contingencies, to conciliate all interests, to remove all subjects of collision; and he fancies he has secured his sons against the horrors he witnessed in his childhood, and that he shall convey to them the peace and order with which his mature age is blessed.

But, with the new generation, new ideas come up, with which he was totally unacquainted. His sons, not having been struck by the view of the ravages of war, begin to feel tired of the monotony of a stagnating life. New ambi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions arise. Men begin to count each other, and to find that they are too many. The most active, at every step, find their neighbours in their way. They feel crowded, uneasy, and jealous. They can no longer breathe freely for want of room. The people riot in the squares ; the nobility conspire in their palaces ; confusion and panic seize diplomacy and police ; men's spirits are again stirred up by the trumpet, the rusty sword is taken down from the walls of the castle, the war-horse is once more harnessed, and the edifice of the prudent father is razed to the ground, like a castle of cards that costs a child so many hours of labor and patience.

But patience is an inexhaustible attribute of man. On the green sides of Mount Vesuvius, there are towns which have been several times covered, and, as it were, washed away, by torrents of lava. As soon as the molten stratum begins to cool, the scattered inhabitants return from their asylum to the beloved scene of danger, and, making the best of their disaster, rebuild their new house with the same lava which buried the old one ; and with such heroic perseverance, that the pavement of the streets of today is on a level with the roofs of the dwellings of former ages.

This is sad ; and yet, sad as the order of human society may appear, we have some reason to believe, that not only is it the result of the inscrutable designs of the Eternal Providence, but that the Utopias and dreams of the most sanguine philosophers, admitting even the possibility of their realization, could never suggest a plan by which human affairs could better be carried on. If all Europe, and all the rest of the world, should advance the arts of civilization to the present standard of England ; if all the systems of popular education, all philanthropic institutions could fully attain their aim ; if all encroachments upon the independence, the liberty, the commerce of other nations, should cease ; if every people should retire within its natural limits, and be contented with its own ; if soldiers and lawyers were sent to till the ground ; we could thus bring society back to the golden age of the poets, but what a fatal monotony would weigh upon life, how many aspiring spirits would pine and sink for want of an object of exertion, how many would say, like Alexander, "Alas ! our fathers have left nothing for us to do !" Evil is then an enemy left among us by a wisdom like that, with which Cato opposed the total demolition of Carthage, that the young Romans

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have an open field for exertion, and discipline might never relax. By the continual aiming at perfection without ever being able to reach it, mankind are preserved in a state of action and reaction, that keeps them almost constantly on the same level, and prevents them from falling into an apathy inconsistent with the demands of their spiritual nature.

It has been always considered as unwise to write the biography of a man before his death. In like manner, because society, and the nations that compose it, never die, or, at least, because the periods of their existence cannot be comprehended by the short-sightedness of man, general and partial history is to be composed during those intervals, which seem to divide it into so many distinct epochs; when society, after a long period of struggle and violence, sinks into a state of comparative repose, into that condition of meditative torpor, during which it supplies its empty veins with new blood, and acquires strength for new catastrophes; as the geologist, who would explore the crater of a volcano, must wait for an interval, in which the mountain lies still and cold, as if exhausted by the last eruption, and preparing in silence and darkness the glowing materials for a new one.

As soon as the hour of action has come, society is divided into injurers and sufferers. The bold range themselves in the lists as actors; the timid stand appalled and silent, awaiting events. None is free from hope or fear; hence none has patience or courage to write. There must be, necessarily, two ages for history; the age of heroes, and the age of writers.

Our age is not, — the young and restless murmur against such a sentence, the benevolent offer thanks to Heaven for it, — our age is not an age for action; we must be contented with writing. The last forty years (we mean the days of the French republic and empire) have furnished materials for a hundred volumes; the history of the present age will be told in one page. Perhaps the task assigned to us by Providence is the noblest; perhaps we are, in fact, the benefactors, the true builders, of our race; but human curiosity is only attracted, where the trampling of hosts and the clashing of steel bewilder the terrified imagination. The history of mankind is only marked by works of destruction, as that of the earth they inhabit is traced by floods and earthquakes. Since 1815, the general peace of the world has been repeatedly threatened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Events of the utmost consequence have been announced, which seemed likely to bring about a total subversion of things ; revolutions in Spain and Italy, — a deadly struggle in Greece, — wars between Russia and Turkey, — Algiers, — Navarino, — and finally the three days of July in Paris, and their consequences in Belgium, Poland, Italy, and Spain. Never, perhaps, did discord more madly whirl her torch all over the world. Yet while, in other times, only a spark would have been sufficient to raise a general conflagration, those partial and abortive commotions have naturally abated, without any extraordinary cause, or human provision, only in consequence of the general exhaustion and consternation into which the nations had been plunged by the bloody ravages they had recently undergone, and from which, in spite of the fair results of their statistical accounts, and the seeming prosperity of commerce and industry, they have but scarcely recovered.

We are builders. Arts and sciences, public education, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, the spirit of invention and discovery, manufactures, roads, navigation, all things useful or beautiful, present the fairest results. But, by the side of such an astonishing progress, wild and bewildering ideas prevail ; new or newly-combined doctrines and systems ; a daring, restless, all-pervading inquisitiveness ; a haste, a discontent, an anxiety, very much like the fever of suppuration after the infliction of wounds.

Such as it is, our social reorganization looks fair and bright in theory. Posterity must come and see how it will work in practice. But we envy them the sad experiment ; we endeavour rashly to hurry events ; we wish to see the motion of the machine we are constructing ; and, in that deplorable impatience, in that reluctance to submit to the eternal course of human vicissitudes, we worry and torture ourselves, and lose the proper blessings of the calm, meditative age, in which we are destined to live.

It would be difficult to form a just idea of the state of the European mind by merely following the general turn of thought in this country. Since the English colonies of North America have been raised to the rank of an independent nation, they have been separated from the world, or rather they have been called to constitute a world apart by themselves. It was fortunate for them, that their emancipation took place before they were liable to be involved in the horrors of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French revolution. Yet, since it would be to entertain a mean idea of the divine wisdom, to suppose that much good is not to be derived from so much evil, it remains a matter of doubt, whether America will be able to reap the advantages of calamities, in which happily she had no share. To this circumstance, perhaps, is principally to be ascribed the difference of feelings and manners, visibly widening, between the old world and the new. The great achievement of American emancipation was an event wonderful in its success, immense in its results. Still there was, happily, little bloodshed, and a comparatively short and guiltless struggle. There was much firmness and unanimity, but very little exasperation of factions. The whole matter was controverted and settled between two nations of men. It was a fair play, a legitimate debate of right and wrong, something like a difference arising between brothers at the division of the paternal inheritance. Never was liberty purchased so cheaply; nowhere but in America could a liberty, so easily acquired, be so easily maintained. Since that time, Heaven has smiled incessantly on the land of the free. From her inaccessible shores, America has looked upon the conflict of nations periling at sea. She has had much to learn, much to admire, much to deplore, but nothing to fear or suffer.

This blessed security, this long enjoyment of order and tranquillity, has exerted a beneficent influence over the minds of her people. Conscious of unbounded existence, the American moves to his aim, circumscribed only by the natural orbit of his powers. He fears no encroachment, no obstruction. He relies on no intervention of miraculous agents. Hence his life is movement, not struggle; he is active, not restless; his interests are essentially in harmony with the interests of society, his private efforts are always tending to forward the public welfare. Accustomed to see revolutions carried by a majority of suffrages, when dissatisfied with his rulers, he awaits new elections; he has nothing to hope from violence, he has no occasion for secret conspiracies. His equanimity in social life has a soothing influence on his domestic affections. At home and abroad, the American is a reasonable being, *par excellence*. Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another. Crossed by fortune in the East, he resignedly migrates to the West. He is the citizen of a world; his rights, his name, and language follow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him everywhere. A descendant of pilgrims, he has no local notions of patriotism. His wooden dwelling is something between a European house and an Arabian tent. On the background of civilization, there opens before him a wide region of swamps and forests, a refuge for the outcasts of society. There, more than in any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of American security. As long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, America will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity. As long as she is in possession of such an extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

On the other hand, Europe is afflicted with the evil most attendant upon old settlements, surplus population. Everywhere land is failing the inhabitants. Domestic and foreign quarrels, plagues and famines, though more busy than ever, appear inefficient and slow. The stubborn human race eludes all agents of destruction. The meanest wretch clings to the roof of his fathers, claims his right to the soil, and hangs on society. He looks upon himself as a victim of the injustice of fortune. He ascribes his failures to a general conspiracy of the whole community against him. Once fallen, he never hopes, never strives, to recover. He curses the hard times in which he was born; he sinks into dejection and dissipation, waiting for sudden vicissitudes to come to his rescue; he expects the earth to be stricken out of its path for his sake. Placing thus his expectations in changes and revolutions, no wonder if he does his best to hasten them. The number of individuals of this description is considerable in Europe. They are ruined noblemen, half-pay officers, bankrupt merchants, and other men of all descriptions, with an elastic conscience and loose morals; meddling, fretting, murmuring; great haranguers, great alarmists, ominous prophets, seizing upon any pretext, real or apparent, of discontent, stirring and blowing, until they have kindled a few sparks into a general conflagration.

Such are the evil elements of movement in Europe; but neither are good elements wanting or inactive. Civil commotions and struggles give to characters a high temper, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teach individuals how to rely upon themselves. The continual spectacle of violence and persecution keeps sympathy and indignation awake. Opinion, fettered and crushed, becomes passion and will. The harmless dreamer is turned into an active enthusiast. Thus, when the season for trial and conflict is mature, the opposite elements bring their forces into the field, unanimous, compact, determined, to engage in a struggle of various success, to retire at the end with nearly equal losses and balanced advantages. Hence social progress is continual and uniform in America; in Europe it proceeds by fits and starts. Here it results from the combined efforts of masses; there it obeys the impulse of individuals. In the new countries it follows the dictates of reason; in the old it arises from the conflict of passions. It is evident, that civilization must advance on a more solid footing, and the influence of evil be less sensible, in this country, however life may appear more dull and monotonous. And so it will be, until America shall have fulfilled her mission of colonization all over the continent; until there shall no longer be wildernesses to be changed into territories, territories to be organized into states, and states to become powerful nations; until the spirit of enterprise and invasion shall be compelled, by want of space, to take a retrograde direction from the circumference to the centre, and the diverging interests shall be brought into contact and collision.

History is constantly watching over the different phases of social advancement. Its office ought to be that of a monitor; each of its pages ought to be intended for a lesson. And to its lessons we listen, as long as the consequences of past evils are upon us. But, at the first momentary relief, we feel a deplorable assurance, that the condition of our times is different from any of the preceding epochs; that the recurrence of such evils is incompatible with the newly-spread light of knowledge and wisdom; and we rush headlong down the precipice to add another foul page to that volume of sorrow.

It is on the ground of such considerations, that we deem it salutary to turn the attention of American readers to the history of other nations. America, as is the case with the young, has all to expect from the future. She has little or no past, and that little is all glorious and serene. A rare blessing of Providence is it, that she can safely derive from the example

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of others what others often fail to learn from their own misdeeds and misfortunes.

The Italian historians, until the present day, have by the unanimous assent of all nations been placed in the first rank among the moderns. History, as well as almost every thing else that is noble or beautiful in Christian civilization, was originated or restored in Italy. The memories of past ages are written with indelible characters in the thousand monuments, which crowd that land. Every ploughman has a story to tell of his field. The Lombard plain is heaving with mounds covering the relics of all nations. Wave after wave, they came and passed away; the prints of their footsteps, and the tracks of their chariot wheels, may almost be traced; but they are gone, the fated land has swallowed them all. Dispersed, harassed, trampled upon, the native races have survived their destroyers. They have counted those numberless hosts. They have handed down to posterity the names of the tribes and their chieftains. They have preserved their annals with that sad diligence, and dictated them with that touching eloquence, with which sufferers are apt to dwell on their woes as if proud of them. The Italian chroniclers of the Middle Ages, generally the inmates of cloisters, respected by all the successive invasions, had the advantage, over their contemporaries of other nations, of a comparative security; and, although their writings were far from being free from the superstitions and absurdities of their times, it is not less true, that the little that remained of ancient lore found a last refuge in their cells.

But when, at the dawning of a better day, the Lombard and Tuscan cities gave modern Europe the first example of free governments, the young republics intrusted their worthiest citizens with the production of their national trophies; and history, taken from the silence and barrenness of the convent, and brought into the bustle of social life, began to exercise its highest functions, as treasurer of the past and preceptor of the future. Whilst those enlightened democracies made the first attempts towards establishing systems of general policy and diplomacy, their enterprising navigators brought home information from the remotest regions, and the annals preserved in their archives became universal records of undisputed authenticity.

Lastly, when, in consequence of the natural tides of human

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vicissitude, Italy, exhausted by domestic jealousies, became a prey to strangers, and, the scene of active life being transferred elsewhere, she was left to exercise her dominion over the realms of the mind, historical studies were pursued under calmer circumstances, and with wider views; and, allied with strength of reasoning and the charms of style, they constituted that science to which the following ages have given so great an importance. The historians of the sixteenth century, writing in that period of dull repose which succeeded the conquest of Charles the Fifth, when the doom of Italy was inexorably sealed, and tyranny first declared war against thought, were early made aware, that a writer, espousing the cause of honor and truth, must unite to the power of genius the heart of a hero and the devotedness of a martyr. Whatever were the moral characters or the political feelings of some of them, while engaged in the debates of public life, such an air of candor and conscientiousness, of moderation and impartiality, prevails in every page of their writings, as gives a more favorable impression of the integrity and morality of their age, than their descriptions are intended to suggest.

Machiavelli, a stern misanthrope, a warm patriot, — by turns imprisoned and banished, and appointed secretary, ambassador, captain-general, — head and soul of a crumbling state, writing with a hand still bruised and benumbed by the rack to which the vengeance of the Medici doomed him, never betrays, by the slightest allusion in his "Florentine Histories," any bitterness of resentment. Entirely engrossed by the gravity of his subject, exhibiting his versatile talent in abstracting and generalizing ideas, and his great sagacity in judging of men, he ever shows himself an enthusiastic apostle of freedom and virtue, though he is apt to indulge in some fits of that inborn misanthropy, that a long dealing with men, and struggling with evil, had exasperated and deepened.

Guicciardini, a shrewd politician and a heartless patrician, relating events in which he had taken a great part, loaded with honors by popes and princes, detested by the people, deluded and disgraced by the ungrateful tyrant to whom he had given up his country, never permits himself to be drawn, by party spirit or disappointment, out of the dignity befitting his important ministry.

So Nerli and Nardi, Segni and Varchi, either impenitent republicans, dying in the distress and sorrow of exile, or awk-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward courtiers, preferring the cause of truth to the favor of their lord, sometimes stabbed or mangled by his satellites, sometimes persecuted even in their tombs by his vile jealousy, that succeeded in burying their writings, and defrauding public curiosity for more than two centuries; all of them equally excel in that self-possession, which, divesting the related events of all exaggeration or palliative, presents them, bare but striking evidences against the monsters whom they consigned to the unerring desecration of posterity. So Fra Paolo Sarpi, by a rare combination a monk and a citizen, scarcely recovering from the wounds treacherously inflicted by the poniard of Rome, in his "History of the Council of Trent," tracing from its earliest origin that reform which was for ever to part asunder the religious opinions of the Christian world; so Cardinal Bentivoglio, by a strange anomaly a legate of the pope and a man of high feelings, writing an account of the great struggle of the Hollanders for their religious and political emancipation; so Davila, an adventurer, a courtier of Catherine de' Medici, a soldier of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, describing the factions of the Huguenots, and the horrors of the wars of the League; so finally, in times nearer to us, Muratori and Denina; and Giannone, a hero and a martyr, for twenty years the inmate of a dungeon; and a vast number of others, seem to instruct mankind by their example, that there is no state of violence or oppression, no seduction, no fear, that can allure or deter truth from its straightforward path, and save injustice or wickedness from the watchful retribution of the generations to come.

After such luminous precedents, it would be difficult for writers of after ages to mistake the task, that public confidence, and the great responsibility resting upon their works, impose upon them. But causes of a different nature, resulting from the very calamities of political division and subjection, equally tend to preserve the historians, as well as other writers of Italy, from contamination and baseness. Literature in Italy is no trade. The privilege of copyright can only be secured to the author or editor within the narrow limits of the district in which his works are published. He is well aware, that all around, at a distance of thirty or forty miles, there are a number of piratical printers, lawfully entitled to invade and ransack his property, as soon as it attains any popularity; and, as the sale of books, except in the king-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doms of Naples and Piedmont is, commercially, free, those illegitimate republications extend their outrageous competition even under the eyes of the author.

Thus it is well known, for instance, that Botta was forced to sell in Paris, for waste paper, the superb French edition of his "History of Italy," while the Italian booksellers were making their fortunes by an uninterrupted series of new editions. Nor are the Italian princes any longer in a condition to be willing to hire the pens of venal writers. After the maxim of the aristocracy of Venice, they wish their governments never to be spoken of, either for good or evil; and they rather long for that day in which there shall no more exist either printing or reading. Consequently, all court-poets and historiographers have been dismissed; and, even were writers in Italy willing to sell themselves, they no more could find a purchaser. Flattery is a merchandise equally discredited before power and public opinion; and the writer cannot aspire to any better reward than the satisfaction of his own conscience and the esteem and gratitude of the good. Literature is there, in consequence, comparatively more sterile and silent, but more pure and dignified than in any of the free countries. It is more oppressed and fettered, hence less apt to grow licentious and insolent. It follows not the opinions and passions of the multitude in all its ephemeral wanderings, but it marches at the head of the movement, a stern censor, dictating and ruling with that authority, which the consciousness of its own irreprehensibility gives it a right to exert.

Of all branches of literature in Italy, history is that to which the greatest attention is generally paid, as it is also, of all studies, the most dreaded and resisted by the watchful curiosity of the governments. History has been long since banished from the Italian universities. In recent times, the heroic epochs of early Greece and Rome have been generally illustrated and understood; while of Italy not a word has been spoken. The very name of their country has conveyed to the Italians an indefinite idea. Their patriotic feelings have been restrained within the limits of a petty state or town, and all who came from beyond those limits have been pointed out as strangers. It is only in our days that they have begun to acquire some knowledge of themselves. The busy curiosity of the age has led them to interrogate the monuments and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writings of their forefathers. That Italy, which the relentless enmity of fate had long hid away from their anxious solicitude, at last they have discovered; but, like the Spanish hero in the chivalrous legends, the joy of the discovery has become a source of new distress, when that parent is found lying prostrate and low, her vigor and beauty wasted in tears and chains.

The great object of the Italians is now the composition of the history of their country; because, strange as it may appear, whilst, as we have said, that nation may justly boast of having produced a greater number of good historians than any other, there is, as yet, no work answering the purpose of a general history of Italy. Beyond all political impediments or sectional prejudices, that may oppose the completion of such a work, the most immovable obstacle lies in the vastness and arduousness of the undertaking. It would be impossible to form a just idea of the extent of the subject, by taking into consideration the works of a similar nature, on the history of any of the other countries of Europe.

The annals of these last can always be fairly referred to one determinate epoch, and comprehended within one period; and, though the natural course of events may have been repeatedly interrupted, and the national unity broken, still there is always a central organization, a great metropolis, a dynasty forming, as it were, the main *Cordillera*, from which all the secondary chains can be easily traced, and on which they all essentially depend. But the history of Italy is the history of many nations and states. With its head hidden in the clouds of the remotest antiquity, rehearsing for a long lapse of ages the principal part of a drama in which the other nations only played the episodes, twice at the head of the civilization of the world, twice constituting the history of the world; the history of that country is necessarily divided into several distinct periods, and each period into an infinite number of subdivisions offering but few general points of analytical survey.

The first period, that of Italy before the Romans, is rather indeed the province of the antiquary, than the historian. It comprehends the researches about the aborigines; the Pelasgi, Œnotrii, Itali, and Siculi, the Etruscans, the Ligurians, and a hundred primeval tribes inhabiting the peninsula, whose existence is attested by the remains of their cities and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the relics of their works of art, whose high civilization seems likely to have preceded the earliest periods of Greece, and whose names, residence, confines, laws, manners, and literature are, in great part, a ground for vague conjectures, and not very profitable controversies.

The second era, the best known and most universally studied, embraces the recital of the glories of Rome. But the history of the Eternal City is not the history of the whole country. The resistance that each of the native tribes opposed to the rising ambition of Rome, threatening its existence in its first growth; the share that each of them took in the exploits of Rome, when united with her; the settlements of the Greek colonies in the south; the invasions of Gauls and Illyrians in the north; the social war by which the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship were forcibly acquired by the provinces from the capital, and the name of Italy was virtually associated with that of Rome; are events which, in a history of Italy, claim a more eminent place than they occupy, when only the rise and fall of Rome are brought into consideration.

The Middle Ages form the third period. It includes the ruin of the western empire; the invasions of Western and Eastern Goths, of Huns, of Alani, of Vandals, and Gepidæ; (for Italy has seen all of them;) the reign of Odoacer; the fifty-seven years of Gothic empire; the two centuries of Lombard dominion; the eighty-eight years during which Italy was swayed by the French monarchs of the Carlovingian dynasty; the seventy-three following, in which she was distracted by the factions of her national dukes and marquises; the two succeeding centuries, during which she faintly acknowledged the dominion of the German emperors from Otho the First to Frederic Barbarossa; and all that long night of violence, ignorance, and superstition, during which the popular principle was gradually awakened, during which, instructed by the errors of the monarchical and feudal systems, by the discords between kings and vassals, between popes and emperors, the people lost all feelings of veneration and allegiance, and began to act for themselves. This is the epoch, during which, by influences then unperceived, a brute mass of serfs and burgesses were raised to the rank of men and citizens.

The fourth is the period of Italian freedom. The maritime towns set up an independent standard, rout the Greeks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Saracens, and begin to ride from one end to the other of the Mediterranean, free, as the waters which they furrow, and the winds that wave their flags. The inland cities raise their walls and marshal their burgesses, join in a general league and shake off the yoke of the Germans. Liberty is no sooner secured than abused. The feudal and democratic systems, the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the house of Swabia, and the house of Anjou, popes and anti-popes, crusades and heresies, feuds between neighbouring cities, factions within the walls of the same city, turn the whole country into a vast field of battle. Meanwhile, Roman institutions, Lombard statutes, Salic laws, feudal and monastic privileges, Imperial edicts, papal bulls, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bring confusion and disorder into civil life, and those young republics are hurried on to destruction by excess of vigor and ill-directed energies; until at length a bloody tyranny at Milan, a crafty oligarchy at Venice, a stormy aristocracy at Genoa, a raving anarchy at Florence, a feudal despotism in Naples, and an aspiring hierarchy in Rome, open the way for foreign inroads, and invite the shame and misery of a foreign yoke.

The fifth and last period, embraces three centuries of degradation and bondage. It is a succession of invasions of French and Spaniards, Swiss and Austrians, by turns invited and expelled by Italian factions, until the deluded sons of Italy are forced to acknowledge a master in each of the auxiliaries they had the imprudence to invoke. Yet neither is this deplorable period destitute of high interest, nor did Italian greatness set without leaving glorious records. The long struggle of Venice against the league of Cambray, her wars against the Turks, the bold aspirations of Julius the Second, the last heroism of liberty expiring at Florence and Siena, give us reason to mourn over the fate of a nation, every fragment of which seemed able to sustain, alone, the glory of her name. But that fate was fulfilled. A long inaction ensued, only interrupted by a periodical warfare of French and Austrians, in the wars for the succession of Mantua, of Spain, of Austria; the progressive fall of Venice and Genoa; the extinction of the princely Italian families; the exaltation of the house of Savoy, and foreign rulers gaining ground inch by inch; a lingering decline of arts and sciences, and of all pious, generous, patriotic feelings; a deathlike torpor, a stupid indifference and oblivion; then, on a sudden, a general overthrow of all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states and orders, a re-awakening of energies, a maddening of spirits, a brilliant illusion, and a bitter disappointment.

For the erection of such an immense building, the Italians are in no want of copious materials. The patriotism of their municipal governments, the vanity of their lordly families, the diligence of their antiquaries, have not left the most obscure corner without illustrations, nor the most trifling event without description and commentary. It has never been penury of documents, or chasms in the memorials, that has made the compilers of Italian history at a loss. It was rather an indiscriminate redundance and confusion, that perplexed and discouraged all patience, and led astray all critical judgment. Archives and libraries seem to have escaped the ravages of time, and all sacks and conflagrations of cities to have sent down their treasures safe and sound for the gratification of our curiosity. There they lie in scrolls, parchments, and gaudy manuscripts, huge folios and ponderous quartos, with a variety of binding and gilding, in Gothic Latin, or in rude Italian, heaped up, piled up, drawn up in formidable array, the old-fashioned shelves groaning under their weight, dark and dusty, silent and moody, like spell-bound warriors ready to fall on the head of the daring mortal who should venture to break the enchantment.

But the enchantment has been broken, and with luminous success. Muratori, a giant with a hundred eyes and a hundred hands, one of those antique frames cast in bronze and steel, which would almost induce us to believe in a deterioration of the human race at the present day, whose labors would be a wonder, even if, like Nestor, he had outlived three generations and been always at work, with a perseverance rare in all climates, more rare under the seductions of a southern sky, abjured all the ties and charms of society, and buried himself with the dead, to search their monuments and reveal the secrets of the past. Placed over the *Ambrosian* library at Milan, and the *Estense* in Modena, maintaining a busy commerce with the most famous scholars of his times, he published, in one vast collection of twenty-seven volumes in folio, the chronicles and annals of all the towns and provinces of Italy under the title, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores ab Anno Æræ Christianæ D. ad MD." Then, giving order and system to that formless mass, he published, in 1738, his Latin work, "Antiquitates Italicæ Medii Ævi," in six

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enormous volumes, containing dissertations upon all civil, religious, and military orders and institutions, with a precise account of all invasions, settlements, and vicissitudes of the different tribes successively occupying the peninsula; and tracing the origin and progress of letters, sciences, arts, and language, from the fall of the Roman empire down to the year 1500; a work which he reproduced several years later, on a smaller scale, and translated into Italian. Finally, in this last language, he wrote his "Annali d'Italia," in sixteen volumes, from the beginning of the Christian era to the year 1749; closely following all memorable events of peace and war, with a minuteness and precision which leave nothing to be desired.

To the Atlantean efforts of this able workman, amounting to the most ample treasure of historical lore, we believe, that any nation can boast, the Italians are indebted for the foundation on which their historical works have been, and ever will be constructed; and it is a remarkable fact, that, though the activity of his successors may sometimes have added facts that escaped his vigilance, yet such were his sagacity and discernment, such his candor and integrity, that, in so prodigious an extent of narrations, whatever he stated has never, or seldom, been called in question. Thus, before him, nothing had been attempted in his country, but municipal and provincial annals, or contemporaneous history, such being, in fact, even the high performances of Paolo Giovio and Ripamonti in Lombardy, Bembo in Venice, Bonfadio in Genoa, Costanzo in Naples, Guicciardini and his illustrious contemporaries in Tuscany; whilst, after him, we have not only a good number of more or less successful attempts in general history, such as Denina's "Revolutions of Italy," and Bossi's "Ancient and Modern Italy"; but even such works as were devoted to the illustration of a single district, or a short period, such as Verri's Milan, Galluzzi's and Pignotti's Tuscany, and Giannone's immortal work on Naples, are conceived under general views, and treat the subjects in their relation to the great history of the progress of civilization.

Muratori and his successors having thus cleared and levelled the way for a work of genius, as early as the middle of the last century, the work of genius would long since have appeared, had it not been for the languor and apathy, and the total extinction of public spirit, that characterized the period immediately preceding the French revolution, and the feverish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effervescence of stormy passions that this last event brought with it. Now that, as we have said, the times are highly favorable to efforts of such a nature, among the mental results which will distinguish the present generation in Italy, we have all reason to expect a good history of the country; and a general review of what is daily published in that branch of literature will easily assure us, that our anticipation cannot fail to be speedily realized.

The fondness of the Italians for ruins, medals, and inscriptions, which so often proves contagious even to their foreign visiters, and the great efforts of Ennio Quirino Visconti and other illustrious antiquaries, have turned the attention of several able writers of the present age towards the earliest memorials of their country, and enabled them, in some degree, to rescue the primeval period of their history from the oblivious silence of ages, and the misguiding lore of mythological traditions.

At the head of such compositions, are the works of Micali, "L'Italia avanti i Romani," published at Florence, in 1810, and "Storia degli Antichi Popoli Italiani," printed in 1832. Choosing his own way, in the midst of jarring opinions and interminable doubts; by the aid of an enlightened criticism, stating and ordering facts with an admirable perspicuity, without attempting to give his subject more unity than it would naturally admit of, Micali endeavoured to collect the records of each individual race of the primitive inhabitants of Italy, one after another, in an easy succession, according to the chronological traditions of their earliest origin, and the influence which they exerted over the land; and traced their history down to that single point of coincidence to which they all naturally tend, the epoch in which their name was effaced from the list of nations, and their fate involved in the destinies of Rome.

The long period of the Roman republic and empire, the second epoch according to our arbitrary division, has been hitherto completely overlooked by the Italian historians. If we except the immortal discourses of Machiavelli on the Decades of Livy, there is hardly any Italian work on that subject. The Italians early reproduced the annals of Rome, by translations of Livy, Tacitus, and other Romans; but a methodical compilation of those annals, a work that should take up the subject, where Micali has left it, is still desirable; nor are the profound and philosophical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

views of the German, Niebuhr, sufficient to answer the purpose, though they may serve to suggest new ideas and views on the subject, to such as shall attempt the work after him.

The history of Italy, in fact, may commence where the history of Rome terminates. The two epochs have hardly any link of connexion. The stage is the same ; but the two plays that have been acted upon it bear little relation to each other. With the first inundation of the northern races, with the first setting in of the night of the Middle Ages, commences the history of a new nation. The history of the Middle Ages, the narration of the inroads of the northern barbarians, their laws and institutions, their manners and morals, is still a work to appear. In this branch of history, also, the Italians have permitted themselves to be outrun by foreigners. The works of Hallam and of others, English and German scholars, have prepared the way for the historians of Italy ; but the Middle Ages in her history do not extend to the same epoch as bounds them in the history of the rest of Europe. Feudal disorder and anarchy continued in France until the days of Charles the Seventh, or Louis the Eleventh; the Middle Ages in Spain closed at the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; in Germany, under Maximilian the First ; in England, under Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth ; but in Italy, modern civilization dates as far back as the peace of Constance, in 1183 ; and from that year commences the fourth epoch, the history of Italian freedom.

On this period, a splendid work has been recently published, such as to leave hardly any chance of doing better, hardly any thing to be desired. Sismondi, a name dear to the Italians, descended from a Tuscan family, though a native of Geneva, always seemed to look with pride and affection towards the land of his ancestors. In his "History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages," published in 1826, in sixteen volumes, and in the compendium of the same work, condensed into a small volume, under the title of "Rise and Fall of Liberty in Italy," printed in 1830, there prevails throughout a warmth of patriotism, that might be easily accounted partiality in a native of Italy. Ten years of travel and local researches enabled him to draw information from the most direct sources ; and that vast mass of erudition, organized with the wide and deep views of a master mind, and warmed with the enthusiasm of a virtuous and chivalrous heart, has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rendered this work one of the most important productions of the present times.

The history of modern Italy has been likewise abundantly provided for. The work of Guicciardini stands at the head of that period. Writing the history of his own age, from 1492 to 1522, from the first French invasion of Charles the Eighth, to the definitive settlement of the Austrian dominion of Charles the Fifth, Guicciardini amply illustrated that momentous era, which put an end for ever to the supremacy of Italy over the other nations of Europe. The continuation of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1797, and the history of Italy during the last French invasions, from 1797 to 1814, have been written by Botta.

This Guicciardini of our days, this prince of modern historians, as he is generally styled among his countrymen, long since established a wide reputation in this country, by his "History of the War of Independence of the United States of America." It was at first, and is still surprising, how a foreigner, who had never visited the country, could have so deeply studied the complicated institutions of the English colonies of North America, divined the causes that excited and the spirit that supported them during the long struggle of their emancipation, and traced its principal events with a chronological and topographical accuracy, that might deserve encomium even in an eyewitness.

It is highly desirable for a nation to have its history written by an enlightened foreigner. It is important to divest the annals of a country of the selfishness and narrow-mindedness of a mistaken patriotism. It is curious and instructive to read what other people think of us. The Italians have been long since used to perform such good offices for their neighbours, and have lately been amply requited by the labors of Sismondi. Botta's "America," however, was written especially with patriotic views; and the author, while writing, was not much actuated by the expectation of the popularity that awaited him on this side of the Atlantic. The rights of men were in those days blindly debated in Italy as well as in the rest of Europe. Liberty, an epidemic disease, threatened a general overturn. Botta, desirous of giving his countrymen a salutary lesson, thought of deriving his instruction from that recent memorable event, which had perhaps chiefly contributed to give Europe the first impulse. He wished to teach the Ital-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ians, on what ground a people must found its aspiration to independence; what public spirit, and what private character, become a nation of freemen. It was with that aim, that he dwelt with so much fondness on the simplicity and sanctity of the earliest planters of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It was as models to the chiefs of the Cisalpine and Italian republics, that he drew, with so much skill, the portraits of Washington, Adams, and Warren. It was as a contrast with *Jacobin* and *Sansculottic* rage, that he exalted the mildness and forbearance of the victors of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga. The length and prolixity of the work, and the pedantic affectation of its style, prevented the instruction from descending to those lower classes among which instruction was wanted. Botta was understood only by few; and that history remained among the works that are more celebrated than read.

By that history, however, Botta having raised his name into public notice, he ventured on a work of still greater importance to Italy, by writing contemporaneous history. He was well aware of all the dangers attendant on such an enterprise. "Proposing to write," he says, at the beginning of the first book, "the history of events that took place in Italy in our days, I know not what the people of the present age will say of me." The judgment of his contemporaries did, in fact, bear harshly against him. That work was the object of virulent attacks, and the repose of his last years was disturbed by the animosities he had raised. But now Botta is dead, and we, his survivors, his earliest posterity, have a right to constitute ourselves his judges, and review the sentence that party spirit has passed against him. It is not difficult to vindicate his fame against all charges of venality. The indigence and exile, that were his portion after the fall of Napoleon, are sufficient evidence against such vile accusations. Equally reviled by all factions, he was sold to no faction. Those who have seen him in his humble dwelling in France, who know on what means he depended for his sustenance, must confess, that, had he ever sold himself, he must have made, to say the least, a very losing bargain. Nor is the charge of ingratitude towards the memory of Napoleon better founded. Botta was, at different intervals, a physician in the French armies, a deputy from his native district, a president of a scientific institute in France. He never attracted the attention of the great conqueror, except in the last years of his reign. With his great talent for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judging of men, and availing himself of their abilities, Napoleon employed Botta within his natural sphere, and conferred on him no favor from which he did not expect to derive equal advantages for the state. Botta was then bound to Napoleon's memory by no feelings that could hinder him from writing; nor could he, when writing, be hindered, by any personal feelings, from declaring what he deemed to be truth.

Botta was a patriotic historian. At the moment he began his narration, he had just awakened from a dear illusion, in which all the best friends of Italy had equally shared, and wished to leave in his history a warning to his countrymen against future deception. He had finally perceived, that the Austrians, though the most successful, were not the most formidable, enemies of the independence of his country; that the antipathy of all Italians, and especially the Lombards, against them, needed no further exasperation; that no time, no mildness, no soothing manners, could ever reconcile the conquered to the conquerors. Sure on that ground, he saw, on the other hand, that, notwithstanding the severe lesson by which Italy was still bleeding from all her veins, the eyes of all Utopians were still turned towards France for their rescue, and *Gallomania* was still, to many minds, synonymous with patriotism. He saw this; and, by a heart-rending picture of the horrors he had witnessed, he desired to impress upon his contemporaries that hard, but salutary lesson, which forms almost the conclusion of all his chapters, and so often recurs in the same words; "that Austrians and Russians, English and French, are equally the sworn enemies of unfortunate Italy; that there is no deception, no treachery, no ravage she has not reason to expect from them all; and that, to rely upon foreign aid for her emancipation, can lead to no better result than a change of masters." A holy lesson this, and a prophetic warning! But, at the moment it was given, the effervescence of men's minds was too great to allow calm judgment the exercise of its functions. The recent remembrance of the military despotism of Napoleon still dazzled the fancy with all the *prestiges* of glory. The dull and deathlike yoke of the Austrians made a sad contrast to the activity and life of the French dominion. The name of Italy was, as yet, imperfectly understood. The patriotic ranks were principally filled by malecontents from the Cisalpine assemblies, or from the French armies; Jacobins, royalists, constitutionalists;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposite elements, cast together by common reverses, and used to call themselves French, and to speak and think in French; raising, in the secrecy of their homes, shrines to the memory of the "man of destiny"; looking towards St. Helena, as they had looked towards Elba, for a new rising of *the Star*; some of them, even to the present day, refusing all belief to the tidings of the death of the *Sultan of death*. To such a set of warm and heroic believers, no wonder if the history of Botta sounded like calumny and blasphemy; and no wonder also, if after so many lessons, so dearly purchased, in the revolutions of 1820 and 1831, the Italian patriots, resting on the fair promises of France, and plunging still into the same illusions, had the same calamities to deplore.

We do not know, however, how far the end can justify the means; and we would not take upon ourselves to affirm, that, in pursuance of his own views, Botta has not, in many circumstances, deliberately palliated or exaggerated the truth, making his best of an epoch, in which an impudent system of lying, in all official bulletins and newspapers, had involved truth in a maze of perplexity. He has, for instance, too far exalted the constancy and valor of the ever-beaten warriors of Austria; he has too often ascribed to chance the brilliant successes of the French; he has overrated the wisdom and mildness of the old governments, and underrated the talents and uprightness of the new ones. But, above all, the desire of giving to his history the dark hues of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, as he had given his style their turn and manner, has made him extravagant, in his exhibition of human simulation and perfidy. He has put before his eyes a smoked glass, and all around him looks dark and pale. Society is to him a den of wild beasts. Botta is a virtuous writer, but no believer in virtue. He is a patriot, but he has despaired of his country. He is a lover of good, but a prophet of evil. He revolts you with a faithful exhibition, and a strong execration, of baseness and crime; but he disheartens you by the conviction of their constant prosperity. If there is truth in his doctrines, still we do not see what they can lead to, but misanthropy and suicide.

His other history of Italy, a continuation of that of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1797, the last of his works, written in compliance with the desire of an association of illustrious citizens from all parts of the country, who provided for the sus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenance of their proscribed historian, has met with less animosity, as it relates to an epoch not so intimately connected with the wants and feelings of the country at the present day. Nevertheless, the fondness of the author for an aristocratic or patrician form of government, such as, according to his ideas, principally contributed to the long prosperity of the Roman, Venetian, and Genoese republics, does not agree with the wild doctrines of democratic equality, of which the French revolution has spread the seeds throughout Europe. Italy is eminently a republican country. Wherever her different people, by any happy circumstance, have been masters of themselves, they have never made choice of any but a popular government. All the reigning families in the peninsula have erected their thrones on violence; none has ever been defended with such beautiful examples of devotion as we read of in the histories of the northern countries. *God save the King*, and *Vive le Roi*, are shouts which find no echo in Italian hearts. On the other hand, no republic is able to hinder true merit from shining, or people from valuing and rewarding it; nor can a man be put so high, that he may not aim still higher; nor can he enjoy consideration and power, without endeavouring to forward his descendants in the same career; nor can nations be prevented from looking with partiality and expectation towards the descendants of a man, who has bequeathed to them high claims to public gratitude. Aristocracy is innate in society; it is inherent in our best feelings. The republic is wise which provides against its abuses, and prevents this system from becoming injurious to the common interests. The republic is wise, that leaves aristocracy to public opinion, without sanctioning it by law; but even this is perhaps more than human foresight can do; as we generally see, where laws oppose aristocracy of birth, a new and more offensive kind of aristocracy arises, that of wealth. Such are the ideas of Botta. He regards aristocracy as the conservative principle of a free state, as the source of all that is really noble and disinterested in public life; and such principles are quite as likely to be willingly listened to in the democratic states of North America, as among the innovators of old, aristocratic Europe. Among the latter, at all events, they have destroyed Botta's reputation.

So much provision has been already made for the history of Italy. But the example of Botta has excited a noble

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emulation among his countrymen; and, since his death, history has taken in Italy a significant step. Among the writings in which have been more ostensibly adopted the stern and melancholy maxims, the grand and classic manner, the lofty and affected style of Botta, are to be ranked especially two histories of Genoa; the one, from the earliest foundation of the city down to the year 1483, published in 1834, by Girolamo Serra, a man of noble birth, deeply implicated in the events that brought about the total extinction of his native republic; the other, from the origin of the republic to the year 1814, by Carlo Varese, a work now in course of publication, which has excited the highest expectation. Another work, received with equal applause, is the history of Naples by General Colletta, who died an exile at Florence, in 1830. His history, published soon after his death, in continuation of one of the most illustrious works in Italian history, the "History of Naples" by Giannone, taking up the subject from 1734 to the present day, gives a faithful account of the revolution of Naples in 1820, an event in which General Colletta played a most distinguished part. In like manner, each province or city is now republishing its annals; and the history of Como, by Cesare Cantu; of Saluzzo, by Muletti; of Pavia, by Robolini; and essays on the ancient laws of Piedmont, by Sclopis; on the commerce of Venice, by Mutinelli; on the Genoese colonies in Asia, by Sauli; would prove highly interesting in this country, if they could be introduced and circulated. But works written with more general views, and more worthy of the attention of American readers, such as the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by Litta, that of the Italian municipalities by Morbio, both now in course of publication, and the promised history of the house of Swabia, by Nicolini, one of the greatest poets of the age, are destined to be the forerunners of the great work, that, after so many generous efforts, still remains to be written, — a general history of Italy.

Conspicuous among the different attempts that have been made towards a general compilation of the memorials of the country, is "The Revolutions of Italy," by Denina, published at Turin, in 1769, — a work in three volumes, written with sufficient discernment and skill, but not with that wide power of genius, that embraces an immensity of objects, apparently unconnected, and presents them in their mutual rela-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, with that proportion and symmetry, which make of history an edifice obedient to the laws of architecture. Nor did the immense work of Luigi Bossi, on the "History of Italy, Ancient and Modern," published at Milan, in 1819, in nineteen volumes, better answer the purpose. Bossi, rather an antiquary than an historian, lost himself in dissertations and conjectures, which are incompatible with the highest aims of a philosophical history. His work is one of erudition, and it may be added to the vast amount of historical materials from which the history of Italy is to be framed. Among his most valuable productions, Botta has left the outlines of Italian history, in a work in three volumes, which he published in 1825, in French, for the Historical Society of Paris, under the title, "*Histoire des Peuples d'Italie*," embracing the whole period from the days of Constantine to the fall of Napoleon. It has been several times translated into Italian as well as into other languages. The depth of the master-mind of Botta is especially visible in this great effort, and his is, in consequence, thus far, the best essay on so arduous a subject; but what he has given, only exhibits the outlines of the great picture for which the artist has not yet appeared. Some praise is due to Sforzosi, who has condensed into one volume the whole history of Italy, ancient and modern. His work has been happily translated into English by a competent scholar in this country. It however had no higher aim than to be an elementary book, and is only to be recommended in that character. The great secret motive which deprives Italy of a work, of which the need is so generally felt, will be easily explained by the success that Cesare Balbo met with in an attempt of a similar nature. He published at Turin, in 1830, three volumes of a history of the Gothic and Lombard dominion, to which it was his intention to add a history of Italian Freedom, and of modern times down to our days; but he was forced to abandon his enterprise at the third volume. Such a work cannot be safely attempted under the iron rule of the Italian governments; but the ancient and modern works which we have noticed, furnish ample means of writing, to such of the sons of Italy, as are placed out of the reach of their enemies' power.

The office of erudition has been completed; the foundations have been laid, and important monuments have already risen, with shining success. A man of genius is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted, to take advantage of the efforts of such illustrious workmen, and raise an edifice, which will be the harbinger of union, independence, and regeneration, to that unfortunate people. The efforts the Italians of our days are making for a unity of language, literature, and history, are the best pledge they can give, of their being fitted for their emancipation. It is always by such a wise gradation, that the productions of arts, letters, and science, as well as the works of nature, are advanced to their greatest results.

The plan for the erection of the greatest of temples had long since been modelled and remodelled; the treasures of more than one Pope had been lavished; winters and summers had revolved over the rising aisles for more than half a century, before the Vatican felt the first impulse of that hand that was to start it into existence, — before, leaning upon the unwieldy piles heaped up by his predecessors, and taking his model from the works of creation, Michel Angelo raised to the firmament a firmament of marble.

ART. II. — *The Poetical Works of* ROBERT SOUTHEY, *collected by Himself.* In Ten Volumes. 16mo. London. 1837, 1838.

NONE of the elegant republications of the day have given us greater pleasure than this; the rather, as it is not a monument to the memory of its eminent author, but has been undertaken by himself, at the beginning of his old age, as a suitable close of his long literary life. "At the age of sixty-three," he says, "I have undertaken to collect and revise my poetical works." Of those sixty-three years, he has passed forty-four in the public presence, as an active and voluminous author. His literary life thus covers more than a complete generation of men, and has witnessed the beginning and the ending of more than one of those distinguished lives, which have made the nineteenth century famous. During this period, Byron and Mrs. Hemans, to name no more, achieved their whole work of immortality, and even Walter Scott ran his entire race, having made his first publication some years after Southey's reputation was established.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So the laureate has stood, like some steady light in the heavens, while stars and meteors have risen and fallen around him. The older and the younger are gone, and he still lives, with a smooth brow and untremulous hand, not an old man though an old author, to set his works in order by a leisurely revision, and bring his poetical existence to a dignified conclusion.

It is a spectacle of peculiar interest. Excepting Scott, Southey has been the most prolific of the distinguished writers of his time, and, perhaps without exception, the author who has written successfully on the greatest diversity of subjects, from the most trivial to the most important, from the lightest to the most grave. Equally at home in literature, theology, and politics; an historian, biographer, critic, poet, essayist, and polemic; allowed on all hands to be one of the few masters of English prose, and second to few of the great names of modern English poetry; often offending in matters of taste, but never untrue to moral purity and religious faith; bigoted as a politician and a theologian, in both which characters he had forsaken the opinions and connexions of his youth, but liberal as a man, notwithstanding his violence as a partisan; always before the public eye as an author, but living in beautiful retirement from the world, in his own domestic and scholarly retreat; he is a man whom, in some features of his character, we could wish other than he is, but whose intrinsic worth commands respect. We cannot refuse to see that he is unequal, inconsistent, often puerile, sometimes absurd; but he is always conscientious, never forgetful of moral obligation, and occasionally great. If it were inquired who, among the distinguished men of modern letters, has written the silliest things, we should answer, with little hesitation, Southey; if asked, who among them has written the greatest, it would not be without a pause and a struggle, that we should prevail on ourselves to dismiss his claim. We are confident, that he has not yet received the measure of reputation which is his due. In the crowd of admirable works, which, during his career, have jostled each other in their claims for regard, the reading public have allowed their impatience at the littlenesses and the vexatious violations of good taste, which annoyed them in the self-complacent volumes of the bard of Keswick, to divert their attention from his sterling merits. Yet he has not wanted readers and ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mirers. Some of his writings have been extensively popular; and we are confident, that this complete collection of his poetical works will find a hearty welcome, and will increase the number of his readers.

We should have been better satisfied with an edition of his poems, from which were excluded all the questionable trivialities of his earlier as well as his later days. But he republishes the whole, insisting, in one of his prefaces, that there is not a line which dying he should be ashamed of, and wish to blot; and, in another, acknowledging that some of the pieces might more fitly be destroyed than reprinted; "not," he says, "for any disgrace which could be reflected upon him by the crude compositions of his youth, nor for any harm which they could possibly do the reader; but, merely, that they might not cumber the collection." He retains them in this edition, simply because, having been once published, "pirated editions would hold out as a recommendation, that they contained what he had chosen to suppress," and it was prudent to forestall that evil by reprinting them himself.

Agreeing with him, that the poems to which he refers had better been "consigned to the flames," we think, too, that he has done right in not excluding them from the present collection; but we are not so easily satisfied with his course in regard to the correction of his earlier works. His method is, to arrange the pieces, as far as possible, in the order in which they were written, for the reason, that "such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind in his writings;" yet he adopts a rule in the revision of his juvenile works, which contradicts this purpose. "From these," he says, "the faults of diction have been weeded, wherever it could be done without more trouble than the composition originally cost, and than the piece itself was worth." And, as regards one of them, "Joan of Arc," he tells us, that it has now been corrected throughout,

"for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my maturer years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of language, which remained from the first edition, have been removed, so that in this respect the whole is sufficiently in keeping. And for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man, who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonize with the pervading spirit of the poem, and are nevertheless in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years, through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgment as well as in the sincerity of his heart."

We certainly do not perceive how such thorough correction as this, extending both to "diction and opinions," can leave the work in a condition "to aid those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of the author's mind." We have not been at the pains to collate the present with the earlier editions, and therefore cannot say, how far changes have been made;* but it is clear, that the author has deliberately adopted a course, which deprives the chronological arrangement of his works of a large portion of its usefulness. How are we to judge of "the progress of an author's mind," if his early productions are altered by him in mature life, so as to conform to the opinions which he then holds?

It is not, however, to all his juvenile pieces that this correcting process has been applied. The most celebrated, perhaps we should say notorious, of them, "Wat Tyler," composed at the age of nineteen, when his blood was hot with republican principles, and, after he had renounced them, freely used as a weapon of annoyance by his political adversaries, is here reprinted, partly in the spirit of bravado, just as it was written. The publication of this "notable drama" was at first made surreptitiously, twenty years after it was written. It obtained a far greater notoriety, through incidental circumstances, than its intrinsic merit or demerit could warrant; and posterity will wonder at the extreme acrimony exhibited in the writings of the parties, who waged a warfare of petty personal annoyance and spite, on account of so ordinary a performance. The secret is found in the fact, that

* They may be judged of, we suppose, from the omission, which we have just now accidentally noticed, of this line;

"La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the deadliest enmity is that of a party, which seeks to revenge apostasy; as Southey says, "gentlemen thought proper to revile me, not for having entertained democratic opinions, but for having outgrown them." And he faces down the shame which they attempt to fix upon him, by printing the obnoxious thing, "just as it was written in the course of three mornings, in 1794; the stolen copy, which was committed to the press twenty-three years afterwards, not having undergone the slightest correction of any kind;" and this he does, "that it may not be supposed I think it any reproach to have written it, or that I am more ashamed of having been a republican, than of having been a boy." This is capitally said; but the tetchiness and virulence of his political feelings give sometimes an apparent contradiction to this cool assertion of indifference.

Another of his pieces, equally notorious with "Wat Tyler," though in a different way, makes its appearance under very different treatment, and in a manner somewhat instructive as to one side of our author's character. Everybody has read "The Devil's Walk," which has been printed and reprinted, times without number, as Professor Porson's. The pith and piquancy of some of the stanzas are sufficient to account for its popularity. It seems, however, that there was blunder or mystification in the affair. Coleridge printed the verses among his works, under the title of "The Devil's Thoughts;"* assigning five of the stanzas to Southey, and claiming for himself the remaining twelve. But the authorship was still obstinately attributed to Porson, until declared to be Southey's, in a newspaper correspondence, which is quoted in these volumes and adopted as the truth. The lines, it is said, "were written by Mr. Southey one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while shaving; they were subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two." This account is clearly irreconcilable with that of Coleridge, and leaves us entirely puzzled as to what is the fact. Is it possible, that both of these great men deceived themselves, and misremembered? At any rate, here it appears with our author's mark on it; but in such a questionable shape, that we are disposed to address it in the words

* Vol. II. p. 83.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used of old to one of the Devil's companions, — "If thou beest he! but oh, how changed!" For the worthy author, tickled with the popularity of the piece, and apparently supposing that there cannot be too much of a good thing, has extended it to about four times its original length. The added stanzas are so little germain to the rest, that they ruin the quaint felicity of the primitive piece, and turn a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, which made everybody laugh, into heavy and tiresome doggrel, which nobody will read. He says, this was done in "sportive mood"; but one rarely witnesses such melancholy merrymaking. And besides, the original portions of the piece are not left in their original state. Whoever the author may have been, of the whole or of any part, Southey uses the freedom of altering any part at his pleasure. A large proportion of the stanzas are somewhat altered, some of them essentially, and all, we think, without exception, are made worse. The spirit is taken out of them, and the point blunted. Let this be judged of by the two following instances.

"He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel."

Altered thus;

"Ho, quoth he, thou putt'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

The sting in the word *brother* is extracted.

Again;

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility."

Altered thus;

"And he owned with a grin that his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility."

And so on, and much worse. Three stanzas are omitted; one poor one of Southey's own, and two of Coleridge's which were worth keeping. Perhaps this matter hardly deserves the room we have given to it. But we do not like explanations which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear up nothing; and we think there is nothing in these volumes which casts so strong a light on a certain infirmity of the author's nature, — namely, an inability to discern the difference between good and poor humor, so that he confounds the laughable and the ridiculous, and an equal inability to perceive that any thing can be ridiculous, which concerns himself or is done by him.

This explains the character of that large portion of his minor poems, which are intended to be humorous. Many of them are undoubtedly of that character; their humor is rich and genuine; it comes freely and unsought, from the overflowing good nature of a happy and self-complacent temper. But it unluckily happened, that Mr. Edgeworth once said to him, "Take my word for it, Sir, the bent of your genius is for comedy." We would not attribute too much to the influence of such a remark; but Mr. Southey himself quotes it, as having made an impression on his mind, and we cannot doubt that it was one of the influences which prompted him to *try* to be facetious, and to manufacture, in cold blood, tales and descriptions, and forms of expression, which should sustain his character, as having a genius for comedy. The strained and awkward doings of his pen, in these attempts, are of so unhappy effect on his readers, that they are likely to forget the passages of natural, easy, quiet fun, which else would have been delightful. Some of his specimens of the heroi-comic are quite equal to any of that class that are to be met with.

The example of Walter Scott, in accompanying the republication of his works with auto-biographical prefaces, has been pleasantly followed in the present case. Each volume has its preface, narrating the circumstances under which its contents were written; and some of the more important pieces have their own separate notices prefixed. Much interesting information respecting the author, and his works, and his friends, is thus furnished, from which it is easy to gather a connected history of his life and labors. It is that of a man, "dipped in ink" from his very earliest boyhood. The love of story and of verse seems to have been a sort of instinct with him, and to have filled his soul with visions of romance and fame. Hoole's translations of Tasso and Ariosto nourished in the boy a taste for the stirring and the marvellous,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and introduced him, at a very early period, to Spenser, whom he tells us he "took for his master." As he lisped in numbers, he caught something, as he thinks, from the older, and something from the contemporaneous writers. His schoolboy verses "savoured of Gray, Mason, and Warton"; his manner was affected by Akenside; he derived much benefit from Cowper, and more from Bowles; and from Dr. Sayers he learned to appreciate the rhythmical capacities of the irregular blank verse, which he used afterward in "Thalaba" and some of his minor poems. Thus imbued and heated with the poetic temper, it is not strange, that he longed to give it vent by the press as well as by the pen; and accordingly, in 1794, when he was only nineteen, and had just left school, he published at Bristol a little volume with the title, "Poems, containing the Retrospect, &c. by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey." These were a few of the productions of his juvenile pen, the larger part of which he at different times consumed in the fire, "piles upon piles." His industrious habits, and his extraordinary facility in composition, must have caused them to grow as fast as they were destroyed. He had already written, in a retirement of six weeks, the preceding year, an epic poem on the story of Joan of Arc; it had been corrected and copied, and was now advertised as ready for publication. We find nothing in the prefaces on which he dwells with so much fondness as this poem. He relates the whole story of its composition and printing with most affectionate minuteness, and treats it, in all respects, as a doting father his first-born child. He is so solicitous for its honor and reputation, that now, when it has been forty-four years in the world, he employs himself in revising and altering it, as if still his own character depended on its good appearance. Some may smile at this; but it is natural and amiable. It was a great achievement for an Oxford scholar, in a summer vacation; he never afterward did any thing of which it was possible to feel so proud, or which was to have so important a bearing on his destiny.

"I was not a little proud of my performance. Young poets are, or at least used to be, as ambitious of producing an epic poem, as stage-stricken youths of figuring in Romeo or Hamlet. It had been the earliest of my day-dreams. I had begun many such; but this was the first which had been completed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I was too young and too ardent to perceive or suspect that the execution was as crude as the design." — Vol. I. p. xvii.

The poem thus "crudely conceived, rashly prefaced, and prematurely hurried into the world," was received with great favor, and subsequently passed through five editions. Much of its popularity was owing to its political tone, which favored the liberal tendencies of the day, and caused it to be immediately reprinted in this country. It was not without merit in itself; and, in comparison with the other new works of the same period, it had an attraction incomparably beyond any it could possess if published at this time, "when a work of the same class would attract little or no attention."

Before "Joan of Arc" went to press, the author had begun to discharge himself of another epic poem, on the discovery of America, by the Welsh prince, Madoc; a subject which he had fixed upon, and talked about, when a boy. The composition of this he renewed at Westbury, in 1798. This year he speaks of, as one of the happiest portions of his life. He was full of invention and activity. The smaller poems, as he wrote them, were sent off to Charles Lamb, and the portions of "Madoc," as they were composed, were read to Davy, with whom Southey was then in habits of intimate intercourse.

"We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of 'Madoc' for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxide, with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation." — Vol. IV. p. x.

"Madoc" was finished on the 12th of July, 1799, and the next day "Thalaba" was begun. The subject for this poem had been in the author's mind for four years, and the materials for it had been gathering during that time. The writing was interrupted by ill health, and he went to the south of Europe for its recovery the next spring.

"Change of circumstances and of climate effected an immediate cure of what proved to be not an organic disease. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week after our landing at Lisbon, I resumed my favorite work, and I completed it at Cintra, a year and six days after the day of its commencement."— Vol. IV. p. xii.

"Thalaba" was published before the author's return, the press being corrected by his friends, Davy and Danvers. It was less favorably received than "Joan of Arc" had been, though an immeasurably finer work. It was so wholly strange and original in its plan and style, that the critics and the readers were at fault; they had no rules or precedents to judge by, and found it much easier to laugh at what was puerile and seemed affected, than to enter into the spirit of the author's design and boldly allow the excellence of his novelties. His name was now coupled with that of Wordsworth, by those who looked only at the superficial resemblances to be found in the extreme simplicity of diction which each affected, and who did not care to observe their essential differences. But it is not always by essential differences that a classification is made; and Mr. Southey should not complain or wonder, that a set of writers, all of them departing from the settled models, and well agreeing in some obvious points of their revolutionary creed, should be, for convenience or for wit's sake, put together under a common name. As to the justice with which, having been so classed, they were described and treated, that is another affair; and it certainly required no little forbearance in them to stand by for twenty years, "while every tyro in criticism who could smatter and sneer, tried his 'prentice hand' upon the Lake Poets; and every young sportsman who carried a popgun in the field of satire, considered them as fair game."

"Thalaba" being published, the author returned to the revision of "Madoc," which he pursued with great care and deliberation, "thinking that it probably would be the greatest poem he should ever produce." With this view he travelled through Wales in the autumn of 1801, in order to perfect himself in the localities and scenery of that picturesque country. In 1803, he took up his abode at Keswick, where he has ever since resided. There, he says, in the latter end of this year, the work was resumed, "and twelve months were diligently employed in reconstructing it."

The work, thus studiously prepared, was printed in 1805; was immediately reprinted in two elegant octavo volumes in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America;* was pronounced, by some of the critics, the greatest poem since "Paradise Lost," and enjoyed a deserved reputation in spite of some ill-natured criticisms.

While these larger works were in progress, the author had been amusing himself, by way of recreation in his more leisure hours, with the composition of a great variety of minor poems. Of these, three volumes were published, one in each of the years 1797, 1799, and 1805. Some of them were works of considerable pretension; some, very slight and insignificant; a few had the good fortune to be popular, and to become extensively known. Southey himself wished them to be considered "as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things." These are reprinted, we presume all of them, in the present edition, as well as the contents of another little volume, published in 1815, and his various compositions as Poet Laureate. As he has advanced in life, he has written less and less of occasional and fugitive poetry, being absorbed in works of greater extent and of a different character. Indeed, he tells us, that the poetical impulse has ceased, and that "latterly the inclination has been so seldom felt, that it required an effort to call it forth."

"Madoc" being thus disposed of in 1805, he the next year resumed and finished another large poem, "The Curse of Kehama," which had been begun in 1801. Concerning this, he says,

"No poem could have been more deliberately planned, or more carefully composed. It was commenced at Lisbon, on the 1st of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year, at Kingstown, in which 'Madoc' had been finished and 'Thalaba' begun. A little was added, during the winter of that year, in London. It was resumed at Kingstown, in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval 'Madoc' was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was recast at Keswick; there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it on the 25th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places."

We presume, that this disclosure of laborious diligence and

* In Boston, by Munroe and Francis, in semi-monthly parts, with engraved title-pages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painful revision will surprise many readers, who have been unable to account for the frequency and multitude of our author's large works, except on the supposition of hasty and even precipitate publication. It seems, however, that he was accustomed to exercise a scrupulous fidelity in this respect; and that, wherever he may have failed, it has been with thoughtful deliberation and mature reflection. A proper criticism of his works would suggest the same conclusion. There is another interesting fact, disclosed in the same preface; that his several larger poems form a sort of series, each being one part of a plan, which is completed by the union of the whole.

"While a schoolboy at Westminster, I had formed an intention of exhibiting the most remarkable forms of Mythology, which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of a narrative poem.

"The plan upon which I proceeded in 'Madoc,' was to produce the effect of machinery, as far as was consistent with the character of the poem, by representing the most remarkable religion of the New World such as it was, a system of atrocious priestcraft. It was not here, as in 'Thalaba,' the foundation of the poem, but, as usual in what are called epic poems, only incidentally connected with it.

"When I took up, for my next subject, that mythology which Sir William Jones had been the first to introduce into English poetry, I soon perceived that the best way of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never, for a moment, have thought of any other measure than blank verse for 'Joan of Arc,' and for 'Madoc,' and afterwards for 'Roderick.' The reason why the irregular rhymeless lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for 'Thalaba' was, that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story.

"It appeared to me, that here neither the tone of morals, nor the strain of poetry, could be pitched too high; that nothing but moral sublimity could compensate for the extravagance of the fictions, and that all the skill I might possess in the art of poetry, was required to counterbalance the disadvantage of a mythology with which few readers were likely to be well acquainted, and which would appear monstrous, if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavoured, therefore, to combine the utmost richness of versification with the greatest free-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style."

"The Curse of Kehama" having been finished, on the 25th of November, 1809, he, the next week, December 2d, began "Roderick, the Last of the Goths"; and finished it, July 14, 1814, — an interval of four years and seven months. Of the history of the composition of this noble work, no particulars are given; but a letter from Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," is quoted, which is well worth reading.

"I have read 'Roderick' over and over again, and am more and more convinced, that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence, and a good deal of conversation, with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every particular. He says, it is too long, and wants *elasticity*, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its favor. I had even teased him to let me review it for him, on account, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence of the letter he sent in answer to mine: —

"'For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and, when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as his neighbour Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his 'Roderick'; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over that and other kindred subjects with you; for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty, according to my own apprehensions of it.'

"I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the marrow of the thing to come at as yet, and in that I was joined by Mr. Alison. There was, at the same time, a Lady M—— joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments; — 'O, I do love Southey'! that was all.

"I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do any thing, nor publish any thing, that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do, how omnipotent he is with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed towards you."

Mr. Southey did not receive very graciously this proposal to propitiate the northern censor, and answered Hogg, as if he thought him a little officious. "Jeffrey crush the Excursion!" he exclaimed; "tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw."

Since the completion of "Roderick," Mr. Southey has produced very little that is worthy of his fame. His muse seems to have fallen into her dotage. Whether the bays of the Laureateship, which he condescended to wear, are really mixed with poppy leaves or not, it is certain, that something stupefying has been mingled with all that he has done officially. Just at this date the tremendous wars of the French revolution came to a close with the fight at Waterloo, and Europe was witness to scenes, such as for grandeur and effect the world has rarely beheld. The overthrow of a terrible dynasty, the release of the civilized nations, the incarceration of the imperial prisoner at St. Helena, the assemblies of the crowned heads of all the great kingdoms at Paris and London, and a thousand more incidents of thrilling and sublime effect, would seem to offer to a poet capable of enthusiasm, such inviting and grateful themes, as could scarcely fail to make another Pindar. But though Southey was maddened by the eagerness with which he entered into the times, his madness had no poetry in it. He wrote an ode on the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to London, in blank verse, from which all enthusiasm as well as jingle was absent. He visited the field of Waterloo three months after the battle, and came home and wrote a long account in rhyme of his "Pilgrimage" thither, which would have been tolerable prose, if it had not been intolerable verse, — wordy and cold. He wrote on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte in a very similar strain. And when George the Third died, he finished the climax of all the fatuities of the official muse, by his "Vision of Judgment"; which was not "blasphemous," as it was declared to be, but simply puerile; being the failure of another attempt to introduce the ancient hexameter verse into our language, and still more signally a failure to produce an impressive and sublime description of the scenes to which a human spirit is introduced immediately after death. One would not have believed beforehand, that so complete a failure was possible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After this, we are not aware that any royal verses have been attempted by our author. We suppose that King William and his times have been too democratic for his sympathy or his eulogy; and, even if the vein of poetic adulation had not been exhausted on her grandfather, the accession of the youthful queen had too little of hope for the conservative bard, to induce him to take down his harp from the willows. There let it hang, never again to palsy the hand of genius with its torpedo wires, or turn to mockery the great events of national and royal fortune.

We have only to add the publication of the "Tale of Paraguay," in four cantos of Spenserian verse, in 1825, and two long ballads, called "All for Love," and "The Pilgrim to Compostella," in 1829, and we have completed the enumeration of the principal works which are collected in the volumes before us.

In order to judge fairly of a writer so copious and various, it is necessary to separate his works into classes, and form an opinion of each by itself. He may have failed in one direction and been successful in another; *non omnia possumus omnes.* In the case before us, it is especially a duty to do this. If judged of by some of these volumes, the author would sink into insignificance; while the due appreciation of others would assign him an exalted place. If he had written nothing but "Roderick" and "Thalaba," there would be no doubt in any mind that he is a poet of the first order, for none other could produce those extraordinary works. But the same judgment could not be passed upon the perusal of his innumerable ballads, epitaphs, eclogues, songs, sonnets, dramas, and what he calls "non-descripts." This varied assortment cannot be characterized in any general terms. Each parcel must be taken up by itself, and judged by its own merits; and the ill opinion of any one sort must do nothing to prejudice the claims of another. But for such an investigation we have here no time or room. We can only say, that the reputation of the author rests on his larger works. A few of his smaller pieces are worthy of all praise, but a great proportion of them have little merit. They were chiefly written when he was very young, and bear the marks of an eager but unripe mind, easily excited and rapidly throwing off its excitement in a poetical form. A considerable number of them are ballads, founded on some ter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rific or grotesque legend of vulgar superstition or the Catholic faith, in which witches and magicians, and especially the Devil, are the actors. It would have been hard to say, in regard to these, whether they were written in earnest or in jest, if the author had not expressed severe displeasure at one of them being styled mock-heroic. Undoubtedly, some of them are conceived in the true ballad vein, with a simplicity and truth which make them charming, and have secured their popularity. But others are mere doggerel, which we can just put up with, if allowed to regard them as extravaganzas; and perfectly insufferable, if the author insists on their being taken as specimens of the legitimate art. What especially surprises us, is, that he should have retained a taste for this sort of composition, even to his later years; the volume already noticed as printed in 1829, having for its contents nothing but certain long-winded ballads of his poorest manufacture, limping along in lame verses and still lamer prodigies, to the mere disgust of the impatient reader. We do not marvel, that his wife looked grave, as he tells us she did, with "more of reproof than of praise in her smile," when she found him, at the manly age of fifty-four, dealing out such trash for the amusement of his children; though the piece to which she especially objected, "The Young Dragon," is less obnoxious to censure than many others. It is a specimen of finished verse, and tells the story with an air of sly humor, which makes us enjoy it, childish as it is. The major part of the marvellous stories, which he has collected from the stores of monkish tradition, are too senseless to be read with any feeling but that of wonder that any man, to whom it was not assigned as a penance, could submit to versify them so poorly, or to versify them at all.

None of his minor pieces seem to us so good on the whole as his "English Eclogues." They are conceived with great truth, and are expressed in a style of manliness and simplicity, with many touches of unaffected pathos, and in a tone of high philanthropic morality. Similar praise may be given to some of the "Inscriptions" and "Occasional Pieces." Most of these are in the blank heroic verse. Blank also are many of his "Lyric Poems," even those which he wrote as poet laureate, on occasions of state and public rejoicing. In this he appears to have committed an error. The English accent does not form itself into lyric measures without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the aid of rhyme to mark its movement, and decide its rhythm for the ear. Without rhyme, it cannot be distinguished from ordinary blank verse. It is thus that "Thalaba" is written; the reader, aided by his eye, may observe the verse, but its peculiarity is for the most part undiscernible by the ear. And in short lyric pieces, in which the expression of tenderness or ardor, of pathos or triumph, is so much dependent on the palpable march of the verse, the whole artifice of the structure is in danger of being thrown away, when not made to tell by the recurrence of the rhyme. It is only by his rhyme, that the lyrist can beat time to his music. Great praise has been bestowed on Collins's "Ode to Evening," for the sweet and graceful melody of its stanza. Allowing it to be deserved, the piece has never been successfully imitated, and the result of all the experiments seems to be, that lyric poetry in blank stanzas is little consistent with the genius of the language.

The larger poems of Southey, which make pretension to something of epic dignity, are five in number, occupying each a volume in the present edition. He disclaims for them the title of epic, because, as he avers, it has been "degraded." This, however, is little to the purpose. If they belong to the class, they should be named accordingly. But the truth is, that the epic, strictly defined, is an obsolete form of the poetic art. It would not be acceptable at the present day. The change of manners, philosophy, and taste, demands a different representation; and it is because Southey has adapted himself to this change, not because the ancient form is "degraded," that his poems should not be called epic.

But, without elevating this into a question of importance, it is observable, that these five poems belong to two distinct classes, as unlike each other as if they had proceeded from the most opposite schools of art. "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Roderick," are written in regular blank verse; their scenes lie within the limits of credible history, and they treat of human fortune, character, and passion, in accordance with the most moderate laws of poetic probability. "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama," on the other hand, are tales of magic and supernatural life; the actors genii, sorcerers, and gods, as well as men; the incidents impossible, the *dénouement* incredible; the verse irregular, lawless, and strange, to correspond to the subject. It cannot be denied, that in each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class he has been eminently successful; so much so, unlike as they are, that it is not easy to decide in which of the two his master-piece is to be found. "Roderick" and "Thalaba" undoubtedly stand at the head of the two divisions; but which of these two is the superior, it would be hard to determine.

In remarking on the poems of the first class, we may observe, that they approach as nearly to the epic model as modern taste will allow. They are written in heroic blank verse, and a sustained tone of grave dignity. They treat historical subjects and personages. They are tales of national struggles and welfare, and of the achievements and fortunes of princes and brave men, intermingled with pictures of more private suffering, and the personal fate of distinguished and obscure individuals. The supernatural machinery, thought essential to the epic poem, finds a substitute in the religious sentiment, as existing among the personages who appear in the story, and forms a natural and effective ingredient;—in "Joan of Arc," the excited enthusiasm of the heroine, and the devout chivalry of that wild era; in "Madoc," the superstitious forms and rites of the savage Mexicans; in "Roderick," all that is beautiful, picturesque, and pathetic in the opinions and ritual of the Romish church.

"Joan of Arc," as it was first in the order of time, so was never to be properly regarded as any thing more than a splendid promise, and has not been reared into any thing higher by all the careful emendation of its author in his riper years. In "Madoc" he made a great advancement. The story is various, fertile in character and incident, lying partly in the old world and partly in the new, rich in all the contrasts presented by sea and land, civilization and barbarism, Christianity and idolatry. It conducts the Welsh prince from the troubles of his native country, through his voyage over the ocean, to his happy settlement in America. It describes the struggles and wars of the young colony, the fortunes and superstitions of the aboriginal tribes, and the erection of the homes and altars of the new people in faith and peace. It may be said, that there is some lack of vigor in the conduct of the poem, and not sufficient compactness in the structure of the plot; that the tone is too equably placid and gentle, without sufficient appeal to the more stirring emotions, or admixture of the powerful and grand. But such is the truth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of its pictures of nature and of man, such the vividness of descriptions, such the interest and probability of its incidents and the deep pathos of its subsidiary narrations, and, in a word, such the purity and sweetness of the whole, that the reader is led along, by a gentle but irresistible charm, from page to page, and comes to the end as if he had been listening to the true story of an old friend.

From "Madoc" to "Roderick," the advance is greater still. It is an amazing leap, from a poem simply good to one of the highest order. The author has attained a boldness and vigor, both in plan and in execution, of which the previous works contain few indications. As a specimen of versification, alone, it is deserving of all admiration. Harmonious, various, rich, expressive, it rises, in all the attributes of metrical composition, far above the tone of "Madoc." The writer has acquired a new sense of the affluence of the English tongue and the movement of English verse. Possibly, his manner may still be objected to as somewhat diffuse, and as needing an occasional terseness to give it variety and nerve. But the want is scarcely deserving of notice, and it is hardly just to name it as detracting from the merit of one of the most admirable pieces of sustained poetic diction in the language.

To the structure and order of the poem, the conduct of the story and the proportion of its parts, we give equal commendation. One does not know where to turn to find a plot more felicitous in its conception, or carried on with a more natural and satisfactory developement. It is simple in the extreme, with no perplexing involutions, no startling discoveries, no stage trick of unexpected surprises, no cutting of knots by an extravagant device for the purpose of getting over a previous extravagance; but moves on in a dignified order, one event following another without confusion, and all tending to unfold the characters of the actors, and promote the progress of the story, which, without a moment's delay or pause, advances with a gradual but uniform increase of interest, without hurry, or bustle, or digression, till it ends in a natural and satisfying close. It is one of the neatest and cleverest specimens of the art of arranging a story, so as to put every thing precisely in its place, give every thing its proper proportions, and exclude every thing irrelevant, which the his-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory of letters can furnish. This is great praise; and we do not believe it can be gainsaid.

We are inclined to estimate no less highly the skill displayed in the more arduous tales of the second class of his larger poems, "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama." In these there was a difficulty, almost insurmountable, lying at the very threshold. The nature of the narratives required him to reconcile his readers to the reception of the grossest absurdities and the most violent impossibilities, to familiarize them to monstrous and odious forms of superstition, and excite a sympathy with the most revolting scenes. How serious this preliminary difficulty was,* may be seen in the fact, that multitudes of readers have been deterred by it from the perusal of these poems, and assign the extravagance of the fictions as sufficient cause for turning away from them. Sometimes indeed, perhaps frequently, the strangeness of the measure, and the occasional peculiarities of the diction, are complained of; but we suspect, that no one ever became familiar with either poem without being ready to say, with Henry Kirke White, that he would not, on any account, have had it written in any other verse, and becoming ready to excuse, if he could not approve, the passages of questionable taste. Nothing is easier, as Scott intimates in one of his letters, than to make these poems the subject of ridicule, burlesque, and satire; matter for such treatment lies exposed on the surface, ready for the handling of all; but whoever will go beneath the surface, and enter enough into the purpose and plan of the author to read him aright, will soon cease to feel annoyance from those superficial faults, and will be filled with admiration, ever increasing, at the proofs of power and genius which pervade the entire structure.

We are willing to delay a little on this part of our subject, because here it is that the real greatness of Southey is to be found, and yet precisely here it is also that he is likely to be always prejudged and misunderstood. It is likely to be taken for granted, as it has been, without adequate examination, that he has overstepped the legitimate boundaries of

* "'Thalaba' consists of the most wild and extravagant fictions, and openly sets nature and probability at defiance. In its action it is not an imitation of any thing, and excludes all rational criticism as to the choice and succession of its incidents." Here the "Edinburgh Review" (Vol. I. p. 75.) expresses the difficulty we refer to, and confirms the prejudice in the minds of its readers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fiction, and substituted extravagance for romance. But it should be kept in mind, that the degree of probability belonging to a fictitious narrative may oftentimes more depend on the skill of the narrator, than on the intrinsic character of the incidents; and it is a proof of high genius in a poet, to reconcile us to events and scenes which we would not listen to in another narration. Is it not thus, that Shakspeare leads us through the "Tempest," and the "Midsummer's Night's Dream," — ay, and "Lear" too, and "Hamlet"? It is the province and the test of genius to do this successfully; and, instead of complaining that one has been so bold as to attempt it, we should simply ask, if he has succeeded in it. His very calling lies

> "In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
> From sober Truth, are still to Nature true."

As for the assertion, that magic, and sorcery, and fairies, and ghosts were once objects of the popular faith, and therefore rightfully used by the poets, but may be so no longer, because those superstitions have died out of the minds of men, — it appears to us to be nothing to the purpose. Are Homer, Ariosto, Shakspeare, and other ancient masters, any the less admirable to us, because the superstitions of which they treat are not now in being? It is what those bards have done, not what we in our every-day life believe, that gives interest to those old poems. And, in point of fact, the supernatural personages and the strange traditions of "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama," are just as much objects of our faith, as those of the "Æneid" and "Jerusalem Delivered"; — that is to say, not at all so in our common life, but, while submitting to the power of the poet, altogether so. The world of imagination is of no age, and men never depart from it. The poet *lives* in it; when he speaks as a poet, he speaks of it; and if he speak consistently, as one simply telling what his fancy beholds, then it is the same thing as regards his merit, and ought to be the same thing in our judgment, whether he wrote at a period when the vulgar mind held that imaginary world to be a real world, or whether he writes now, when everybody knows it is not real, and yet loves it not the less. It is still the home of the poet; the domains of magic and superstition are still parts of his empire; and the question is not whether Southey, or any other, has a right to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enter them, but whether he can exercise any power in them; not whether he is at liberty "to call spirits from the vasty deep," but whether "they will come when he doth call for them."

Now we hold, that no man's incantations are more successful than those of Southey in the poems before us. So dexterously has he contrived the whole machinery, and arranged, and described, and employed the personages, that he makes every thing appear to the fair-minded reader perfectly natural, if not credible and probable. So remarkable is his power of throwing himself into the most impossible situations, that the reader, seeing him actually in them, ceases to think them impossible. So successfully does he invest the most impossible personages with the sentiments and feelings belonging to the place he assigns them, that the reader forgets, that such persons cannot be; he indeed sees that they are, and why should he doubt his eyes? And so he dwells on the story of their lot with the same interest that he gives to the beings of every-day life.

Now this is a wonderful power; it is that of genius, and genius of no mean order. It excellently realizes the description given by Coleridge, when, having spoken of poems of two sorts, he adds, "In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at, was to consist in the interesting of the affections by *the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations supposing them to be real.*" It is to precisely this class that the poems in question belong; and we doubt if any can be named which more thoroughly fulfil the condition laid down by the critic in the sentence just cited. In all the wonders through which they pass, and the extreme demand they make on the imagination, among scenes unfamiliar, and actors unhuman and superhuman, the dramatic consistency and propriety are never violated; but every creature is true to the affections and principles which belong to his place, and which would command sympathy if it were real. As examples of what we mean, we appeal to that most exquisite episode in "Thalaba," of Laila and her father in the region of snow; to the repentance and death of Maimuna; and to the whole story of the father and daughter in the "Curse of Kehama,"—so impossible and horrible, and yet made so probable and credible by the glorious loveliness of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that sweet union of parent and child, that we go with them through all vicissitudes on earth and in heaven and in hell, participate in their anxieties and trials, and burst into tears at their final triumph, no more doubting that it is all a solemn reality, than the story of our own lives. It is vain to talk of extravagance, impossibility, or bad taste; the poet has conquered; and it is the victory of a great genius.

In closing this cursory survey of the works before us, we are disposed to state, a little distinctly, the impression which is left on our mind of the characteristic traits of their voluminous and various author. And we would say, that as we have now turned over these ten volumes of his collected poems, we have been struck with the originality which belongs to them. They are his own, borrowed from nobody, imitated from nobody. Such as they are, good, bad, and indifferent, they stand by themselves, unrelated, of no school, ancient or modern. It was an objection, brought against him at the beginning of his course by some of the critics, that he departed from the approved classical models, that "he followed in the footsteps of no predecessor," that he ventured on untried methods and on unauthorized subjects. At the present day, we perceive no force in an objection, which was of weight only with those who were then standing on the border line between the old and the new era. Their habits and tastes had been formed on the staid mediocrity of the preceding half century, and they were alarmed at the prospect of a revolution. We are now rather disposed to give honor to Southey for his independence, in being so early to perceive and help forward a change which the state of letters demanded. We praise him for adopting a manner of his own, fettering himself by no model, inventing new topics, and executing them in a new way. It came to pass, indeed, that he committed errors, confounded deformities with beauties, and set an equal value on whatever was his own. Like most bold men who start a new method, he indulged a pleasant self-complacency, took no pains to conceal his contempt of those who did not like his novelties, and allowed himself no misgiving in his appeal to the judgment of posterity. This we may lawfully smile at; there can be no doubt, notwithstanding, that to this spirit he largely owed his success.

The fertility of his invention is to be next observed, proof of which is to be seen in the great number and variety of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works. No man repeats himself less. No man has sent forth a succession of works more different from each other. If "Madoc" had been anonymous, who would have referred it to the author of "Thalaba"? or if "Roderick," who would have ventured to call it an imitation of "Madoc"? and who would have guessed the "Tale of Paraguay" to be of the same parentage with either? It is not easy to conceive of a more determined diversity; and this establishes his claim to the title of an inventor, or poet, — this variety of incident, character, plot, style, so easily and successfully maintained as to appear the result of a spontaneous act of the mind rather than of express effort or studious art.

As to his style, which, as the great instrument of the poet, demands to be especially considered, its characteristics are mainly simplicity, melody, diffuseness, and the sweetness and grace, with an occasional languor, which belong to or result from those qualities. The higher and bolder qualities of concise strength, nervousness, and splendor, are rarely exhibited. Sometimes, indeed, there is a display of magnificence and of almost gorgeous amplification, as no one can deny who remembers the descriptions of Baly and of Padalon, in the "Curse of Kehama"; but its usual character is that of calm and wordy gentleness, so uniform and placid, that we sometimes impatiently wish for a pithy and abrupt expression, to break in upon the luxurious monotony of the "linked sweetness long drawn out." We say this with special allusion to his blank verse; and yet, when we remember the power of his description and narrative, we are almost tempted to recall our remark, and to say, that the diffuseness we refer to, is only an elegant and expressive copiousness. At any rate, we speak of it as observers, rather than as fault-finders. And we must add, that his diction is far more exalted, picturesque, and expressive in his later than in his early works; as any one may see, by comparing "Roderick" with "Madoc," and "The Curse of Kehama" with "Thalaba." It is a natural consequence of this copiousness of style, that he possesses little of the curious felicity of phrase, so valued in the poet, the happy combination of choice and pregnant terms, conveying a pointed thought in a pointed sentence, which sparkles like a diamond, and is as precious. This is that exquisite gift which makes a poet live in the memory of his readers, by attaching to their minds a thousand precious gems of expression. Snatches of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakspeare there are, which make part of the language of conversation ; and scarcely a book is printed, but draws its most apt and illustrious mottos from his pages. In everybody's mouth, too, are phrases and maxims from Milton, Pope, Gray, and other and later bards. But of all this Southey furnishes hardly any thing. His thoughts do not clothe themselves in burning words. They are expanded, not compressed ; diffused, not concentrated ; no diamond, though ample store of gold ; and this not in bars or ingots, but beaten, — sometimes too thin. One is frequently struck with a fine thought or a noble image, but never in such guise that it haunts him afterward like a strain of delicious music, and will not be gone ; and if he seek to impress it on his memory, he soon finds that the *words* to which the poet has attached it are unessential, it readily escapes from them, and is content to carry away the sense and forget the expression.

If one, therefore, were making up a collection of the "Beauties of Southey," it is to passages of extended description and sentiment that he would have recourse ; and of these he might find abundance, unsurpassed in their kind for elegance and sweetness. Some of them are familiar to all readers ; as that beautiful passage beginning, "They sin who tell us love can die." Many such may be selected from these volumes ; to name no other, we do not know that there can be found any thing more graceful, than the manner in which a scene of passionate emotion melts away into tranquillity at the close of the twenty-first book of "Roderick."

"Soothed by the strain
Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
And sate contemplating. Florinda too
Was calmed. If sore experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,
She said, alas ! who better learned than I
In that sad school ! Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 't is shown ye there !
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon ! I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opake would blot her beams ;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fixed eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day,
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone ; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still ;
The fires have mouldered ; and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song ; and poured
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature ; and the splendor of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain."

His power of description is another characteristic. He greatly excels in the vivid, graphic delineation of scenes and persons. His descriptions are pictures. As one of his early reviewers remarked, "he describes with all the apparent truth of ocular testimony."* Our memory of the scenes which he has depicted is like our recollection of those at which

* General Repository and Review, Vol. I. Cambridge, 1812.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we have been personally present; we look back to the story of Oneiza, Laila, Adosinda, more as if we had been with them, than as if we had only read of them. Moath's tent is a real place to us, and we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that we were in the crowd at Arvalan's funeral. From this cause the writings of Southey are singularly adapted for illustration by the painter and engraver; situations and attitudes are conceived with such vividness, and portrayed with such force, that it is to the artist almost as if he had the actual persons before him. The Edinburgh Review allowed this in the case of "Thalaba," saying, that "no poem has a greater number of lively images, or would afford so many subjects for the pencil." The spirit of the remark may be extended to all his poems; and we cannot but wonder that they have not been seized upon by the artists as treasure-houses of beautiful and magnificent design. For instance, to take the first example out of fifty which occur to us, what a capital picture would Allston make of Roderick, kneeling before the old monk:

"Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried, . . thou seest, . . but memory
And suffocating thoughts repress the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaimed,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, . . Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell the whole abhorrëd history:
He not the less pursued, . . the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straightened down, and hands outspread, and eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death."

Or the following, though it contains one admirable point, which does not address itself to the eye.

"Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half-raised, toward his sentence turned;
His eyelids stiffened and pursed up, . . his eyes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rigid, and wild, and wide ; and when the King
Had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking. At length upon his knees he fell,
And lifting up his trembling hands, outstretched
In supplication, . . Mercy ! he exclaimed, . .
Chains, dungeons, darkness, . . any thing but death ! . .
I did not touch his life."

One of the most observable traits in the works of this author, is his delight in illustrating the gentler affections, and the sober pleasures of domestic life. He does not avoid the vehement, harsh, and bold ; but he turns, with preference, to the mild and humble. He loves the fireside. He is best satisfied when depicting the amiable relations of brother and sister, parent and child. This has been made a ground of complaint and disparagement with some of the critics ; and it might be regarded as a defect, if he had proved himself equal to nothing else. But, after being excited by his scenes of violence and wrath, by his pictures of magic and revenge, of jealousy, remorse, and war, we esteem it matter of congratulation, that the author is disposed to retreat, with evident delight, into the sanctuary of home, and give his feelings refuge amid the sacred affections of domestic privacy. There are poets enough for the hero and the prince, for the passionate lover and the despairing knight. What is public, tumultuous, and ostentatious, will always find pens ready to commemorate and adorn it. Let there be one, at least, to appreciate the holiness of the fraternal bond, as in Thalaba ; the beauty and worth of the filial affection, as in Laila and Kaylyal ; to celebrate the loveliness and power of maternal influence, as in Rusilla and Roderick, and the charm of the complete domestic ring, as in the family of Pelayo. The world will lose nothing by turning its sympathies away from kingdoms and ambition, to families and childhood ; and the poet who knows how to do this, is to be esteemed a benefactor.

Mr. Southey does not stop here. There is a close connexion between this class of affections and the religious sentiment, and he passes constantly into the latter. He writes like a man whose habitual devoutness of temper associates all scenes with spiritual thoughts, discerns the moral uses of whatever occurs, and interprets all by a reference to some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

providential order. His poetry, accordingly, is not simply innocent and pure, but directly and persuasively religious. The tendency, the very moral, of each of his greater works is expressly favorable to faith and piety; three of them might, with no impropriety, be styled religious allegories; and rarely are the highest virtues more affectingly taught. A distinguished critic, apparently incapable of sympathy with any expression of religious sentiment, speaks of his poetry as "outrageously religious and fanatical." We may pardon his injustice in pity for his ignorance. He who knows what faith and devotion are, would rather esteem it as beautifully illustrative of that deep and glowing, but calm and steadfast principle of rational trust and filial piety, which especially becomes a creature like man. He would see in it nothing overwrought, nothing unduly enthusiastic, but a just delineation of that spirit which is equally distant from coldness and excess. With this spirit his best works are imbued; it sheds light and beauty over their pages; it clothes them with peculiar tenderness, purity, and grace; and, when occasion offers, it breaks forth, in distinct and prominent expression, as if the spontaneous breath of the author, who could not but utter the language familiar to his heart.

Without making any comparison between this poet and his distinguished contemporaries, without wishing that they had received less honor, or attempting to decide his relative rank among them, we yet cannot refrain from declaring our wonder, that a higher place in the public estimation has not been assigned to Southey. It would avail nothing to prophesy, that so gifted an author cannot be kept for ever in undeserved neglect, for we do not believe that the present celebrity of writers is a fair test of their absolute or relative merit; but we may express a strong hope that less injustice may be done in time to come, and that some of the attention now wasted on frivolous and demoralizing publications, may be given to the principal works of this equally entertaining and never corrupting writer. It is mortifying, that, amid the infinity of reprints from the British shops, no place has been found for these. It is time that it were otherwise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART. III. — 1. *Fireside Education.* By the Author of Peter Parley's Tales. New York: F. J. Huntington. 12mo. pp. 396.

2. *Home Education.* By ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Physical Theory of another Life," &c. &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 322.

WE recur to the subject of education. Indeed, we can hardly pass it by, if we would have our journal keep up with the progress, the changeful progress, of opinion; for it is evidently about to take its turn as a prominent object of interest. The usual signs of incipient excitement are to be seen and heard. Periodical journals are devoted to it. Societies are formed; lectures pronounced; conventions held; speeches made; offices created; and, what is perhaps in this country the surest sign of all, funds are provided. To say the whole in a few words, Education begins to promise much notoriety, and some money, to its foremost partisans; and the obvious, inevitable consequence of this is a struggle to be foremost. Out of which there may come some evil, but there must come much good. We must have a hobby of some kind; because, if we may judge from the past, society is so constituted here, that it stagnates if not constantly stirred by some agitating topic. The common duties, the regular ongoings of life, have not interest enough; and, therefore, Anti-masonry, Non-resistance, Bran-eating, and the like, chase each other along. But Education, when its turn comes, is not likely to excite much anger and bitterness. Some there will be, for all our controversies are zealous, and zeal is seldom pure. Still the questions to which this subject may give rise, can hardly kindle a fire which shall burn so fiercely, that no one may pass through it, to go to his brother; and in this respect, Education will have greatly the advantage of most of its predecessors.

But the interest of this subject is great, is obvious, indisputable, universal; penetrating the whole mass of society, and all its component parts; embracing within its sphere, religion, government, letters, and all things else of mind or heart; and reaching in its influence through an unending future. It may be hoped, therefore, that when it comes to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a topic of common agitation, and multitudes are active about it, it will call into its service good sense, sound principles, the energy which is not rashness, and the prudence which is neither fear nor indolence, seldom as these qualities are found in popular excitements. And hence, also, it may be hoped, that whatever zeal be manifested in the cause of education, it will not be intemperate ; and that, in the effort to reform education and diffuse its blessings, it will not be forgotten, that all reform should be cautious and kind if it would not confirm the evils it assails, or substitute new ones for those which it removes.

Any consideration of the subject in its whole length and breadth, will convince one, that, before new truths and higher principles can have an opportunity to improve the processes of education, much is to be done in making ready for them, and in securing to them the possibility of free and successful activity. For it is certain, that no improvement in education of great value can be expected, which is not based upon the correction of some errors, which are, at once, very prevalent and very injurious. The work must begin with the establishment of new and better principles, as guides in all thought, feeling, and action, in relation to it.

Among the very foremost of these errors, is that which regards education as occupying a secondary place, if any place, among the great objects of human interest ; as something, which, if it be let alone, or intrusted to the aids that chance puts within our reach, will take very sufficient care of itself. It is looked upon as extending its domain over a very narrow portion of life, as excellent employment for the child or the youth, when they must be doing something, but cannot yet do man's work ; and all its fruits are thought to be secured, if the boy is fitted to take his place among men when his beard is grown, without discreditable want of common acquirements and with equal advantages for the strife or work of life.

When we say that these are the views concerning education which now prevail in society, we do not mean that this is the way in which men talk about it, but that it is the way in which most men act. And while these views, low, mean, false, as they are, prevail, a thousand practical errors spring from them and cannot be corrected.

Education is the perpetual law of our being ; beginning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when we begin to live, its future course is measured by our own immortality. If the duty of education falls first and chiefly upon parents, it is because they represent in this the Universal Parent; and it is not too much to say, that his perpetual and universal Providence is always doing for all men, and all spirits, the work of education. All the circumstances which make up the feeble life of the wailing babe, are educating him; and when the older child is brought under the discipline of a school or of his home, he is still, at school or at home, at work or at play, sleeping or waking, subjected to constant influences which are moulding him for manhood. And when he is "free," his education "finished," as is said, and a place given him among men, then is it still true that his education is growing in importance every day; and the value of every hour, of every act and every emotion, is to be measured by its usefulness in building up within him that spiritual being, which death only liberates for future developement. And all reason and religion concur in assuring us, that progress is still the law of spiritual life, — progress from state to state; where all that is, for ever reaps the harvest of all that was, and sows the seeds of all that will be. And therefore, whatever efforts are made in the cause of education, or in the application of its principles to individual cases, it is plain, that they can succeed only so far as they coincide with the general laws which govern the growth and progress of all who live, and only so far as they seek the same end which the Author of all life regards as the end of life. In other words, education cannot be viewed from too high a ground, for it occupies the highest. The search which would detect its ruling laws, and learn the science which combines them into orderly arrangement, and attain to the wisdom which teaches to use this science to good purpose, cannot penetrate too deeply into the mysteries of man's constitution and destiny; for in the inmost depths of his being these laws are at work, and at the earliest moment of his being they began their work.

We have no purpose of following these views into those questions of psychology and of human destiny, which open before them. The discussion would be out of place here; it would require more room than other topics could afford, and a mood of mind, a measure and a quality of attention, not precisely those, which a Review is in the habit of demanding. If, then, it be asked why we have adverted to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these views at all, we answer, that the mere magnitude and importance of the subject lead to some results which we propose presently to consider ; and, if it were not so, something is gained whenever the views we have expressed are remembered. Something is gained, if education stands the higher in the thought and care of a single individual. We do not suppose, that in any thing we have said, we have published a discovery. Such things, in substance, must needs occur, and must always have occurred, to whoever reflects upon the gifts and the wants of his own nature ; for they cannot but be suggested by the consciousness, that its wants are those of one born for a spiritual immortality, and the hope that its gifts are those which may make this an immortality of happiness.

But these truths, however often, however plainly, they may have been seen, do not yet form a part of the common daylight in which we all move and live. And every effort to make them so, however feeble, is a good effort. Indeed, the world, too, has its education ; and the law of its progress in knowledge seems to require, that truths should sink down into the mass of its common thought gradually and very slowly. In this way every generation goes forward. Truths at first painfully won by laborious effort, and afterwards acknowledged or used but by a few in succeeding generations, and perhaps veiled again, for a long period, by the clouds of a dark age, yet gain, surely and constantly, and extend their influence, and entwine themselves with more and more of the interests of human life, until they are at last a common property ; truisms which none assert, because none deny or doubt them, and principles which influence the conduct of all, while they seldom come distinctly into the consciousness of any. It would not be difficult to show, even by a cursory analysis, how much, how very much, of every day of every man, is governed and animated by truths which have thus worked their slow way into the very heart of human belief, feeling, and life.

One effect which would result from the more just appreciation of the value and importance of education, because it would necessarily follow the elevation of education in the public sentiment, is the corresponding elevation in the social position of those engaged in it. Great improvement has taken place in this particular ; but there is room for a vast

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deal more. It is only of late, that the business of instruction could be regarded as a profession; and now it holds no equal rank in the public respect, in influence, or in emolument, with those of medicine or law. In and near our great cities, there are successful teachers who earn much money, and others attached by their office to some time-honored institution; and the position of these men may seem high enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition. It is so; but, if we compare them with the most eminent physicians and lawyers in their immediate vicinity, we shall find, that the public repays the labors of instruction with a far inferior recompense, whether we measure it by money, by extent of reputation and influence, or by the social regard which determines the place which a man holds in society in a way that is very distinctly felt, though it can hardly be described. And if we go down the scale, the difference is still greater. In our country villages, for instance, the doctors' and the lawyers' houses are usually among the best, testifying, with "green blinds and brass knocker," and all other things in conformity, that their owners are sufficiently "well to do"; while, in this same village, the education of the whole generation of children may be intrusted to a boy, who spends there a college vacation, lengthened by a few weeks' "leave of absence," whose pay is that of a good farm laborer, and whose food is such as he may get from those who find it convenient to pay their modicum of the school tax by letting "the master board it out."

This picture, it is true, represents the state of things a few years since, rather than now. But the change, though great, is not entire, for in many places things remain much as they were; and the change is nowhere great enough. Happily, there is no precedent among us of any thing quite so bad as the condition described in the well-known anecdote of Stouber, the predecessor of Oberlin. Upon his arrival at Walbach, he asked to see the school-house. He was conducted to a poor cottage, where he saw a crowd of children, doing nothing. He inquired for the master, and found him a feeble old man, lying on a bed in a corner. "What do you teach," said he. "Nothing," was the answer. "How happens that?" "I know nothing." "What are you here for, then?" "Because I had grown too old and too weak to tend the pigs of the village any longer, and they put a younger and abler man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in my place, and sent me here to take care of the children!" Mr. Goodrich, in the work before us, alludes to this story, and remarks, that it evinces a degree of stupidity not to be met with in this country; but, he adds, with great justice, that, "even here, there is a popular and prevalent notion, that anybody can be a schoolmaster."

We would have the labors of education more highly estimated and better recompensed, not for the sake of those who are engaged in them, but for the sake of the public, and for the good of the whole community. There are no interests, and, while civilization remains, there can be no interests in human life, with which education is not directly involved. Indeed, it is capable of demonstration, if it be not rather too obvious to be stated, that there are none of these interests which do not greatly depend for their prosperity, for their sound and healthy prosperity, upon the manner in which the offices of education are filled and its duties performed. And it is plain, that if the profession of education, — the very phrase sounds awkwardly, although we speak of the profession of law, and the profession of medicine, without misgiving, — but if this profession were more honored, and more adequately rewarded, men of higher minds would be drawn into it, and all who were engaged in it would be roused, if only by competition, to greater activity, and more watchful, more constant, and more successful endeavour.

It is a profession; it is one which yields in importance, in its universality of interest, in its demand for the wisest efforts of the best understandings, to none. But it is exercised, and it is regarded, as a trade, and as a mechanic art. Until of late, no great department of human care employed so small a share of the attention or exertion of genius. The work went on according to certain rules, which were not originally well devised, and were usually applied with little or no inquiry into their meaning and fitness; and thus the labor of education became almost mechanical. Schools were provided, in which children might pass so many hours; during these hours, such and such books were to be committed to memory; and to ascertain whether this was done, at appointed times the scholars recited *memoriter*. We need hardly use the past tense, for just this is the case now in the majority of our common schools; and if the calculating machine of Dr. Babbage could be altered, so as to register a recitation and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

note the blunders, it would be just such a master as most of these schools require.

Familiarity with the fact deadens our sense of its strangeness ; but truly strange it is, that there should be so little discrimination as to the manner of teaching. History, — or what passes under that name, — science, language, are all taught in the same way as the multiplication table ; taught as if there were no human faculty but memory. Poetry is read, sometimes with much regard to emphasis, and sufficient care that the right and left hands do their respective duties in the way of gesture ; but the poetic sense, the imagination, vivid and sensitive in children, and demanding early and wise culture, is forgotten or unknown. Books, too, are constructed on the principle, that every thing is done when words are learned, and much ground nominally passed over. One may find a Philosophy "abridged, for the use of schools," pretty much as an egg would be abridged by sucking out its contents ; and "science made easy" simply by being made good for nothing.

These books are bad enough ; but the evil cannot be wholly remedied by making better ones, because it arises in a great measure from the way in which school-books are used. There is hardly any one so bad, that a good teacher might not make it useful ; and none so good, as not to become worthless when ill used. The remedy is to be found in establishing new relations between the master and the pupils ; in awaking the faculties, the higher faculties, of both ; in producing an actual conviction in both, that the master needs and uses something more than his ears and his hands, and the child something more than his memory and his lips. Books are, in the present system, the principal instruments of education ; they are the only actual educators ; and the office of the master requires of him only to see that the books are used. We regard this as just about the reverse of what should be. By the help of discipline, the "master" may indeed deserve that name ; but the idea that he should be also the "teacher" of the school, scarcely occurs in theory, and in practice it is sadly lost sight of. But successful education requires, as its first and indispensable condition, that the mind of the teacher, his whole mind, be wakeful, active, and earnest, and that the pupil be roused into sympathetic and responsive activity. Then, it may be doubted, whether books would need to be used so largely as at present ; and it may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be doubted also, whether school-books would not be made for the use of the master rather than of the scholars. They would be *text-books* in the proper sense of that term; books intended to guide and aid the teacher in his instruction, but not to do the whole work in his stead. The Prussian school system (open as it is to many objections) is remarkable in this particular. The youngest classes use, literally, no books; the elder ones use them sparingly; and throughout the course of education, the principle seems to be acted upon, that the books are for the master, and that they should promote and facilitate, but by no means supersede his labors.

It may seem as if too much would be demanded of the master upon this system; more than he could do unless his school was very small; more than could be done for the whole community, unless schoolmasters were very numerous; and, if they were very numerous, this fact would prevent their receiving such compensation as could alone secure for this great interest the best endeavours of the best understandings. But discipline, and a wise system of action, would go far towards diminishing the necessity of personal labor in the care of a school; and we should rely confidently upon the assistance to be derived from a fact in the nature of children, little known and less used. We mean the fact of their sympathy with each other; of the immense influence which a child exerts upon a child; of the power by which one will excite, instruct, and expand the mind of another, without effort and without consciousness. The systems of Bell and Lancaster, founded empirically on this principle, astounded the world by their success; and, in despite of the large admixture in them of quackery and folly, they have retained, in a great degree, their hold upon public opinion, because, wherever they are tried, the results they produce, whatever may be thought of their value, are indisputable and surprising. The improvement of education will reach this matter also; and a system of mutual instruction will be in time devised, by which the ill effects of the first experiments will be avoided, while all the good, and much more than all which they effected or promised, will be realized.

It is from no wish to discourage efforts to improve education, nor is it from any want of hope in the practicability of this improvement, or any feebleness in our conviction that the improvement is needed, that we venture to suggest, that there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be great caution in the changes which this improvement implies, greater than will always be used; and therefore we must expect some errors, — not the less errors, because they are the opposites of other errors, — which will require, in the friends of education, patience, skill, and perseverance.

Some of the faults in education are so great and so obvious, that, the moment general attention is drawn to them, the zealous will rush into the opposite extreme. For instance, a short time ago it was not even suspected, that a child could be made to acquire book-knowledge too soon, or in excess. A bright boy was urged to learn, and then to show off; and it occurred to few, if to any, that either his heart or his head could be hurt by this process. This was an error, a most gross error; to be paralleled by nothing but the custom, which certain travellers tell of, in the kingdom of Borneo, where beauty and obesity being considered identical, young ladies who give promise of peculiar attractiveness are crammed into perfection with boiled rice and suet. But the cramming system, whether of mind or body, can flourish only where there is still a considerable measure of barbarism. When any one, who is capable of thinking, attends at all to this subject, it is seen at once that the forcing culture of the understanding is bad in every respect. It is bad for the bright boy; for it cultivates his mind without preserving due proportion among its faculties; it strains and overtasks him, disease of mind or of body are produced, his health withers away, and his acquirements are converted into food for his vanity. With the dull boy, it is as bad. Faculties, which by a wise culture might be developed and gradually strengthened into vigor and activity, are crushed into hopeless debility, and he hates learning through life, as one hates an instrument of torture. This was easily seen; and the more easily, because a corresponding change of opinion in regard to the value of learning was taking place in the world at large. Some centuries ago, learning was rare and difficult; it required great devotion to its pursuit to overcome the obstacles which lay in the way; and, when they were overcome, the scholar became one of a small class. He had powers and implements which others had not; and he was regarded with an admiration, which was none the less sincere, and sometimes none the less acceptable, because it was for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most part blind and ignorant. But the press, combined with other causes, has made learning cheap and accessible. It gives no longer so great an actual, nor so great an imaginary superiority. The character of the age demands action and result as the proof of power. And he who possesses "erudition," without the power of turning it to account in the way of actual utility, has much the same sort of respect paid to him which we feel for Dominie Samson.

But has not this change gone too far; or rather, is it not beginning to go too far, both in school and out of school? We hear so much, now-a-days, about the "whole man," and the like, that the very phraseology begins to excite disgust; it affects one like slang words. Learning alone, we admit, may be of no great value; but the worth of learning, as a means and instrument, is infinite, and its necessity for the best efforts of the best faculties of the human understanding is absolute and unconditional. Most true it is, that education has greatly erred in placing amount of acquisition before the culture of the faculties; most true it is, that a change in this respect was needed; but it is also true, that we cannot duly exercise and strengthen the faculties but by means of learning, and that a healthy, vigorous, well-proportioned, and well-disciplined mind, wholly without learning, (if such a thing could be supposed,) would be oppressed and paralyzed by its penury.

It is time, however, that we speak of Mr. Goodrich's book; for it is quite too good to be made merely an occasion for remarks on education. Without pretending to great originality, or a profound and searching inquiry after concealed truths, it gives, in clear and often forcible language, the results of much consideration and experience. The author is wise enough to know, that the faults in domestic education are not to be attributed to the want of known truths and principles; but to the fact, that these truths and principles are not enough considered, and often enough remembered. And in this volume he brings together views, suggestions, and advice, which embody a great amount of practical wisdom on this important subject, with a very small proportion of error. It was evidently the design of the writer to make a useful book; and he has succeeded.

Of the importance of domestic education he speaks thus;

"Let us go forward to the period of youth. The mother holds the reins of the soul; the father sways the dominion of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the intellect. I do not affirm, that there is an exact or complete division of empire between the parents. Both exert a powerful influence over the mind and heart. I mean only to state generally, that the natural power of the mother is exercised rather over the affections, and that of the father over the mind. It is a blended sway, and if exerted in unison it has the force of destiny. There may be cases in which children may seem to set parental authority at defiance ; but these instances, if they actually occur, are rare, and may be regarded as exceptions, which are said to prove the rule. Remember the impressible character of youth, and consider its relation to the parent. Is not the one like the fused metal, and has not the other the power to impress upon it an image ineffaceable as the die upon steel ? Nay, is it not matter of fact, attested by familiar observation, that children come forth from the hands of their parents stamped with a character that seldom deserts them in after life ? Are they not impressed with manners, tastes, habits, and opinions, which circumstances may modify, but never efface ? If the countenance of the child often bears the semblance of the father or mother, do we not still more frequently discover in the offspring the moral impress of the parent ?

" Is it not true, then, that parents are the lawgivers of their children ? Does not a mother's counsel, does not a father's example, cling to the memory, and haunt us through life ? Do we not often find ourselves subject to habitual trains of thought, and if we seek to discover the origin of these, are we not insensibly led back, by some beaten and familiar track, to the paternal threshold ? " — pp. 68 – 70.

" The fireside, then, is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important, because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection ; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste." — pp. 71, 72.

In the following passage, Mr. Goodrich speaks of follies that are unhappily far too prevalent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I will venture to make another suggestion to parents, which is the more important from the fact, that selfishness sometimes puts on the guise of virtue, and deceives even those who are concerned in the trick. There are parents, who, from the ambition to have their children shine, stimulate them by base excitements to exertion, thus sacrificing the purity of the heart, and often the health of the body. There are parents, who, from a frivolous vanity, dress their children in an extravagant manner; thus tarnishing the youthful spirit with the same paltry vice which sways themselves. There are some people, who are flattered if their children appear precocious, and these usually attempt to make them prodigies.

"I once knew a mother who was possessed with this insane ambition in respect to an only child. This was a little boy, of bright intellect, but feeble constitution. There was, by nature, a tendency to a premature developement of the mental faculties, and this dangerous predisposition was seconded by all the art and influence of the mother. The consequence was, that while the boy's head grew rapidly, and at last became enormous, his limbs became shrunken and almost useless. His mind too advanced, and at the age of eight years he was indeed a prodigy. At ten he died, and his mother, who was a literary lady, performed the task of writing and publishing his biography. In all this, she seemed to imagine, that she was actuated by benevolent motives, and never appeared to suspect the truth, plain and obvious to others, that this child was as truly sacrificed by a mother's selfishness to the demon of vanity, as the Hindoo infant, given by its mother to the god of the Ganges, is immolated on the altar of superstition. Let parents beware, then, how they permit their own selfishness, their own vanity or ambition, to lead them into the sacrifice of their children's happiness. Let it be remembered that premature fruit never ripens well, and that precocious children are usually inferior men or women. Parents, therefore, should be afraid of prodigies. Nothing is in worse taste than for parents to show off their children as remarkably witty, or as remarkable, indeed, for any thing. Good breeding teaches every one to avoid display, and well-bred parents will never offend by making puppets of their children in gratification of their own vanity.

"There are other mistakes into which parents are led by selfishness, which assumes the semblance of disinterestedness. Thus, in the choice of a profession, and in marking out the plan of life for a child, a parent frequently consults rather his own ambition than the real interest of his offspring. In educating him, he takes care to cultivate those powers which en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able him to command wealth, rather than those which insure peace of mind. He excites him to effort by emulation, rather than by a sense of duty ; he infuses into him a love of high places, rather than a love of his fellow-men. And what is all this, but the immolation of a child on the altar of ambition by a parent's hands ? a sacrifice rendered still more odious by the hypocrisy of the pretence, that it is for the benefit of the victim."— pp. 80–83.

The truth and propriety of the following passage will be admitted by all who have observed the faults to which children are most liable.

"There is another still more disagreeable exhibition of selfishness among boys in their treatment of girls. They are often exceedingly tyrannical, rude, contemptuous, and even cruel, towards the gentler sex of their own age. This demands the assiduous correction of the parent. The claims of the weaker upon the stronger sex for scrupulous justice and chivalrous protection ought to be inculcated and enforced, especially by mothers, from the earliest periods of boyhood. If this is not done, there is danger that the selfishness of the boy, which displays itself in a rude exercise of his power, may increase with the advance of years, and at manhood lead him to treat woman, *though it may be in a more gallant guise, according to the dictates of caprice,* rather than those of justice."— p. 100.

On the other hand, in the following paragraph Mr. Goodrich expresses a common opinion on the subject of punishment, which we believe to be a common error.

"But, after all that may be done, it is impossible to lay down rules on this subject that will answer for every case. We may remark of punishment in general, as of physic ; Use it as seldom as possible, but when necessary, take a sure dose."— p. 126.

By "sure dose," of course he means a *large* dose. Now many a man has suffered sadly from the doctrine, "Take medicine as seldom as possible ; but when you do, be sure to take *enough.*" And nothing would be easier, than to affect a child injuriously and permanently by excessive punishment, following at once upon long and patient forbearance. We believe punishments of some kind and measure to be very frequently necessary ; tokens, often slight, that obedience must be rendered. But we also hold, that severe punishment is very seldom necessary, and very seldom indeed, unless through the fault of the master. Punishment need not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be corporal punishment. Yet it is a sad mistake to suppose that other modes of punishment are necessarily milder and safer. It is easy to hurt a child, body and soul, more than could be done by any supposable flagellation. We never heard of a boy's dying under his master's hand; but we have known an instance, and have heard of more, where children were frightened, by solitary and dark imprisonment, into convulsions and idiocy.

In a chapter on Religion, Mr. Goodrich speaks of it as an indispensable element of all education. The strength and universality of the testimony, which is now borne to this principle, are most remarkable. Professor Stowe, in his very interesting Report, stated that his inquiries on this subject extended to "all classes of teachers, and men of every grade of religious faith, instructers in common schools, high schools, and schools of art, of professors in colleges, universities, and professional seminaries, in cities and in the country, in places where there was a uniformity, and in places where there was a diversity of creeds, of believers and unbelievers, of rationalists and enthusiasts, of Catholics and Protestants, and I never found," he adds, "but one reply; and that was, — that the Bible is in itself the best book that can be put into the hands of children, to interest, to exercise, and to unfold their intellectual and moral powers."

Victor Cousin's Report on Education in Prussia, fully confirms this. It contains a particular account of the principal schools of various kinds in that kingdom, and of the studies pursued and the books used; and in none of them is the Bible omitted. And we could offer, from works upon education in England and Scotland, and in this country, evidence, that the same principle, and the same practice, are coming into general acceptation there, and are beginning to be recognised here.

The work on "Home Education," by the well-known author of "The History of Enthusiasm," "Physical Theory of another Life," and other similar works, will perhaps sustain his reputation for vigor of thought and of expression; but his faults are as conspicuous in this as in his former writings. He is frequently vivid and forcible, both in language and in meaning; but his occasional extravagance indicates a warm temperament, a fully sufficient confidence in his own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinions, and a habit of deriving them from theory and speculation, rather than from practice and observation. He is also, and quite too often, liable to the charge of indefiniteness and obscurity, and suggests the suspicion, that he did not himself see clearly what he wished to say, and purposely wrapped up his thoughts in glittering clouds. These defects are peculiarly objectionable in a work intended to be practical, and of which the subject is education. Still, this work will not be without its interest and value to those who are disposed to study it; although, for practical purposes and general use, it is inferior to that of Mr. Goodrich. In one respect, the contrast between them is instructive. It is, however, a contrast, not so much between these particular works, as between English writers on education, generally, and American writers on the same subject. We allude to the manner in which the subject of *discipline* is treated, — the word being taken in the sense of *coercion.*

We should do injustice to Mr. Goodrich, if we did not admit, that he states very clearly the necessity of coercion. It is, indeed, seldom the fault of our American works on education, that they neglect to urge this with much emphasis. But while English educational books assume, at once, that this necessity always exists and is always acknowledged, American writers argue the question out, as if the prevailing habits of the country threw the burden of proof upon all who take this ground. English writers rarely make any direct mention of the need of enforcing obedience by compulsory means until it becomes habitual; but it is always plain, that this principle enters into all their systems of education, and is but little dwelt upon because it is always understood; while Americans write as if their readers would supply no omission on the subject of discipline, or its basis, obedience, and the whole matter must, therefore, be set forth in its length and breadth. They discuss the subject much as if they could do nothing in relation to it, until they had overcome an habitual fear or distrust of every thing which savours of compulsion; while their transatlantic fellow-laborers rest on the supposition, that all civilized men know the value of obedience, and the necessity of enforcing it by compulsory means, and that the common feeling on this subject sustains any doctrine respecting it, if it be, in itself, practicable and wise.

This contrast is instructive upon an interesting point in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the character of our countrymen. As our democratic institutions differ entirely from all those where the possession of power ascends by an acknowledged gradation of ranks, from the lowest, who have none, to the highest, who are regarded as the fountain of all, they cannot but exert an influence upon individual character, not yet developed, and not yet appreciated ; perhaps not yet suspected.

The manifestation of this influence meets us in its effect upon the relation between the young and the old, the child and the parent, the scholar and the master. These relations have not, with us, the definiteness or the power, which they exhibit and exert in monarchical countries. There, all men feel and live as under authority ; here, as the source of authority ; there, as subjects ; here, as sovereigns. Hence the principle of obedience, in all its forms and influences, is weaker here. And it is an irresistible inference from the whole constitution of human nature, that our institutions, which lay upon the citizen a lighter hand than ever before rested on the subjects of human government, must needs relax the rigor of discipline, of constrained order, of obedience, everywhere and in every way.

This circumstance imposes a peculiar duty upon all who are engaged in the work of education. If "order is heaven's first law," or any law of heaven, and of every thing on earth which is not the opposite of heaven, obedience is the indispensable prerequisite of order ; and it is the only foundation upon which order can rest securely. If, then, the master, or teacher, or parent, would give to those whose future welfare is intrusted to him, a hold upon any thing good, he will teach them obedience ; he will teach them the wisdom and the good of obedience ; and he will fasten it upon them by practice and habit, until its living roots go deep into the central affections and principles of life.

But at least equal care needs to be taken, in respect to the quality of this obedience. If it be slavish and dead ; if it be mechanical only ; if it be nothing more than the evidence and effect of a pressure which has overcome all elasticity of spirit ; if it belong wholly to the outside, and have no origin and no support but fear ; — then is there no good in it, and no good will come from it. Having no conformity with the institutions of the country, or with our prevailing habits, it will make the man unfit for them. He will be a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fearful and enfeebled being, shaken by every adverse breath; or he will cast his fears aside, and thenceforth have no other thought of obedience, than as of one of the pains and terrors of childhood. Hence, the problem, which is to be solved, demands the reconcilement of all that is good in obedience, with all that is good in freedom. We live under institutions which promise an expansion, a growth and free developement of the elements of humanity, moral and intellectual, that the past has never seen, and the present knows not yet wisely to hope for. Great mistakes will doubtless be made, and the progress must be one of ebb and flow. It is certain, however, that the prevailing system of education should conform to the exigencies of the country; should acknowledge the duty of supplying its demands; and should, therefore, with the perpetual improvement that comes from watchful experience, endeavour to lay the foundations of universal order, deep in the universal habit of willing obedience.

This subject demands the attention of all who are intrusted, in any form or measure, with education, for a reason which is not generally regarded. And this is, the influence of obedience as a means of intellectual culture. Its necessity for moral discipline, few deny; but its utility in respect to the understanding, is equally certain. Whatever instruction is given, whatever truth is taught, relates either to the mind alone and is of a scientific nature, or it relates to motive, conduct, and life, and therefore connects itself, more or less directly, with the affections; that is to say, all instruction concerns the thought only, or it concerns the thought and the will together. Now, when we are speaking of obedience, we include in our meaning, not only compliance with command, but self-control, and conformity with the just requirement of circumstances, and a yielding of one's will to the right, however that be ascertained and expressed; for all this can be secured and made an integral part of the character, only by early and regular habits of obedience. The utility of all this, in the study of merely scientific truth, is as certain and as obvious, as the utility of peaceful, undisturbed, sustained attention. But the other half of intellectual instruction, — that which touches upon morals and duty, and the relations of social life, and the principles of self-government, or which, in other words, regards the education of the affections through the understanding, and thus the formation of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the character, — demands no less all the assistance which it can derive from the salutary influence of obedience. We believe that this subject, in its widest extent, would well repay investigation. The text, "If any one will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine," expresses one of the vital truths of human nature; the truth, namely, that our ability to *know* aright any matter, which touches upon conduct and motive and duty, depends greatly upon our moral condition in relation to it; and this principle bears directly upon education.

There was once an attempt, by some philosophers, to persuade men, that understanding and belief were wholly independent of affection and motive, and the state of the will; and, although this folly has disappeared, the opposite truth is hardly appreciated. The strong tendency of these days to found all obedience to law or command upon a previous satisfaction with its propriety, is one expression of this falsity. It is often just the wrong way; and especially is it wrong when applied to the education of the young. A rule, a law, or command, is necessary for the very reason that something is to be done which is not desired. If, in this state of the case, we begin to reason about it, all views or arguments which can be offered in favor of the law, encounter not only an adverse inclination, but the belief, that, if a conviction of the reasonableness of the law be successfully resisted, — as of course it always may be by dulness or inattention, — the law will lose its power, the command will not be enforced, and the inclination may be indulged. Let this course be pursued, and there never lived the child who *could* estimate aright the truths thus offered for his consideration. He cannot but look at them through a disturbing medium; and the oftener this happens, the worse will be the habit of his mind. It is the demand, therefore, not of kindness only, but of justice, to draw this veil aside, and release him from its obstruction. Let him obey, — let him begin with obedience, — and he stands at once in a new position. Then, his reasoning powers are not called upon to act at a disadvantage; they have at least fair play; and they have also the aid of experience, which will often, perhaps generally, speak audibly in favor of the right. It is neither wise nor safe to say, in theory or in practice, that we will not resort to constrained obedience, because we trust to truth, to reason, and to conscience; for then is truth not aided, but disturbed and shackled,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and reason is confounded and obscured, and conscience exposed to certain injury, and to the danger of decay and death. We have dwelt the more on this subject, because we would willingly induce others, who have the means for further and fuller investigation, to give their attention to what we deem the important principle, — that obedience is among the most essential requisites for the highest and most valuable culture of the understanding.

Nor is this subject without its importance to American education, considered under its political aspect. The child's obedience to rule, or to command, becomes the man's obedience to law; and still retains its quality and all its characteristics. It was once said, — with more justice, we fear, than would belong to the saying now, — that this country was distinguished from all others, by the fact, that law, as such, and for its own sake, and its own power, is here held in reverence. When this can be no longer said with any truth, corruption will have done all its work, and resistance to corruption will have ceased; and one symptom, that this melancholy consummation is more than a remote possibility, may be found in the prevailing disposition to subject all public laws to the tribunal of individual opinion. It is not enough, that they should be the expression of the public opinion, uttered by its appointed organs. It is not enough, that each man holds in common with all others the right of bringing his opinion and his feeling to bear upon the original structure and enactment of the law through our republican institutions. It is not enough, that every man not only possesses this right, but is bound to exercise this right, to the very end that the law may thus reflect the general sentiment and enforce the general wish; but a growing and almost prevailing disposition now permits the individual thereafter to submit the law to his private judgment or personal inclination, and ask of that, as of the court of ultimate sovereignty, whether the law is, for him, a law. Let this habit go on, and acquire the sanction of general usage, and nothing will remain for the country, and the whole fabric of its government, but to be swept away as a cumberer of the earth. We believe, that in this disposition lies one of the greatest dangers to which we are exposed; and we believe also, that this disposition is to be checked first, and most successfully, in childhood. Then, if education recognises the duty, the necessity, of obedience; if it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places this upon its true ground, and enforces it, not with fretful anger, nor with the tyrannous violence of mere love of power, but with the mildness and the firmness of unfailing affection, and associates it indissolubly in the minds of children with all progress, all safety, all happiness, then, and then only, will the children of this republic be fitted to become its citizens, and hold in their hands its destiny. Nor is this a work to be done in the schools only; on the contrary, it is precisely that in which our schools and our homes should unite.

The subject of Domestic Education, as distinct from School Education, is of great magnitude and moment; but we do not propose to enter upon it at this time. Indeed, whatever can be said of it, is perhaps comprised or implied in the principle, that the school is better in proportion as it is a home, and the home is better in proportion as it becomes a school. They are two; not two places only, but two in organization and in character, and the difference between them is not to be lost sight of. Nevertheless, they are one in the end which lies before them; for this is the education, the *leading forth* of all the physical, intellectual, and moral powers, into fulness of stature, and strength, and health, and into the utmost capacity of enjoying the happiness of usefulness.

In these things they are one; and, while the patient kindness, the warmth and tenderness, of an affection like that of parents should fill the school with sunshine, and make its laws only the expression of its love, the home cannot fail in discipline and order, without mournful consequences, which no school can avert or remedy. One of the pictures of Shakspeare represents the schoolboy as creeping unwillingly to school. Like all his pictures this is true to nature, to the nature he drew from; but it is, in this instance at least, a false and injured nature, for not one jot of reason is there in the thing itself, why the child should go unwillingly to school, more than there is why he should go unwillingly from his school to his home, or to his play. What is a school? It is a place for moral discipline and for intellectual instruction. Now, most true it is, that no child ever lived who did not, as he grew up, manifest tendencies and feelings which required rebuke, opposition, and constraint; and the school is the place for this; but it is not the only nor the chief place for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. If all constraint is at once relaxed when the child leaves the school; if he breaks from its thraldom into full license the moment he goes to his play; if, amid his fellows, or under the paternal roof, he is unwatched, unrestrained, unrebuked for evil deeds, little can his school do for him, and weighty and fearful is the responsibility of his parents. In point of moral discipline, therefore, the school should be no bugbear. And as to intellectual instruction, who has lived within the sight and hearing of a child, and does not know that he hungers and thirsts for knowledge? The babe of a week old seeks not its mother's breast with sharper appetite, than will urge him, when infancy expands into childhood, to question, and question closely, father and mother and brother and sister, and everybody near him, about every thing in his sight or in his thought. This is the first and natural manifestation of the desire *to know*; and it is wise, though not very common, to follow this desire somewhat as a guide. It is often easy to silence it by a little impatience or contempt; but the desire is still there, always there, deeply implanted in our nature. Education is founded upon this desire; acts through it; and most grossly errs when it afflicts or disappoints it, and by so doing makes the school distasteful to the child, and compels him to regard it as a place of imprisonment and punishment. And hereafter, when, in the progress of mankind, schools become more what schools should be, the child will seek the school as the home of his mind; and there will his mind expand and grow, as flowers and fruits open and ripen in the sunshine, without pain and almost without effort. At present there are few such homes, and few such schools; and the hope, that such things may become realities, must abide the common fate of all aspirations which look far forward. But the sneer which may rebuke cannot extinguish this hope; for thitherward tends all improvement in education, and the progress of this improvement will measure the advancement of man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART. IV. — 1. *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance. In Two Dialogues. With a Prefatory Dialogue.* London. 1833. 16mo.

2. *Poems; for the most part Occasional.* By JOHN KENYON, formerly of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. London. 1838. 8vo.

IT is a familiar remark of Hume, that, "when the arts and sciences come to perfection in a state, they necessarily decline; and seldom or never revive there." If "perfection" means here a high degree of excellence, which is the only fair interpretation, since there can be nothing really perfect in this world, the remark appears to us, like many others of its acute author, rather specious than sound. At all events, it does not apply to literature, which Hume evidently means to comprehend under the word "arts"; at least, not in those nations endowed with poetic imagination and sensibility, whose literature, the breathing of nature, as it were, will be found to reflect most faithfully the many-colored hues of the times through which it passes. It may be true, however, of a people like the ancient Romans, or like the French among the moderns; for both these nations have been remarkably deficient in the poetic temperament. It is singular, that the French, the most prosaic of modern nations, should, in their primitive period, in the infancy of civilization, have furnished the seeds, which, under more refined culture, have produced the most beautiful and exuberant flowers of fancy on a foreign soil; while their own land, so far from ripening them, has been cursed, in later times, with comparative poetic sterility. Thus the *fabliaux* and Norman tales of chivalry were the coarse web, from which the romantic Muse of Italy wove her cloth of gold and rich embroidery.

The defect of such nations as the Roman and the French seems to be, that, wanting genuine poetic feeling, their literature does not easily respond to the peculiarities of their own condition. It does not reflect the age. They do not derive their ideas of beauty from the objects around them, but from an antique, or at all events a foreign model. Their worship of the Muse is without enthusiasm. They have never been filled with the god. They feel no

> "Divinity within them, breeding wings
> Wherewith to spurn the earth."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What did freedom, "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise," do for Rome, in the earlier ages of her history, in the higher arts of civilization? Where were the poets, like Chaucer, struggling for expression amidst the barbarous discordances of a rude and unformed dialect? Or like Petrarch, building up the elegant fabric of his native language, by the sounds of music? Or like Dante, calling up spirits of power and beauty from the darkness of chaos? Neither Rome nor France had those master-spirits who could throw the light of their own genius in advance, to direct the march of civilization. Literature was not, with them, the spontaneous, irrepressible growth of an untamed soil. It was not the hardy mountain plant, sending forth its branches and its mild native fragrance to heaven; but a hot-house flower, beautiful to the eye, but delicate and feeble, such as could expand only in the sheltered, sunny atmosphere of a court. How could such a delicate exotic resist the shock of tempests, or even the fitful changes of the seasons?

The Roman literature, — to abandon our metaphor, which will be likely to halt if we ride it too long, — did not survive the political troubles of the country; and Hume's remark may find a pertinent illustration in its subsequent decline. The truth is, the principle of vitality was wanting. It was grafted on a foreign stock. Its best productions were closely modelled on the Greek. Its forms, its rules, were all accommodated to this model, not to the existing relations of the nation itself. The same, to some extent, may be said of the French, who professed to form their higher poetry, at least, on the same models of the antique, and under even greater disadvantages; for there was obviously much less violence done to nature by a nation moulding itself on a contemporary, than by a modern nation forming itself on an ancient. The effects on the Roman and the French have been somewhat analogous. Abandoning natural impulse, they have conformed to rules. Instead of nature they have fashioned themselves on a model, and therefore, instead of originals, have produced copies. In such a system, the merit of the work consisted not so much in free, natural movement, as in artificial refinement of taste; not so much in spontaneous and vigorous impulses, as in outward and superficial beauty of form; in exemption from faults, in fact, rather than positive beauty. One beauty it could not well have, — that of vari-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ety ; for all was nicely modelled after the strictest code of courtly criticism. All this, though compatible with the minor and superficial elegances, was fatal to bold originality, and to that versatile spirit of accommodation to the passing lights and shadows of the times, which can only exist in a free and unfettered literature. With such a people there is one golden Augustan age, — the period of meridian splendor, — to which all after times are to be referred, as the exclusive standard of excellence ; up to which there was a painful, gradual ascent ; since which there has been as gradual a decline. Such was the age of Augustus in Rome, and of Louis the Fourteenth in France.

Where shall we find such an age of *authority* in nations of deep poetic feeling, the English, or Italians, for example ? Not in Queen Anne's day, when, indeed, the leading writers, partly from the direct influence of France, and partly from the circumstance of their own local situation, in the precincts of a court, formed themselves on a similar artificial model. But who would defer to that day exclusively, as the day of great things, in comparison with the age of Shakspeare and Spenser ? Who would set up Pope above Milton, or cast down the statues of Scott and of Byron, though now raw from the sculptor's hand, to make room for those of Swift, or even Addison ? Fortunately, the votary of letters is not called on to overturn the altars raised to genius in any age of British literature, but may offer his homage at any shrine. For all are great in their way, and their ways are as various as the range of human genius. Strange, if Nature, so infinitely diversified in all her other operations, should be limited to one narrow standard of excellence in the creations of mind !

Nor shall we find this exclusive model, among the Italians, in the vaunted age of Leo the Tenth ; a term, by the by, which, if intended to convey the idea of a literature indebted for its growth to the discriminating patronage of that pontiff, is as great a misnomer as any in history. The great poets of that day, Ariosto, Tasso, Sannazaro, and the like, — if the like were to be found, — composed their immortal works far from Rome. Even such writers as were warmed by his encouragement, Berni, Bembo, and others, did not produce their greatest works under his eye, but after his death, or at a distance from his court. He had, indeed, a munificent spirit ;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it showed itself quite as much in the fostering of the elegant arts which could minister more directly to the senses, as of literature. At all events, his own native literature (for he affected to relish the ancient) stands but slightly indebted to the merry pontiff, who could suffer the glory of his reign, Machiavelli, to languish in poverty, while he feasted and flattered the profligate buffoon, Aretino. His age, however, was distinguished above all others for purity and refinement of composition, and those polished beauties, which are the growth of a mature civilization. Yet, notwithstanding its classic pretensions, the Italians, at least those of our day, would not turn to this age as presenting the only, or even the best, models on which to form themselves. They would go back to the fourteenth century, rather, — the glorious period of the *trecentisti*.

It is one of the characteristics of a highly poetic temperament in a people, that its first masters, though rude, should yet be of the race of the giants ; that their works, penetrated with the spirit of a period when the full influences of the modern, as distinguished from the antique, are first felt, should surpass in originality and strength those of later ages, when the mind has grown familiar with these influences ; as the first wild products of a virgin soil tower above the later ones of more refined and elaborate culture. Thus, the writings of Dante and Petrarch, filled to their very depths with the magnificence and beauty of the new religion, which had broken on the benighted world, exhibited for the first time the superiority of Christianity over Paganism, as a source of inspiration ; showing that, however beautiful the outward forms of poetry, the spirit, which gives it life and immortality, had not till then been fully manifested. In the subsequent ages, we find Italian literature displaying other forms of beauty, accommodated to the changing character of the times.

In the fifteenth century, the Italian withered under the cold touch of a dead language ; but revived, in the following age, in all the healthful bloom of grace and beauty. This was the period of competition among the polished courts of Italy ; and the literature was embellished with all those Epicurean charms, which could render it attractive to a fastidious taste. But as moral and political corruption advanced, in the succeeding age, letters became infected by them, and the age of the *seicentisti* is still a term of obloquy, indicating the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greatest perversion of talent, and deplorable affectation. At the close of the last, and the commencement of the present century, another epoch has arisen, distinguished by a masculine taste, and bolder range of thought and diction. The Muse has been again inspired with the generous spirit of freedom, which warmed her earlier days. Some of the best writers of our own time, as Alfieri, Parini, Foscolo, glowing with a kindred enthusiasm, have formed their thoughts, if we may so say, on those of the great fathers of Italian song; while others, as Monti, for example, have no less sedulously copied their vigorous diction. Thus, the aspirations after freedom in the present age have given a tone to literature, not dissimilar to that which the actual possession of freedom imparted in an earlier age. And thus Italian literature, instead of fading away, after its glorious dawn had been overcast, has reappeared at intervals, with fresh splendor, surviving the decay of morals, of public credit, of liberty itself, — and, when these were lost, still renewing and rekindling the fire of genius by the vivid recollections of the past. Such are the triumphs of a people gifted with poetic imagination and genuine sensibility.

In like manner, we might trace the mutations of English literature, had we room, from the brilliant, picturesque pageant, and bustling movements of the Elizabethan age, so well illustrated in the contemporary dramatic and epic compositions, down to our own times, when Scott has carried us back again to the age of feudal daring and of Border minstrelsy, thus reproducing in English literature the same primitive taste, which has led the modern Italian states back to the hardy pioneers of their native poetry.

Byron, however, has been the representative of this epoch, more truly than Scott. The fierce, tumultuous passion, the desolating misanthropy, seeking refuge from the shocks of fortune in solitary communion with nature, the haughty spirit of independence, and the selfishness of egotism, are all characteristic of an age of revolution, when ancient dynasties have crumbled at a touch, and empires have passed away like a dream; when the destinies of the world have been committed to the men of yesterday; when one man has had to build up his own fortunes on the ruins of another; and society has been shaken to its foundations. The influence of Byron, of course, has been widely and perniciously felt, as evinced by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the passionate rant, affected sentimentality, and dare-devil desperation of a school of imitators, who have shown how much easier it is to catch the vices than the virtues of a model. Indeed, their great original was not exempt from many of these vices, — the vices of affectation. For who can make himself habitually the theme of his own story, under whatever fictitious covering it may be veiled, and be always true to nature? The very consciousness that he has fastened all eyes on himself, gives an unnatural movement to his gait, encourages a perpetual straining after effect, seduces him into affectations of which in solitude he would have been ashamed, and makes him, in short, play a thousand such

> "fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."

So was it with Byron, and with Rousseau, and with many another ill-fated, ill-regulated man of genius.

But all these contortions and the fashion thereof have passed, or are rapidly passing, away. What may next succeed, — whether the Delphic priestess, exhausted by these overstrained and superhuman efforts, may sink into a lethargy, and refuse to give out the oracles of the god any further, or whether the season of passion may give way to one of sober meditation, — it would be difficult to predict. We have great evidences of the latter, in various ways; especially in the growing favor which seems to be accorded to the calm, contemplative Muse of Wordsworth, whose still voice was almost drowned in the tempest of passion raised by the genius of Byron.

We discern similar evidences in the poems mentioned at the head of this Article; in their mild philosophy, and serious, didactic import. The first of these, by which the author, Mr. Kenyon, made himself favorably known to the English public, bearing the not very attractive title of a "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," is equally honorable to his understanding and his heart; and is replete with truly liberal and sagacious reflections, recommended by the charms of a polished versification. We will quote a brief extract from the Preface, were it only to convince those who may be inclined to doubt it, that a devoted attachment to the established church, of which Mr. Kenyon is a member, is not incompatible with charity towards other forms of Christianity.

"In proportion to his ability, the Author has been anxious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to inculcate principles, and more especially that one of a full religious tolerance. And by this word he would not imply any mere toleration, either legal or practical; the one, too often cold, spiritless, a dead letter; the other, given or withheld at every private will. But that inward charity, which, when any toleration is to exist, ought to be its chief motive force; not, in short, an effect, but a cause; not an expediency, but a duty.

* * * * *

"To effect this, the Church should no longer hesitate to erase from her Articles of Faith, and from her Liturgy, all clauses damnatory of other creeds, or shades of creed. By honest dissenters such clauses are received with anger or with scorn, and by merciful churchmen with a sigh. * * * *

"But if the fact be, in truth, as the author has ventured to suppose it; if the damnatory clauses of our Liturgy and of our Church Articles be indeed not of general credence; then it requires small argument to show, that they should no longer be suffered to remain. For whatsoever effect, good or bad, they may produce on the intellects, or on the moral being, of those who do in true faith accept them; they must, at the least, wound the feelings, if they do not corrupt the consciences of others, clergy or laity, who, in their inner hearts rejecting, must, notwithstanding, seem to receive." — pp. v – viii.

The following stanzas, in a similar liberal spirit, may serve as a fair specimen of the poem.

"Some think a Sabbath feast no grievous sin;
Some on their Sabbath let no stranger in.
This creed with cheerful dance accords right well,
This, deems a pirouette a step for hell.
If sour Geneva bear a Sunday play,
Give we, as mildly, every faith its way,
For many a pilgrim prayer, to us unknown,
By its own pathway travels to the throne.
"Where mighty congregations throng amain,
And pulpit-thunders shake the astonished fane,
And through far roofs long-volumed organs peal,
There are, who then alone consent to feel.
Others, shy souls, whom silken crowds perplex,
Polemics tire, and actor-preachers vex,
Love more, like hermit, near his cross of stone,
To pace, at eve, the silent turf alone,
And softly breathe, or inly muse, a prayer,
And find, not less, the general Father there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And whencesoe'er the glow, — from outward sense,
Or fully fed by inner heart intense;
What wins to love his God and neighbour best,
Be this, for each, the object and the test." — p. 112.

Such sentiments are well worthy to be pondered, not merely in the country for which they were designed, but in every other, not excepting our own fortunate land, where the rights of political toleration do not always secure the feeling of Christian charity. In the author's country, we fear the good seed, which he has scattered, has fallen on somewhat stony ground; judging from some indifferent specimens of toleration, recently exhibited there. It is not many weeks since we met with a furious denunciation, in one of the leading Conservative papers, the "John Bull," of the Queen's advisers, who had allowed her Majesty to admit the dedication of a new Harmony of the Gospels, by a highly respectable dissenter, although on the express understanding that there was (as in fact is the case) nothing sectarian in the design of the work. This may be thought, however, only the voice of an individual. But what shall we say to the fact, stated in the same paper, that the clergy of several dioceses had signed a requisition to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting his Grace, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York, to institute an episcopal commission to inquire into the conduct of the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, for becoming subscribers to a volume of discourses by a Unitarian preacher! In what age are we? It requires but little stretch of fancy, on reading this, to conceive ourselves in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The fagots of Smithfield are, indeed, no longer blazing; but

"E'en in their ashes live the wonted fires."

Mr. Kenyon's second publication has recently appeared from the English press. It is a collection of poems, of very unequal length, on a variety of topics, executed, moreover, with considerable inequality of manner. Some of them bear the marks of a juvenile hand, through the retouches of a riper age. But the greater part, especially some of the longer pieces, evince much quiet dignity of thought, with tender feeling, and poetic gracefulness of expression. The longest, and the best, in our judgment, are the verses on "Moonlight"; a theme which has caught the eye of poets and poet-philosophers, from the time of "Crotona's sage" to our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own. But, though the theme be commonplace, it is treated in no common manner. Indeed, our author's Muse seems to have dipped her pencil in the soft, silvery radiance of the planet she invokes, disclosing a succession of beautiful pictures, more beautiful by the moral associations which they suggest, as she leads us along

> "far from the haunts of folly,
> With freedom at her side, and soft-eyed melancholy."

What serene dignity of thought and expression in the following apostrophe!

> "That peace, how deep! this night of thousand stars,
> That hide themselves abashed from the bold sun,
> But hang, all fondly, on thy gentler brow, —
> How calm! Yet not o'er calmer skies alone,
> Mild Moon! is thy dominion: Thou dost sway
> The very storm to obey thy peacefulness.
> When winds are piping, and the charged clouds,
> As if out-summoned by that warlike music,
> First in black squadrons rush; then sternly muster
> In sullen mass, on either side the heaven,
> Like armies face to face, with space between;
> 'T is then Thou glidest forth; like some pale nun,
> Unhooded, whom a high and rare occasion
> Wrests from her sanctuary, to interpose
> In mortal quarrel, so thou glidest forth,
> And lookest thy mild bidding; and the winds
> Are silent; and those close-compacted clouds,
> Disbanding, fleet in tender flakes away,
> And leave the world to thy tranquillity.
> "On such a night it was, so wildly fitful,
> That Thou, Conductress of my way, didst lead me
> To where the mighty mystery of Stonehenge
> Broods o'er the silent plain, and with mute power
> Rules the vast circuit of its sea-like space
> As Thou dost rule the sky." — p. 11.

We have not space for our author's musings on the "mighty mystery," which are conceived in a poetic spirit, in harmony with the solemn grandeur of the scene; but shall pass on to the conclusion of the poem; and, as the book has not appeared from the American press, shall make no apology to our readers for quoting it at some length.

> "And ne'er did Dawn behold Thee lovelier yet,
> Than when we saw Thee, one remembered day,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thee and that brightest of all morning-stars,
Hang o'er the Adrian ; not in thy full lustre,
But graceful with slim crescent ; such as, erst,
Some Arab chief beheld in his own sky
Of purest, deepest azure ; and so loved it,
So loved it, that he chose it for his symbol ;
A peaceful symbol on a warlike banner !
And oft, I ween, in many a distant camp,
'Mid the sharp neigh of steeds, and clash of cymbals,
And jingle of the nodding Moorish bells,
When he hath caught that image o'er the tents,
Hath he bethought him of the placid hours
When Thou wast whitening his night-feeding flocks
On Yemen's happy hills ; and then, perchance,
Hath sighed to think of war !
"We too beheld Thee
With untired eye fixed upward ; scarce regarding
(So deep the charm which Thou hadst wrapped around us)
Where reddening lines along the Eastward Sea
Spoke of the Sun's uprising. Up He rose,
From o'er the regions of the near Illyria,
Glorious, how glorious ! — if less gladly hailed
As warning thy departure. Yet, some time,
Ye shone together ; and we then might feel
How they the ancient masters of that land,
The dwellers on the banks of Rubicon,
Who saw what we were seeing, uninstruct'
Of wiser faith, had, in no feigned devotion,
Bowed down to Thee, their Dian, and to Him,
Bright-haired Apollo ! We, too, bowed our hearts,
But in a purer worship, to the One,
Who made, Alone, the hills and seas and skies,
And Thee, fair Moon, the Hallower of them all !
"Well did that Sun fulfil his rising promise,
Showering redundant light, the livelong day,
O'er plain, and inland peak, and bluest sea ;
And brightening the far mole, which Old Ancona
Hath reared upon the waves. Meanwhile, thy form
(Faint and more faint, and, if might be, more fair ;
And still, as near to lose Thee, loved the more)
Thinned to unseen. But as some morning dream,
Too sweet to part with, and which yet must fade
At touch of light, will oft unconsciously
Mix with the day, serener thoughts inweaving
Than sunbeams bring ; or, as some melody,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Closed on the ear, nor e'en by it remembered,
Will still its silent agency prolong
Upon the spirit, with a hoarded sweetness
Tempering the after-mood ; e'en so did'st Thou
Waft the bland influence of thy dawning presence
Over the onward hours.
" Yet, thou sphered Vestal !
If mine it were to choose me when to bend
Before thy high-hung lamp ; and venerate
Thy mysteries ; and feel, not hear, the voice
Of thy mute admonition ; let it be
At holy vesper-tide, when nature all
Whispers of peace ; if solemn less than night's,
More soothing still. Such season of the soul
Obeys Thee best. For as the unwrinkled pool,
Stilled o'er by stirless eve, will dimple under
The tiniest brushing of an insect's wing ;
So, at that hour, do human hearts respond
To every touch of finer thought.
" Such eve,
Such blessed eve was ours, when last we stood
Beside the storied shore of Gaëta,
Breathing its citroned air. Silence more strict
Was never. The small wave, or ripple rather,
Scarce lisping up the sand, crept to the ear
Sole sound ; nor did we break the calm with movement,
Or sacrilege of word ; but stayed in peace,
Of Thee expectant. And what need had been
Of voiced language, when the silent eye,
And silent pressure of each linked arm,
Spoke more than utterance ? Nay, whose tongue might tell
What hues were garlanding the western sky
To welcome thy approaching ! Purple hues
With orange wove, and many a floating lake
Crimson or rose, with that last tender green
Which best relieves thy beauty. Who may paint
How glowed those hills, with depth of ruddy light
Translucified, and half ethereal made,
For thy white feet to tread on ? and, ere long, —
E'er yet those hues had left or sky or hill,
One peak with pearling top confess'd thy coming.
There didst thou pause awhile, as inly musing
O'er realm so fair ! And, first, thy rays fell partial
On many a scattered object, here and there ;
Edging or tipping, with fantastic gleam,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sword-like aloe, or the tent-roofed pine,
Or adding a yet paler pensiveness
To the pale olive-tree ; or, yet more near us,
Were flickering back from wall reticulate'
Of ruin old. But when that orb of Thine
Had clomb to the mid-concave, then broad light
Was flung around o'er all those girding cliffs,
And groves, and villages, and fortress towers,
And the far circle of that lake-like sea,
Till the whole grew to one expanded sense
Of peacefulness, one atmosphere of love,
Where the Soul breathed as native, and mere Body
Sublimed to Spirit.
" She, too, stood beside us,
Our human type of Thee ; the Pure, the Peaceful,
The Gentle, — potent in her gentleness !
And, as she raised her eyes to thy meek glory,
In the fond aspiration of a heart,
Which prized all beauty and all sanctity ;
We saw, and loved to see, thy sainting ray
Fall, as in fondness, on her upturned brow,
Serene, — like it. Alas ! in how brief space
Coldly to glitter on her marble tomb !
" She lies in her own land ; far from the scene
Of that fair eve ; but Thou, its fairer part,
Thou Moon ! art here ; and now we gaze on Thee
To think on Her ; if still in sorrow, yet
Not without hope ; and, for the time to come,
Though dear to us thy light hath ever been,
Shall love Thee yet the more for her sweet sake."
pp. 19 – 25.

There is an unusual charm in Mr. Kenyon's versification, that occasionally suggests recollections of some one of our favorite English bards, as Milton, and Cowper more particularly, not in the way of imitation, which is always disagreeable, but by some resemblance of poetic nature, — a transient suggestion, — in the same manner as a passing melody, or the sweet fragrance of some wayside flower, may call to mind the scenes of earlier, and perhaps happier days. He has read Nature with his own eyes, but through the beautiful medium of a highly cultivated mind.

The next poem is on "Pretence," a satire ; if satire that can be called, which has no sting, or rather no venom. Indeed, those who insist on seeing a reputation die at every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sally, will be disappointed in Mr. Kenyon's satire, which is aimed, in the true feeling of a noble nature, at vices, not at individuals. We have no room, however, for specimens of the polished raillery which the ephemeral topics of the poem call forth; but must close our extracts with one of the fugitive pieces, that form the latter half of the volume.

"THE BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

"I sought at morn the beechen bower,
Thy verdant grot;
It came, — it went, — the promised hour, —
I found thee not.
Light zephyrs from the quivering boughs
Soon brushed the transient dew;
Then first I feared, that Love's own vows
Were transient too!

"At eve I sought the well-known stream
Where, wont to rove,
We breathed so oft, by twilight gleam,
Our vows of love;
I stopped upon the pleasant brink,
And saw the wave glide past;
Ah me! I could not help but think
Love glides as fast.

"Then, all along the moonlight glen
So soft, — so fair, —
I sought thy truant steps agen, —
Thou wert not there.
The clouds held on their busy way
Athwart the waning Moon;
And such, I said, Love's fitful ray,
And wanes as soon.

"Oh! I had culled for thee a wreath
Of blossoms rare;
But now each flowret droops beneath
The chill night-air.
'T is past, — long past, — our latest hour,
And yet thou art not nigh;
Oh! Love, thou art indeed a flower
Born but to die!" — p. 41.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Kenyon, in his Preface, expresses the natural longing after immortality, intimated by the "*Non omnis moriar*" of Horace; a natural desire, indeed, but one that we do not see often uttered in our day, or even in modern times. Milton, it is true, consoled himself under disappointment and disgrace, with the generous confidence, that he had given birth to something, that "after-times would not willingly let die." But how few, like the blind poet of "Paradise Lost," would be content, — had they his genius, — to spurn delights, and live laborious days, for the guerdon of immortality! How few, who do not rather thrust the sickly blossoms of their fancy into the world, crude and half-opened, without vitality to outlast a summer!

What is the reason, that this generous solicitude for an undying name should have been felt, or, at least, expressed, so much more earnestly by the ancients than the moderns? Is it, that the former, in their philosophical skepticism as to another world, sought some compensation from prolonged existence in this? Or that something of the same generous spirit which led the individual of that day to merge his existence, as it were, in that of the public, also suggested to him the desire to blend his being, as far as possible, with the intelligences of after ages? Or, finally, that the narrow sphere, which circumscribed a reputation, previously to the rapid and boundless multiplication of copies by the art of printing, induced the poet of antiquity, in his ambition of a wider theatre, to fix his gaze more steadily on the dark, distant, interminable future? In our own day, the immense audience thrown open to the popular poet, the rapid and almost simultaneous vibrations which, now that the press affords the means, attest his power, in the most distant parts of the community, and last, not least, his solid golden gains, all combine to satisfy his desires, shutting out the delusive thoughts of the dim and uncertain future. The English author, from his little speck of an island, scarcely visible on the map, sends forth his voice on the wings of the wind, and it is heard by his countrymen, almost simultaneously, in every region of the globe, — in islands and continents unknown to antiquity; empires, which the arms and the arts of his nation have subdued; and countries which, if independent of her rule, still speak her language, and resort to the well of English undefiled, as the perennial spring of their own literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And is not this a theatre vast enough for ambition? Yet, the "*Non omnis moriar*" feeling, the dread of annihilation, will recur, — the fond hope, that the thought now fluttering into being, shall find its way down, and mingle with the souls of the good and the wise of future generations. It is impossible to predict what may be the fate of a writer with this same Posterity. Or rather, it is very possible to predict, with the comfortable assurance, that such prediction cannot be discredited in our own day. We cannot but think, that Jupiter will listen to one half of our author's prayer, should he give the other to the winds; and that there are poems in this collection, of too much excellence for "after-times" (to quote again the words of the blind old bard) to "willingly let die."

ART. V. — 1. *Traité complet sur le Sucre Européen de Betteraves, Traduction abrégée de* M. ACHARD; par M. D. ANGAR. *Précédé d'une Introduction et accompagné de Notes et Observations;* par CH. DEROSNE. Paris, 1812.

2. *Mémoires sur le Sucre de Betteraves;* par M. le Comte CHAPTAL. 3e édit. Paris, 1822.

3. *Traité complet de la Fabrication du Sucre de Betteraves,* par DUBRUNFAUT. Paris, 1825.

4. *Faits et Observations sur la Fabrication du Sucre de Betteraves, et sur la Distillation des Mélasses;* par C. J. A. MATHIEU DE DOMBASLE.

5. *Traité de la Fabrication et du Raffinage des Sucres de Cannes et de Betteraves;* par M. PAYEN. Paris, 1832.

6. *Notice sur la Fabrication du Noir Animal;* par J. S. CLÉMONDAT. Paris, 1832.

7. *Bulletin du Procédé de Macération pour la Fabrication du Sucre de Betteraves;* par C. J. A. MATHIEU DE DOMBASLE. Paris, 1832.

8. *Manuel du Fabricant et du Raffineur de Sucre de Cannes et de Betteraves;* par MM. BLANCHETTE et ZOEGA. 2e édit., augmentée et enrichie de Planches; par M. JULIA DE FONTENELLE. Paris, 1833.

9. *Rapport fait au Nom de la Commission, chargée d'ex-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aminer le Projet de Loi sur les Sucres; par M. Dumon, Député de Lot-et-Garonne. Séance du 8 Mai, 1837.

10. *Manual of the Art of Making and Refining Sugar from Beets, Translated from Portions of the Treatise of* MM. Blanchette and Zoega. Boston, 1836.
11. *Notice of the Beet Sugar, translated from the Works of* Dubrunfaut, De Dombasle, and Others. Northampton, 1837.
12. *Cane Sugar and Beet Sugar*; Edinburgh Review, April, 1837, Art. V.
13. *Mulberry and Beet Sugar*; Report of the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives of the United States; April 20th, 1838.
14. *Report and Bill to Encourage the Manufacture of Indigenous Sugar.* By a Committee of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, May 20th, 1837.

Within the present century has commenced a revolution, which may prove to be of very different importance from what has yet generally been supposed, in respect to a leading article in the commerce and domestic economy of civilized men. It has now arrived at a stage, at which it furnishes some *data* for answering the questions, how far it is likely to proceed, and what are to be its permanent effects upon the employment, subsistence, comfort, and wealth of nations.

The commercial and economical importance of sugar is of modern date. It was known to the Greeks and Romans, as a medicinal substance, but not as food or a condiment. Herodotus informs us, that the Zygantes, a people of Africa, had, "besides honey of bees, a much greater quantity made by men." This was probably sugar, but not brought to a state of crystallization. Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, "discovered concerning canes, that they make honey without bees." Megasthenes, quoted by Strabo, speaks, 300 B. C., of "India stone, sweeter than figs and honey." Theophrastus, in a fragment preserved by Photius, describes sugar as "a honey contained in reeds." Eratosthenes, also cited by Strabo, and after him, Terentius Varro, are supposed to have meant sugar-canes by "roots of large reeds growing in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

India, sweet to the taste, both when raw and when boiled, and affording, by pressure, a juice incomparably sweeter than honey."

Near the commencement of the Christian era, sugar was first mentioned under an appropriate name and form. "In India and Arabia Felix," writes Dioscorides, "a kind of concrete honey is called *saccharon*. It is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity, and in friableness betwixt the teeth." After this, so learned a man as Seneca fell back into fable on this subject. His account is this; "It is said that in India honey is found on the leaves of reeds, either deposited there by the dews of heaven, or generated in the sweet juice and fatness of the reed itself." Pliny, whose special study led him to look more carefully into the matter, gives all that the ancients knew about it, and a little more. "Arabia," he observes, "produces *saccharum*, but not so good as India. It is a honey, collected on reeds, like the gums. It is white, crumbles in the teeth, and when largest is of the size of a hazel-nut. It is used in medicine only." Afterwards Archigenes mentioned it, as "India salt, resembling common salt in color and consistency, but, in taste and flavor, honey." Galen calls it *sacchar*, and says it was "a production of India and Arabia the Blest." The author of the "Periplus of the Erythræan Sea" includes it, under the name of *sacchari*, in a list of articles, constituting the commerce between hither India, and the ports of that sea.

If the assertion, that sugar was used in antiquity as a medicament only, needed confirmation, we might find it in the fact, that the subject is not mentioned except by physicians and men of universal learning, nor with tolerable precision except by the former. None of them allude to any artificial process in the preparation of it. Ælian, about the middle of the second century, is the first who mentions the use of mechanical art in the extraction of the juice of the cane, and he is likewise the first who attempts to fix the seat of its culture. He tells us, that sugar is "honey pressed from reeds, which are cultivated by the Prasii, a people dwelling near the mouth of the Ganges."

The Jewish histories make no mention of sugar. The only sweet condiment, used by the Hebrews, was honey. But it may have been in part "honey made by men"; for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Rabbins understand thereby not only the honey of bees, but also sirups, made from the fruit of the palm-tree.

During several centuries succeeding the Augustan age, no extension of the knowledge or use of sugar appears to have taken place. It is occasionally spoken of, but to the same effect as by the Greek physicians of that age. So late as the seventh century, Paul of Ægina calls it "India salt," and borrows the description of Archigenes.

At this time a new power appeared on the theatre of nations. The Saracens conquered and occupied western Asia, northern Africa, and southern Europe. Their empire was scarcely inferior to that of Rome, in the period of her greatest prosperity and rapacity. They pushed their conquests to the Garonne and the Rhone, to Amalfi, and the islands of the Levant and the Ægean sea.

To these ingenious barbarians the world is indebted for the modern manufacture and commerce of sugar. It is not known at what time they themselves became acquainted with it. Some authors have asserted, that it was not until the thirteenth century, and that the sugar-cane and the art of extracting and elaborating the juice were conferred upon the Europeans by the crusaders, or by the merchant adventurers, who penetrated the Indies after the return of Marco Polo. Each of these assertions has been vaguely received; but a little attention will satisfy every inquirer, that neither of them is true.

We have seen, that several of the ancients, best acquainted with the subject, couple Arabia Felix with India as a source of *saccharum*. Arabian writers of the ninth and tenth centuries speak of sugar as common in their times. In the year 906, the sugar-cane was cultivated, and sugar manufactured, at Ormuz in Caramania, a province of the eastern Caliphate. An Arabian author of the western Caliphate, who composed a treatise on agriculture about the year 1140, and who quotes another writer of his nation of the year 1073, gives full and precise directions for raising canes and manufacturing sugar. From all which Loudon concludes, that sugar has been cultivated in Spain upwards of seven hundred years, and probably as much as one thousand years. Salmasius declares, in 1660, that the Arabs had made our modern sugar more than eight hundred years.

One of the Christian historians of the Crusades, in the year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1100, states, that the soldiers of the Cross found in Syria certain reeds, called *canaméles*, of which it was reported, that a kind of wild honey was made." Another, in 1108, says; "The crusaders found honey-reeds, in great quantity, in the meadows of Tripoli, in Syria, which reeds were called *sucra*. These they sucked, and were much pleased with the taste thereof, and could scarcely be satisfied with it. This plant is cultivated with great labor of the husbandman every year. At the time of the harvest they bruise it, when ripe, in mortars, and set by the strained juice in vessels until it is concreted in the form of snow or salt." The same historian relates, that eleven camels laden with sugar were captured by the Christians. A similar adventure happened to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the second crusade. A third writer, in 1124, tells us, that "in Syria reeds grow that are full of honey; by which is meant a sweet juice, which, by pressure of a screw engine, and concreted by fire, becomes sugar." These are the earliest notices of the method of making sugar; and they refer to an apparatus and to processes used in the Saracen empire, and not known at that time, so far as European records show, to be used anywhere else. At the same time sugar was made at Tyre in Syria, then subject to the Saracens; and, in 1169, that city is mentioned as "famous for excellent sugar."

The island of Sicily was the first spot upon which the sugar-cane is known to have been planted in Europe, though it is altogether likely, that it was planted by the Moors full as early, if not earlier, in Spain and Portugal. That island was conquered by the Saracens in the early part of the ninth century, and was retaken by the Normans at the close of the eleventh. Immediately after that event we find, that large quantities of sugar were made there. According to records still extant, William, the second king of Sicily, in 1166, made a donation to the convent of St. Benedict of "a sugar-mill, with all the workmen, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging."

If it was the crusaders who brought the sugar culture to Europe, how happened it, seeing that they were collected from all Europe, that no other part of that continent except Spain in the hands of the Arabs, and no other island of the Mediterranean except Crete, captured in the year 823, by an expedition from Spain, were favored with that invaluable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

donation ? It was not until three hundred years later, that it found its way into Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Morea ; and this extension was not owing to rural tastes, or the spirit of improvement among the feudal barbarians, but to the commercial enterprise of the Venetians, who had for a long time carried on a lucrative trade in the article with India, Syria, Egypt, and Sicily, and were now, by conquest or purchase, the possessors of Crete, and the later seats of the sugar culture above mentioned.

It may be further remarked, that the most important and profitable of the manufacturing arts have never been propagated except by conquest or emigration. The woollen business was established in England by the weavers, fullers, and dyers, whom the frantic tyranny of the counts of Flanders and their French allies drove, and the wise policy of the Henrys and Edwards welcomed, to England. The cotton manufacture, derived to the Arabians from Hindostan, was by them diffused over Africa, and fixed in Europe ; and thence brought by an enterprising operative to the United States. It seems scarcely credible, that those half-naked, hard-riding demons, who are so often employed in stripping unfortunate Christians to the skin, are the identical people to whom Christendom is indebted for the comfort of a shirt. Such, however, is the fact. The Arabs conferred upon us that grateful, and now ornamental garment.

It was not until the time of Justinian, five hundred years after silk was known and purchased at enormous prices at Rome, that the silk culture was brought into the Eastern Empire by two Persian monks, who had pursued it in China. It was established in Italy by a colony of Greek captives, and carried from Milan to Lyons by a company of Italian workmen, engaged by Francis the First. Finally, the Huguenots fled from treachery and intolerance to impart their skill to Spitalfields. The silk manufacture is more simple and cheap than that of sugar has hitherto been, and yet it required twelve hundred years to travel from Constantinople to London ; and it has but just reached our shores after two hundred years more.

It may help us to form some adequate notion of the difficulty with which manufacturing arts are propagated, if we reflect how hard it was to naturalize the cotton and woollen manufactures in the United States, and how far they still are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that fineness and finish, to which they attain in the workshops of Europe. Yet we speak a common language, are descended from common ancestors, and have always had close commercial and social relations with our teachers. How much greater must have been the difficulty and delay, if we had been strangers in origin and language, and enemies in religion.

The use of alkalies, in the clarification of the juice of the cane, was an invention of the Arabs. The original raw sugar of the East was debased by a mixture of mucilaginous matter, which opposed itself to the crystallization of the sugar, and determined it to a speedy decomposition after it was crystallized. To this day the Eastern sugar, except where the manufacture is directed by Europeans, or where the product has been converted by the Chinese into what we commonly call "rock candy," is much inferior to that of the West in purity, and in strength of grain. The only clarification, which the liquor appears to have undergone in the hands of the Eastern manipulators, was by skimming during the processes of evaporation and boiling. And, if we may judge from the imperfect and loose descriptions of modern travellers, this is the extent of their knowledge at the present day. They seem to know no other method of clarification in making sugar, and no art of refining except that of making candy.

How the Arabs came to adopt a different method, it is perhaps impossible at this day to determine. Discoveries of this nature do not readily obtain publicity in any country. They are usually involved in as much mystery, and kept under a monopoly as long, as possible. Another characteristic of the Arabian method was the use of earthen moulds, of a conical form, for crystallizing and curing the sugar. In the East, broad, earthen dishes were used for those purposes. These two characteristics of the Arabian method have come to us through the Spanish and Portuguese; and whence should they have derived them, except from the Arabs, Moors, or Saracens? — different names given to the same people from the relations to places and to people, which they successively sustained. *Arabs* (according to a probable etymology of the word) means *westerns*, because this people inhabited the *west* of Asia. When they had spread over the north of Africa, and occupied the remotest Hesperia of the ancient world, the body of their nation was,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in respect to the emigrants, *eastern*, and that is the signification of *Saracen*. *Moors* was a name given to them by the Spaniards and other Europeans, from the circumstance of their having conquered and converted the inhabitants of Mauritania or Morocco, incorporated them with their army, and issued immediately from their territory to take possession of Spain, Portugal, part of France and of Italy, Sicily, and the islands of the Ægæan Sea.

We have seen, that the Arabs had the art of cultivating the cane, and converting it into sugar. We know that sugar-canes, called "the chief ornament of Moorish husbandry," are still cultivated in Spain, and the manufacture of sugar carried on. It is likewise made in large quantities on the river Suz, in Morocco; and, at Teycut or Tattah, constitutes a leading article of traffic with caravans, which traverse the great desert, and vend it in Timbuctoo and other markets of Central Africa. Sugar is still a production of considerable importance in Egypt, particularly in the district of Fayoum, and, until lately, the Seraglio at Constantinople was furnished thence with the nicest refined sugar. In 1560, sugar was imported at Antwerp from Portugal and Barbary. At the same period it was an article of extensive manufacture and traffic at Thebes, Darotta, and Dongola in Nubia and Upper Egypt. All these are undoubtedly the remains of the Arabian plantations.

The Spanish and Portuguese word for sugar, is *azucar*, *açucar*, or *assucar*, and the Arabic *assokar* or *shuker*. This was derived from the Sanscrit, *sharkara* or *sarkara* meaning, in the primitives, *sweet salt*, and giving rise in antiquity to the terms *saccharon*, *sacchar*, *sacchari*, *saccharum*, and "India salt." The Arabic *shuker* is, with slight modifications, a universal term, except in China and the Malayan archipelago; proof enough that we received this commodity, and the art of preparing it, from neither of them, and that we and all the western nations are indebted for it to the Arabs, and through them to the Hindoos. The difference between the Spanish and Portuguese word, and other European names, is owing to the circumstance, that the two nations in close contact with the Arabs, incorporated the article *a* or *al* with the substantive, before which they heard it, as they did in a great many other instances, *algodon*, for example, which is properly *godon*, *goton*, or *koton*. The etymology of *melasses* will further illustrate our position, that we derived the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art of sugar-making from the Spaniards and Portuguese, and through them from the Arabians. *Melasses*, more frequently, but incorrectly spelt, *molasses*, is an abbreviation of *mel de assucar*, signifying, in Spanish and Portuguese, *the honey of sugar*.

The Portuguese, under the auspices of Dom Henry, transplanted the sugar-cane from Sicily, as it is commonly supposed, though it might be from Portugal itself, to the islands of Madeira and St. Thomas. Herrera has raised great doubt of the historical correctness of the idea, that Sicily was resorted to at that time for sugar-canes. He declares positively, that they were carried to the Africo-Atlantic islands "from Granada, where they had been planted by the Moors."

It has been a subject of much dispute, whether the sugar-cane was introduced into America from Europe, Asia, or Africa, or whether it is indigenous here. The former is the opinion of all the historians of the old world, the latter of all the explorers of the new. Edwards reconciles them by supposing that both are true, which seems to be the most reasonable conclusion. It would be as absurd to suppose, that the early European settlers of America would fail to carry that plant, with whose great value and agreeable uses they had just become well acquainted, to their new abode, especially when they were growing and were worked up in great quantities in the Canaries, whence all the adventurers were accustomed to take their departure, as it would to question the authority of the writers, who positively affirm this fact. On the other hand, it would be an extravagant stretch of incredulity to doubt the clear testimony of the many eye-witnesses, who declare, that they found native sugar-canes in Guadaloupe, St. Vincent, Brazil, on the La Plata, and on the Mississippi; or the demonstration of Cook and Bourgainville, who brought a native and valuable variety from the Friendly Islands to the British and French West Indies.

It is asserted by some, that the plant was carried from Brazil to St. Domingo, having been previously brought to the former from the Portuguese kingdom of Angola, where it is still cultivated, or from the Portuguese possessions in Asia, where Vasco de Gama and his successors, the conquerors of a great part of India, found sugar in abundance. Whencesoever the sugar-cane came to St. Domingo, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether it came at all, it is certain, that a company of sugar-makers were carried from Palm Island, one of the Canaries, to establish the manufacture in that oldest, except Brazil, of the American settlements.

It is an interesting fact, that the art of sugar-making, propagated, we must conclude, both *east* and *west* from Asia, now completed, in opposite directions, the circumnavigation of the globe; for, a few years after this establishment in St. Domingo, Cortez found, that both sirup and sugar were made from the stalks of maize, by the natives of Mexico, and sold in their markets. The aborigines of Virginia, and probably of all North America, had the knowledge of making sugar from the juice of the maple. From them the Anglo-American settlers undoubtedly derived it.

In 1643, the English began the sugar-business in Barbadoes, and, in 1648, the French, in Guadaloupe. The Dutch, expelled from Brazil, where they manufactured sugar in the sixteenth century, took refuge in Curaçoa, St. Eustatia, and other islands, and finally, upon the exchange of New Amsterdam for English Guiana, in Surinam. To all these they transferred a branch of industry, which they had learned to practise, and knew how to appreciate.

It is not known at what time the use of sugar began in England. It was probably as late as the fourteenth century. At that time it begins to take, in trope and verse, the place which honey had occupied, without a rival, since Moses and Homer. Chaucer uses the epithet "sugreed over." The *chamberlain of Scotland*, in 1329, speaks of *loaves of sugar* sold in that country at one ounce of silver, equal to four dollars of our money, per pound. In 1333, white sugar appears among the household expenses of Humbert, a nobleman of Vienne, and it is mentioned by Eustace Deschamps as among the heaviest expenses of housekeeping. George Peale tells us, that sugar with wine was a common drink in the sixteenth century. It did not become an article of ordinary consumption until the beginning of the seventeenth century. At that period, the Venetians imported it from Sicily and Egypt, and probably produced it in Cyprus, Crete, and the Morea. One of their countrymen, about two centuries before, had invented the art of refining, for which he received the sum of one hundred thousand ducats, equal to three or four hundred thousand dollars at the present time. Previously to this they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had pursued the Chinese method, and made candy only. This inventor adopted the cones from the Arabians, and probably obtained from their manner of clarification the idea, upon which he so far improved as to effect at last the complete purification of his product. It was from the Venetian refineries, that France and England procured their small and high-priced supplies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

By the creation of sugar plantations in the Portuguese and Spanish islands of Madeira, St. Thomas, and the Canaries, the stock was considerably increased. We begin then, for the first time, to have accounts of the number of sugar-mills, and the quantities manufactured. Thus we are told, that in the island of St. Thomas there were, in 1524, seventy mills, making on an average 66,428 lbs. each, and upwards of two thousand tons in all. It was from those islands, that Europe was for half a century mainly supplied. But the rapid exhaustion of the soil seems inseparable from the cultivation of the cane with the labor of slaves and serfs. It is reasonable to suppose, that this was the great cause of the successive migrations of this business westward, and its early decline in Sicily, Spain, and the Africo-Atlantic islands.

In St. Domingo there were, in 1518, twenty-eight sugar presses. In about half a century, this island succeeded to the inheritance of the markets of Europe, which it monopolized and enlarged during a century and a half, exporting sixty-five thousand tons in one year, being about 100,000,000 lbs. surplus, after supplying the demand of the mother country. In any possible situation of that island, it could not have maintained until this time that monopoly, and that rate of production. At the beginning of the present century, the entire exportation from the West Indies and American settlements of every description, was 440,800,000 lbs. ; now it is 400,000,000 lbs. from the British West Indies alone, and 700,000,000 lbs. more from Brazil and the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish colonies. In 1750, only 80,000,000 lbs. were exported from the British West Indies, one fifth of the present export.

Of course the consumption of sugar has greatly increased during the last half century ; and it seems destined to an indefinite extension. It is so nutritive, wholesome, and agreeable, that there can never be a limit to its use except in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prohibition or an inability to buy it. Men and nations differ widely in their tastes and habits in respect to most kinds of food, sauce, and drinks. Neither wheat, rice, flesh, nor potatoes can command unanimous favor. No article of housekeeping, save sugar, can be named, which is universally acceptable, to the infant and the aged, the civilized and the savage.

The population of the British West Indies is equal to that of Cuba; but their consumption of sugar was, in 1827, only 13,000,000 lbs., eighteen pounds to an inhabitant, while that of Cuba was, in the same year, 44,000,000 lbs., or sixty-three lbs. to an inhabitant. This difference is presumed to be owing to the predominance of the free over the slave population, in the latter island. The ratio of the free population of Cuba to the slave, is three to one; but in the British West Indies, one to three. This proportion would give the difference of the quantities of sugar consumed, with almost entire accuracy.

The population of all the sugar-growing countries in the world is about 468,000,000. It is not to be presumed, that each individual of this number consumes as much as the luxurious West Indian; but it will not be extravagant to suppose, that they all consume as largely as the Mexicans. Mexico, by the lowness of wages, and the ignorance and poverty of the mass, may be considered as a fair representative of the nations, inhabiting that belt of the earth, which produces sugar-canes. She consumes, according to M. Humboldt, ten pounds to an inhabitant, all of domestic production. We thus determine proximately, that the consumption of the other Hispano-American nations, and of the swarms which people the East, is 5,000,000,000 lbs. per annum, nearly four times as much as is used in Europe and the United States. Great Britain consumes 400,000,000 lbs., about twenty-four pounds to each inhabitant; the United States 200,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; our domestic production being estimated at 50,000 hhds., or 50,000,000 lbs. In Ireland, the consumption is 40,000,000 lbs., five pounds to an individual. In Russia, it is much less, being but a little more than one pound to a person, and 60,000,000 in the whole, unless the article be introduced inland from China, by way of Kiachta, as to some extent it probably is. Of the quantity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consumed in Russia, we suppose 8,000,000 lbs. to be beet sugar. Belgium consumes 30,000,000 lbs., seven pounds to an inhabitant, of which 5,000,000 lbs. are beet; and Prussia, Austria, and the rest of Germany, 200,000,000 lbs., of which 20,000,000 lbs. may be beet. This is four pounds and a half to an inhabitant. Holland consumes 50,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; Spain, the same, which is but four pounds to an inhabitant; France, 230,304,549 lbs., seven pounds to each inhabitant. Of this, 107,905,785 lbs. were, in 1836, made from beet-roots. With the exception of a few manufactories in Italy, the above figures show the extent of the beet-sugar culture. Thus we have, for the total consumption of sugar in Europe, 1,267,000,000 lbs., of which 140,000,000, or 62,500 tons, are beet sugar; and, for the total consumption throughout the world, 6,267,000,000 lbs., worth, at six cents a pound, $376,020,000.

The cost of the production of cane sugar varies. It depends mainly on the price of labor. In the East, where labor is from 6 to 10 cents a day, sugar costs to the manufacturer from 1 to 2 cents a pound. In the Americas, where, with the exception of the Hispano-American republics, no wages until very recently have been paid to the laborer, the cost is 3 cents a pound. The price for exportation will average 3½ cents in the East Indies, and 4¾ in the West Indies and other sugar-growing portions of America. These prices include the profits of the native or resident merchant. The average cost to the importer, exclusive of duty, is from 5 to 5½ cents for muscovado and brown sugar, and 7 to 8 cents for white. These prices include freight, insurance, and commissions. Add thereto the respective custom-house duties, and we shall have the wholesale prices of every country. Thus the duty in the United States is 2½ cents on brown sugar; add this to 5 and 5½, and we have 7½ and 8, the average wholesale prices of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The duty on clayed sugar is 3½ cents; add this to the above price, and we have 10 to 12 cents, the ordinary price of white clayed sugars. In France, the duty on brown sugar is 4¼ cents; in England, it is 4¾; consequently, in the markets of those countries, they cannot be at less than from 9 to 10, and 10 to 11 cents respectively. The grocers put on 2 cents more, so that the article costs to the consumer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the United States . .	from 9 to 10	cents.
France	11 to 12	"
England	12 to 13	"
Hamburg (*a free port*)	7 to 8	"

Thus, sugar costs the consumer, in the United States, double the price of importation; and, in France and England, two and a half times that price. In Prussia, the duty is the same as in Great Britain; but in Russia, according to the price the article bears there, it cannot be less than 7½ cents per pound.

The consumption of molasses is trifling, except in the United States and Great Britain. There is some vent for it on the continent, to be used in curing tobacco; and in England it is used for making a bastard sugar, and for cheap preserves. In the United States alone is it used for the table. The quantity of refined sugar consumed in the United States is small compared with the brown. It probably does not exceed one tenth; while, on the contrary, in France it constitutes four fifths of the entire consumption. The proportion is less than this in Great Britain; but it is much greater there, and in Europe generally, than in the United States. Brown sugar contains, on an average, three to five per cent. of dirt; of course, molasses cannot be *more* pure. The consumption of this last in the United States, is about 150,000,000 lbs. annually; but probably more than half of it has heretofore been distilled into rum, producing more than 10,000,000 gallons per annum.

The sugar-cane appears to have been, in all ages, a source of beverage in some form. Lucan describes the Eastern recruits of Pompey's army thus,

—"quique bibunt tenerâ ab arundine succos."

The Jews had an inebriating liquor which they called *sacar*, from which some etymologists in fact derive *saccharum*, but we think erroneously; because it is certain, that the ancient sugar, with its name *saccharon*, came from India, and equally certain, that the Jews knew not sugar. It is not improbable, however, that some relationship exists between the Hebrew *sacar*, and the Hindoo *sharkara*, or *sarkara*, inasmuch as the drink, expressed by the former, was the juice of a reed, and, before fermentation, sweet. Bruce found the cane used in Egypt and Nubia for making a drink, by concocting it in water. The inhabitants of Angola have made a similar use

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it from time immemorial; so too did the ancient Ethiopians. The people of all countries are fond of chewing and sucking sugar-canes. The laborers everywhere grow fat towards the maturity, and during the cropping, of the canes. The Arabian horses were observed to grow fat in Spain by feeding on the pulp, after the juice was expressed. Sugar, eaten in considerable quantities, has the same effect. The king of Cochin-China causes his body-guard, consisting of a hundred men, to feed mostly on sugar and sugar-canes, in order that they may appear more stout and handsome than other troops. Many aged persons have found great benefit from the free use of sugar. It tends to render the skin and cartilages soft and supple. It might be excellent nourishment for patients submitting to experiments upon distorted limbs or spine. It is slightly laxative, and was valued on that account by the ancient practitioners. Dissolved in water, it is an antidote against arsenic, corrosive sublimate, verdigris, blue vitriol, and other mineral poisons, and also those of fish, as lobster, dolphin, conger-eel, &c. "Sugar," says the author of "Diet and Digestion," "seems to be the first support of vegetable life, and it is well known to be the principal food of young animals. It perhaps yields more chyle than any other constituent of plants." Sugar, like common salt, is useful after excess in eating. It precipitates digestion, particularly with or after fruits; it excites the secretions of the digestive organs, and is good for old and inactive stomachs. There are many successful examples of aged persons taking it as their principal food during many years. Dr. Rush entertained a high opinion of its dietetical qualities.

But, in proportion as sugar is wholesome, alcohol, which is made from the same principle in plants, is deleterious. The solid and nutritious part of milk is sugar; but, when fermented and distilled, it becomes one of the most inflaming of ardent spirits, i. e. *burning* spirits.

The origin of the excessive importation of molasses into this country, and of the excessive use of distilled spirits, resulting from that importation, are among the most instructive matters in our history.

It is but little more than a century since that importation began. In the French West Indies the sugar manufacturers used to throw away their molasses, as indeed they did at first in Jamaica, and as they do to this day in the islands of Bour-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bon and Java. The New-Englanders, particularly in and about Boston, taking note of this circumstance, induced the French, for a trifling consideration, to preserve this residuum, and deliver it on board the colonial traders. Arrived at Boston and other ports, the adventurers entered the article free of duty, and it was then converted into New England rum. In a few years, the business so enlarged itself, that the trade was extended to the Dutch and Danish colonies. In exchange, our people gave to the Frenchmen and others, horses and mules for their sugar-mills, lumber for their houses, and fish and other provisions for their plantations. In 1715, a few years after the commencement of this traffic, the British island colonies complained of it to the government, as diminishing the demand for their products, and disappointing them of their wonted supplies. Hereupon a fierce and protracted contest arose betwixt the island and continental colonies, which was not terminated until 1733, when the islands prevailed, and a duty of 6*d.* a gallon was laid on molasses, and 5*s.* per cwt. on sugars, imported into the continental colonies from any foreign port or place. The penalty for violating the act was to be the forfeiture of vessel and cargo. But the New-Englanders, who had disputed every inch of the passage of the act, seem never to have thought of submitting to it after it was passed; and they continued the old traffic, eluding the duties and defying the law. A British fleet was sent to enforce it, and a state of irritation arose, in which the parties all but came to blows. In fact, this did never cease, from that time down to the Revolution; and the famous act for raising a revenue in America was called, in the language of the day, "the sugar and molasses act."

The principal reasons alleged for the trade were, that a large supply of rum was indispensable to the continental colonists for carrying on the Indian trade and the fisheries. These reasons have ceased. Rum has nearly finished its mission to the poor Indians; and the fishermen, we believe, generally go upon the temperance plan. The real root of the matter was, and is, that no other people, since the world began, were ever furnished with so great a quantity of exciting liquor for so small a price. The custom-house duties, in other countries, either kept out molasses and rum, or admitted them with so heavy conditions, that they could not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be afforded in such abundance as they have been here. Ardent spirits were unknown, except as a medicine in the druggist's shop, until the cane sugar and molasses makers of the West Indies brought rum into the world. The taste once formed, demand arose for brandy, perry, gin, and whiskey. Anderson, in his "Origin of Commerce," remarks; "The consumption of rum in New England is so great, that an author on this subject asserts, that there has been 20,000 hhds. of French *molossus* manufactured into rum at Boston in one year, so vast is the demand for that liquor." Sir William Douglass, in a work printed at Boston, in 1755, tells us, that "spirits, (spiritus ardentes,) not above a century ago, were used only as officinal cordials, but now are become an endemical plague, being a pernicious ingredient in most of our beverages."

The duty of 2 cents on brown sugar, in the United States, was originally laid for revenue, though it must be considered high for that purpose; being nearly fifty per cent. on the cost. At the time of the purchase of Louisiana, it was advanced to 2½ cents, probably for protection. During the last war with Great Britain, it was doubled, being then 5 cents. At the peace it was fixed at 3 cents, avowedly for protection. In 1832, it was brought back to the rate of 2½ cents; and this is maintained for the encouragement of the sugar-planters of Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The article is afforded in the New Orleans market, and on the Louisiana plantations, at 5 to 6 cents a pound. The planters have repeatedly declared, that, at less prices, the business cannot be sustained. The cost of production, when this industry was most flourishing, was 2½ to 3½ cents, exclusive of the interest on the investment.

We have now surveyed the field of competition in which the beet-sugar business must take root, if that be its destiny in this country. It is certain, that the high hopes conceived of it have suffered considerable abatement from experiments made, and views put forth, in Great Britain. These it is our duty to weigh, and to determine how far they ought to influence the resolutions of North American cultivators and capitalists. But it is necessary that we should first examine, with some minuteness, the history and present condition of beet-sugar industry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is now nearly a hundred years since Margraff, a Prussian chemist, residing at Berlin, made the discovery, that the beet contained a good crystallizable sugar. His attention was first drawn to this subject by the saccharine taste of the beet, and the crystalline appearance of its flesh, when examined with a microscope. Having cut the beet into thin slices, he dried perfectly, and then pulverized them. To eight ounces of the powder he added twelve of highly rectified spirits of wine, and exposed the mixture to a gentle heat in a sand-bath. As soon as the liquid reached the boiling point, he removed it from the fire, and filtered it into a flask, which he corked up, and left to itself. In a few weeks, he perceived that crystals were formed, which exhibited all the physical and chemical properties of the sugar-cane's. The alcohol still contained sugar in solution, and a resinous matter, which he disengaged by evaporation. Having submitted several other vegetable substances (as parsnips, skerret, and dried grapes) to the same treatment, he obtained sugar from each. In 1747, he addressed to the Academy of Berlin a memoir, entitled, "Chemical Experiments, made with a view to extract genuine Sugar from several Plants which grow in these Countries."

Margraff solved the important problem, that genuine sugar was not confined to the cane. After this, he enlarged and varied his experiments, but did not invent means of making sugar from the new material on a scale sufficiently large to render it an object of interest to capitalists. Yet he seems to have had a prescience, that his discovery would one day assume importance. He commended it to the attention of the Prussian cultivators, and particularly the small farmers, as offering a new and beneficial branch of agriculture.

Margraff died in 1782. He was a member of the Academy of Berlin, Director of the Class of Natural Philosophy, and Fellow of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. His works were collected and published in two volumes, octavo, in French, 1767. A German translation was published at Leipsic, the following year.

It was Achard, also a chemist of Berlin, who discovered the method of extracting the sugar from the beet on a large scale, and at a moderate expense. He first announced this result in 1797. In 1799, a letter from him was inserted in the *Annales de Chimie*, in which he detailed his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

method. He there states the cost at $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents, the pound of Silesia, — or about 6 cents the pound avoirdupois, — without counting the benefit to be derived from the residuums. He also expressed the opinion, that, with these included, and with some improvements in the processes, this sugar might be produced at half that price. This announcement caused a great sensation in France. It engrossed the attention of the Parisian world; eliciting, alternately, ridicule and admiration. The high price to which sugar had risen in France, in consequence of the capture of nearly all her colonial possessions, gave something more than a speculative and passing interest to the ideas of Achard. The National Institute appointed a commission to examine the subject. The result of their investigation was, that the cost of raw sugar of the beet would be 16 cents a pound. The price of sugar was such, that even at that rate a very large profit might have been cleared; but this consideration was not sufficient to induce many persons to take the risk of a peace with England, supposed at that time to be approaching. Only two establishments were formed; one at St. Ouen, and the other at Chelles, in the environs of Paris. Both of them were failures; partly from the bad quality of their beets, and partly from the ignorance and inexperience of the conductors and workmen. With them went down the high hopes, which had arisen, of this new branch of industry in France.

It is difficult to say, whether these hopes would ever have been resuscitated, if political events of an overruling nature had not supervened. By the Berlin and Milan decrees, all colonial articles were prohibited, and that famous "continental system," so wide and wild in its design, but so important and permanent in its effects, was established. From that time, 1806, chemists and economists applied themselves with renewed zeal to the search after an indigenous source for the supply of sugar. It was thought, at one time, that the desideratum had been attained in the production of grape sugar, or sirup; of which, in the course of two years, many million pounds were made. This sugar, although very abundant in some varieties of the grape, raised in a southern latitude, possesses only two fifths of the sweetening power of the cane and beet sugar. Nevertheless, sugar being at about one dollar a pound, a great number of manufactories were erected,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and science and industry were tasked to the utmost, to improve the processes, and to bring it to perfect sugar.

In this state of things, it was announced, that beet-sugar manufactories had been all along carried on successfully in Prussia. It was declared, that from 4 to 6 per cent. of sugar was obtained from the beet, besides several other valuable matters. Other German chemists had instituted experiments, and published results substantially the same as Achard's. At length, in 1809–10, experiments were recommenced in France, particularly by M. Deyeux of the Institute, who had reported upon the subject in 1800. The experiments resulted in the production of a considerable quantity of sugar, both clayed and refined, which, as specimens, served to revive and increase the confidence of France in this source of supply. No more than 1 to 2 per cent. was obtained; the beets being of a bad sort, and raised in the neighbourhood of Paris, where a vast deal of ammoniacal manure, hostile to the production of saccharine, is used.

In 1811, M. Drappier, of Lille, worked about fifteen tons of beets, from which he obtained $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of sugar. In the winter of the same year, an experimenter at Paris succeeded in obtaining $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from white beets, raised at a considerable distance from Paris, and without any manure. This was the first essay in France, which approximated to the results of Achard. It was made by M. Charles Durosne, and was detailed in the *Moniteur*. It demonstrated how faulty had been their selection of sorts, and the mode of culture. At this time, Achard had published in German an extensive work, in which he had treated with minuteness every department of the business, from the raising of the seed to the refining of the sugar. This treatise contained not only Achard's experience of thirteen years, but also accounts of the manufacture of beet sugar, on a grand scale, by other persons in Prussia. The result of these enterprises, as reported by a commission appointed by the Prussian government to investigate the subject, was, that in the case presented to their consideration, 60,800 lbs. of sugar were manufactured from 1,000,000 lbs. of beets, which is 6 pounds $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. per cent., costing for cultivation and manufacture, 6,6 cents a pound, and selling at 16,17 cents. The profit was stated at 136 per cent., without reckoning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

27,883 gallons of vinegar, worth $1,987.25 ; 155,400 lbs. of feed for beasts, worth $97.16 ; and after deducting $1,382.25, for the greater supposed expense of refining beet sugar. This, however, has since been recognised as an error ; beet sugar being in fact the most profitable to the refiner, by reason of the superior strength of the grain, and of the deterioration which the cane sugar undergoes by fermentation and decomposition during long voyages and storages, before it reaches the pans of the refiners. This loss is estimated, in France, at 14 per cent. on East India sugar, and at 7 on West India. The British custom-house allows 1 per cent. a month for the waste on bonded sugar.

Such was the result of the operations in the manufactory of the Baron de Koppy at Krayn, near Strehlen in Silesia.

Another course of experiments was instituted by Dr. Neubeck, the royal commissioner, who obtained the following results, working upon a material of one million of kilogrammes.

	$. c.
Sugar, 101,472 kilg.'s at 16.72 cents a pound,	16,985·05
Spirits of Wine and Vinegar, made from the molasses and pulp, ...	8,083·38
Mash used for feeding and fattening animals,	189·53
Total,	25,257·96
Expense,	7,892·28
Net profit,	17,365·68

Mr. Achard's sugar, according to the report of Dr. Neubeck, cost 7.7 cents a pound, and yielded at 16.72 cents, the price of sale, a profit of 8.92 cents a pound. Their beets yielded 4.6 per cent. of sugar.

The experiment at Lille (M. Drappier's) was less successful. He obtained only 1.3 per cent. of refined sugar ; and, although this merchandise was then at 35 cents a pound, this price hardly covered the expenses of production, without, however, counting the residuums.

In January, 1812, Napoleon issued a decree establishing five chemical schools for teaching the processes of beet sugar making, detailing one hundred students from the schools of medicine, pharmacy, and chemistry, to be instructed in those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

establishments, and creating four imperial manufactories, capable of making 4,408,000 lbs. of raw sugar annually. Munificent premiums were also decreed to several individuals, who had already distinguished themselves by a successful application to this new branch of industry. A considerable number of manufactories were immediately added to those already existing in France; and, in the season of 1813, a large quantity of sugar, both raw and refined, was produced. A notable improvement was introduced by M. Mathieu de Dombasle, a learned and experienced cultivator and chemist. It consisted in applying to the beet juice the colonial process of depuration, appropriately called in France *défécation*. This was in fact very analogous to the improvement, which the Arabs effected in the Oriental method. Achard used sulphuric acid in this operation, and for the crystallization broad dishes, not unlike those said to be used in China at this day. The colonial process of *défécation* by lime is now nearly universal in France, as is likewise the substitution of the mould, or conical pot, for the crystallizers of Achard.

Such was the prosperous condition of this manufacture, when the disasters of Moscow brought upon it an uncertain political future, that bane of all great industrial enterprises. Confidence and energy gradually yielded to fear and discouragement. A faint and fitful struggle was maintained during another year, until the Cossacks, quartered in the sugar-mills, and the allied artillery, seizing upon the beasts that moved them, gave the manufacturers the *coup de grace*. The officers billetted at their houses became from curiosity their principal customers, being struck with the brilliancy and purity of this unexpected product. After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, the price of refined sugar settled down at 12 cents a pound, and raw at 7. Still, to the surprise of all, two beet-sugar manufactories did survive the shock of this tremendous reverse, more useful to this industry, and to mankind, than all its preceding prosperity; because it demonstrated, what never could have been done under the unnatural stimulus of the "continental system," that there was an intrinsic value in the new industry, rendering it capable of independent existence, and raising it out of the reach of accident, political enmity, or caprice. The establishments which survived were at Arras, in the De-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partment of the Pas de Calais, and at Pont à Mousson, near Nancy, in the Department of the Meurthe.

After the retirement of the allied troops, in 1818, the government began to turn its attention to the encouragement of an industry, which had struggled meritoriously and successfully to preserve a boon to the French nation. Many eminent and public-spirited citizens raised up establishments, more perhaps to give the benefit of experiments to their countrymen, than with a view to profitable investment. Men of genius and profound research occupied themselves with elaborate experiments, and published their results. Among the most important were the Count Chaptal, who detailed, in Memoirs on the subject, and in his "Agricultural Chemistry," the experience of many years as a cultivator of beets and manufacturer of sugar; and M. Dombasle, who did the same, with admirable clearness and precision, in his work entitled "Facts and Observations relating to the Manufacture of Beet Sugar." The latter, with a prospect of many more years of usefulness, is still at the farm-school at Roville, near Lunéville, in Lorraine, devoted to agricultural and chemical studies, and imparting the results of his long experience, fertile genius, and assiduous application, through his publications which go to all parts of the world, and to pupils who come from every nation. As an intelligent and industrious operative, M. Crespel Delisse, of Arras, is worthy of honorable mention. This gentleman was originally a laborer. He became the foreman of the first beet-sugar manufactory at Arras. The proprietor, who had invested an immense capital, sank in the general wreck of 1814 – 15. M. Crespel succeeded him, with the great advantage of having his fixtures at about one fourth of their real value. This was one of the two establishments which survived, and it continues to this day to be one of the most extensive and successful in France. M. Crespel is interested as part or sole proprietor in seven or eight other farms and factories. He has received the gold medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, at Paris, and the honors of knighthood from the French and other European sovereigns.

The method in general use in France is to crush, or grind, the beet with an instrument called a *rasp*, though its functions would be better described by the word *grater*. It is cylindrical, and revolves four hundred or more times in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minute. This reduces the beets to a very fine pulp. They are then pressed in hydraulic presses of great power, and the juice defecated, evaporated, boiled, and filtered, in very much the same manner as the cane-juice in the colonies. The great difference is, that the beet-sugar machinery has been rapidly improved, and the cane-planters have begun to avail themselves of the improvements. There is, however, another method of extracting the saccharine, which dispenses altogether with grating and pressing. This is called *maceration*. It was first proposed by Dombasle, and has been tried in various forms, with more or less success. M. Martin de Roclincourt, originally a captain of engineers, is the inventor of an ingenious and valuable machine for performing this operation. The beet is first cut into ribands, about one line in thickness. They are then plunged into boiling water, which is admitted into the machine at regular intervals, in regular doses. The ribands remain passing through the circuit of the machine during one hour, and steam is occasionally admitted to keep up the heat. In this time, the sugar contained in the ribands is dissolved, and remains in solution in the water, while the ribands, now called pulp, are discharged on the side of the machine opposite to that where they entered it; the liquor containing the saccharine, flows off in another direction to the defecating pans.

This method is employed to a considerable extent in France, but by no means so generally as the rasp and press. Its advantages are, that it gives rather more and a rather better product, and requires a great deal less labor. Its disadvantages are, that it takes a great deal more fuel, and does not leave the pulp in so good a state for feeding; there being too much water in it, and less saccharine, than in that which comes from the press. It might be subjected to pressure, by which a little additional liquor would be obtained for the pans, and the pulp made vastly better for feeding. This, however, would require so much power of the press, and so much pains, that the French generally feed with the pulp just as it falls from the machine. We have little hesitation in giving the preference to this method in a country where fuel is cheap and labor dear. The immense establishment commenced in London two years ago, but abandoned in consequence of the excise of $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents a pound, which the government hastened to impose in order to guard the West India in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terest, was upon this system. On the other hand, the only other beet-sugar manufactory, upon a scale of any importance, in Great Britain and Ireland, which is situated near Dublin, has adopted the rasp and press. The former establishment delivered for consumption a considerable quantity of beautiful refined sugar, which was so completely undistinguishable from refined cane sugar, that the government issued an extraordinary notice, that any fraud in the exportation of it with the benefit of drawback would, if detected, be punished with the utmost severity. Whether the establishment in Ireland still exists, we are not informed. It is, however, the opinion of persons skilled in the manufacture and refining of sugar, and who have had small experimental beet-sugar factories near London, that the business cannot be sustained under a duty of 4½ cents. Others are confident, that, in consequence of the application of the fibre to paper-making, by which the value of the pulp is enhanced fourfold, the business will yet get a permanent footing in Great Britain. We do not think a fair experiment has yet been made in that country. The original prejudice against the pretensions of the new manufacture, forced forward by the odious machinery of the "continental system" and the power of the empire, to become a rival of their colonial industry, was of course virulent and obstinate. That it still abides in the mass of the British nation, and in minds which ought to be above it, is apparent from some limited and rather dogmatical views contained in No. CXXXI. of the "Edinburgh Review."

The protection of the beet-sugar culture in France, and in other nations on the continent, is very high, as we have seen; much higher than protection of any article of general and necessary use ought ever to be. It is at least a hundred per cent. on the cost. But we have also seen, that this business did not succumb to the shock and disappointment occasioned by the fall from a protection of three hundred per cent. to no protection at all. After the general peace, sugar fell as low in France as it is in the free ports of Europe at this time. An immense stock had accumulated in the sugar colonies, which had been successively captured, and were in the hands of the British, insomuch that they actually fed horses and other animals upon sugar. Yet, at that very moment, the working classes of Great Britain, under the onerous duty of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6 cents a pound, were drinking their coffee without sugar, as indeed they continue to do, to a great extent, to this day. This is to give a monopoly of the market to the West India planters. Here is folly and extravagance of taxation and protection, which quite eclipse the French beet-sugar policy. The Edinburgh reviewer states, that "the great *impetus* given to it was in 1806." Now, in truth, the beet-sugar manufacture *did not exist in France* at that time, nor until four years after, and not then to an extent worth naming. No "impetus" was given to it until the experiments of 1811, and the decrees of the Emperor, awarding premiums, and establishing schools and model factories, in 1812. Again he asserts, that "in two or three years more, France will be fleeced of £2,600,000 per annum for the benefit of the landowners of *Alsace*." Such allusions, however slight in themselves, tend to gain the confidence of the reader in the minuteness and accuracy of a writer's knowledge. But Alsace is not a seat of this manufacture; comprising two departments, the Upper and Lower Rhine, it has but five sugar manufactories, while the Département du Nord has two hundred and twenty-six, and the Pas-de-Calais, one hundred and thirty-eight. These errors show, that the writer had not examined the history and present state of the beet-sugar business in France, and was not therefore fully competent to pronounce an opinion upon it. His essential error lies in not taking into view the fact, with which he was probably unacquainted, that it has already encountered and survived that test of its utility, which he himself proposes, and before which he says it "would quickly disappear," viz. a free competition with colonial and foreign sugar, and an extreme depression of price.

The condemnation of beet-sugar, in the eye of the Scottish economist, is, that it has received protection. Tried by the same rule, what must be the fate of West India sugar, or of any great branch of British industry? Or of the Louisiana cane-planters, or of the American cotton and woollen manufacturers, coal-miners, salt-makers, hat-makers, tailors, and shoemakers? The article is, in fact, a dash at *tariffs*. That battle we at present decline, referring the assailant to an abler antagonist in the same journal, about eight years back.

It does not appear, that our contemporary had examined any of the French works upon his subject, except a couple of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pamphlets by a merchant of Havre, who was probably interested in the colonial sugar trade, which, when beet sugar arose, was enjoying an absolute monopoly of the kingdom. The beet sugar has reduced the price of sugar in France 25 per cent., and has of course much increased the consumption of the article. The first of these facts is not noticed, and the second is denied. We have often heard the French manufacturers regret, that competition has reduced the price of sugar, since their establishments commenced, from 15 to 10 *sous* the pound; and it appears by the Report in the Chamber of Deputies, prefixed to this article, that the sales at Paris alone, from October 1st, 1835, to September 30th, 1836, increased 17,000,000 lbs. But the French Chambers, in 1837, laid a duty on indigenous sugar, which will amount, expenses of collection included, to 1.7 cents a pound. Of course, this leaves the protection in France at 2.55 cents; no more than that which the cane-sugar planters of the United States enjoy, and not so much by 6 cents a pound as the British discriminating duty in favor of her sugar colonies!

Will the beet-sugar manufacturers of France be able to sustain themselves under this change of policy? This is a question which experience must decide. Undoubtedly, the legislature firmly believed that they would, or they would not have imposed the duty; for the French no more think of sacrificing this interest at home to the colonies, or to any other object, than they think of removing Paris to the island of Martinique. Many of the manufacturers will succumb, because it is a law of political economy, that if a business is better than ordinary, it will cause a proportional rush of competitors to it, a part of whom will adventure without adequate skill and capital, trusting to the goodness of the business to make up for these deficiencies.

The culture and manufacture of beet sugar in France, according to the result of ten cases, which we have examined, has yielded of late years an average profit of 49½ per cent. on capital. In some of these cases, the profit was as low as 9, and in others as high as 90, per cent. Now, as the duty of 1.7 cents amounts to a reduction of 22 per cent. on the former rate of profit, it follows, of course, that all those establishments, which, on the scale of profit are below 22 per cent., must go down, unless sustained at an annual loss. Even many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of those which would range on that scale above 20 per cent., but which have proceeded principally or wholly (which is not often the case in France) on borrowed capital, trusting to larger profits for the means of extinguishing the original debt, will doubtless fail. The probable number of failures in consequence of the law, was estimated at two hundred, out of a total of five hundred and fifty establishments. Others will probably remove from France, and set up in Belgium, Germany, Russia, or Austria, where protection is greater, and, what is more material, stabler; for those countries have no colonial interest to consult. Our opinion is, however, that the law will undergo some modification before it shall have produced this last consequence. These failures or removals, if they shall take place, will not show what protection, or whether any protection, is really needed. They will be the natural result of subtracting from a business a protection, which it had been accustomed to have, and on which it relied.

But let us consider for a moment what are the conditions, under which a manufactory is to go on in France, if the tax shall stand. According to the results of the working of twenty-nine French factories, situated in every variety of locality, the average cost of the production of beet-sugar in France is 6.6 cents per pound. The lowest rate, which we find, is 4.9 cents; the highest 8.6 cents per pound. But, in these results, the pulp and molasses are the only accessory products taken into the account; and these, only at low venal values, which are not more than from one third to one half of what they are really worth, when used with judgment and economy on the spot, without the cost and uncertainty of procuring them from a distance. But there are other accessory benefits, very important in rural economy, which are left out of sight in these accounts. These accessory benefits are;

1. The leaves, which constitute an excellent green feed, which may be used as such from August to November, two or three months; or they may be dried and laid in for winter. They are worth five dollars an acre.

2. The manure, which is found to be increased from *three* to *four* fold on farms where sugar is manufactured. This manure, coming from the stables, or from the scums and deposites of the defecating pans, or from the bone-black, which is much used, is of the very best quality, and a portion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it acts upon vegetation with a promptness and energy truly extraordinary.

3. The trimmings of the beets, preparatory to their being submitted to the washing-machine. These consist of the decayed parts of the beets, and the forked and fibrous roots, which are cut from them in the process of relieving them from adhesive earths, with which, in most kinds of soil, they will be more or less loaded. Chaptal considers the daily trimmings of 12,000 lbs. of beets sufficient to feed from twenty-five to thirty swine, during the manufacturing season. The quantity of beets worked up in the French factories, is rarely less than 20,000 lbs. per day; it is in some more than 100,000 lbs. Many manufacturers merely transport the trimmings to the fields, there to decay, and serve, to some extent, as manure.

4. The ashes coming from the furnaces. These are valuable, whether sold to the soap-boiler, scattered upon the fields, or cast into the farm-yard.

It will be readily perceived, that these items are important, and some of them all-important, to farmers.

M. Dombasle estimates the molasses and pulp, if the first be used by the proprietor, for feeding and fatting cattle, and the second for distillation, as worth 35 per cent. of the whole expenses of a sugar establishment; but he leaves out the four items which we have enumerated above. We doubt not that those are worth to the *cultivator* as much more; making 70 per cent. of the costs of producing the sugar defrayed by the accessory and agricultural benefits. Let us listen for a moment to M. Crespel Delisse, who thus testifies, February, 1827, before a Committee of the Chamber of Deputies;

"The culture of the beet has increased remarkably the value of real estate. He lately purchased, at the rate of $152 an acre, some lands which were let at $3·80 an acre. Since they have been cultivated with the beet in the rotation of crops, the number of sheep thereon has been doubled, and the horned cattle trebled. In a few years the value of the farm will have increased 50 per cent.

"The rents of leasehold property have been doubled where the land was of a medium quality; and, in case of lands specially adapted to the beet, the rents have been quadrupled."

M. Spineux, another cultivator and manufacturer, belonging to the Department of the Somme, tells the same Com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mittee, that, "when he took possession of his farm of 350 acres, he believed that it gave a profit of $855. On annexing a sugar establishment, he obtained a net profit of $1,425."

M. Chinchain, of the Department of the Sarthe, testified as follows;

"He cultivated about 1100 acres, 550 in beets. He procured one hundred bullocks from Poitou, which he fed with pulp and a little straw. His neighbours, struck with the advantages of his cultivation, came and offered to weed his beets for the weeds; and to dig, clean, and cart them, for the tops. This practice has had the effect of diffusing so much plenty around him, that during the beet harvest butter falls in price at Angiers, four miles from his factory."

It is the general testimony in the neighbourhood of Dunkerque, Valenciennes, and Arras, that real estate has risen 50 per cent. in consequence of the introduction of the beet-sugar culture, and wages in nearly the same proportion.

Let not this statement be passed heedlessly by. An advance of 50 per cent. on the value of farms will soon change the face of a country. Land worth $20, becomes worth $30; and land worth $50, becomes worth $75. It is the same as if money should spontaneously increase in quantity, so as to give the lender, at the end of a few years, a principal of $150 for $100, after having regularly yielded him his annual interest.

It has been said, that the opening of the Erie Canal had the same effect upon the real estate in the central and western counties of New York. The beet-sugar culture is better, because it is at the option of every cultivator of enterprise and industry, whether he will have it or not. It is what the canal would be, if every farmer could by his individual exertions bring it by his own door.

Another important view of the beet-sugar culture is, the benefit which it confers upon the soil, by clearing, dividing, and fertilizing it. It fallows without exhausting, and is one of the best preparations for wheat and other grain crops. In a country like France, where seventeen millions of acres, one fourth of the arable land, lie fallow all the time, the use of this culture, as a substitute for fallows, is a matter of no slight importance.

To consider, then, the beet-sugar business merely in its manufacturing aspect, leaving out all these rich results, or to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring as an argument against it some derangement of commerce and revenue, which will of course result from any considerable change, be it beneficial or otherwise, is to entertain a contracted and deceptive view of the subject. We readily concede that, considered as a manufacturing business, without giving any additional agricultural profits, or connecting itself with any agricultural improvements, it is not yet proved, that it would be profitable; but that it is highly so, when the manufacture is made subsidiary to agriculture, and fills up the inactive season of the northern winter, we confidently believe, and do not expect any intelligent man to deny. Suppose, however, it should be found, that the pulp is worth, for paper-making, five times its value as food for animals; or that the processes and machinery of the manufacture should be so perfected, that the *ten* or *ten and a half* per cent. of saccharine matter, known to exist in the beet, should be extracted and crystallized? In either of these cases, beet-sugar making would be very profitable, as a purely manufacturing concern. Now we feel authorized to say, that neither of these improvements is any longer hypothetical. In England, Mr. Kyan, the inventor of the method of preserving timber from the ravages of dry rot, has obtained a patent for making paper of beet-roots, after the juice is expressed. We have seen several specimens of a firm and durable wrapping paper, made of this new material. We are informed, that good printing paper has been made principally of the same substance; and it is confidently expected, that fine writing paper will be produced. The extensive and increasing demand for paper, and the immense commerce now carried on in rags, are sufficient proof of the importance of this application of the beet-root pulp.

It is well known to those who have attended to the progress of this business in France, that the profits of the principal manufacturers have been much absorbed by a desire, probably too earnest, to keep up with the improvements of machinery. Much has likewise been lost in unproductive experiments. It would be ungrateful and ungracious to find fault with our French friends on this account; since they have carried the business through the natural and necessary period of infancy, at their exclusive cost, for the common benefit of mankind. They have all along been conscious, that they were obtaining from the beet but little more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half its saccharine matter. This conviction has naturally and very properly caused a restlessness, and a striving after something more perfect. It is certain, that those who have resisted all innovation, and adhered to the original methods and machinery, have been the most successful; but, if all had been equally cautious, little improvement would have been made, and the nation and mankind would have been at a remoter period, and in a less degree, benefited. Nevertheless, we fully believe, that the cotton manufactory has never been established in any country with so few failures, and so little loss and fluctuation, as the beet-sugar business in France, and other countries of the Continent.

But we may now safely assert, that the great desideratum which the French manufacturers of beet sugar have always felt, and have been striving to supply, is at length attained; that a method has been discovered by which the beet is deprived of all its saccharine, be the same more or less, and that this matter is obtained and operated upon in such a manner as to be nearly all in a crystallizable state. Hitherto, about 50 per cent. of the saccharine has resulted in molasses. This residuum is of comparatively small value; and every thing which arrests the formation of it, adds by so much to the deposite of sugar, and to the profits of the proprietor.

Mr. Schuzenbach, a chemist of Carlsruhe, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is the author of this important improvement. Having obtained his result in the laboratory, he communicated it to distinguished capitalists in Baden, who thereupon formed a company; not with a view, in the first instance, of erecting a manufactory upon the new system, but merely of proving its pretensions. To this end, they advanced a considerable sum for setting up experimental works so large, that the thing could be tried on a manufacturing scale. Having done this at Ettingen, near Carlsruhe, they appointed a scientific and practical Commission to follow closely the experiments which Mr. Schuzenbach should make. Commissioners from the governments of Wurtemberg and Bavaria likewise attended. The experiments were carried on during five or six weeks, in which time several thousand pounds of sugar, of superior grain and purity, were produced.

The Baden company were so well satisfied with the Report of the Commission, that they immediately determined

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to erect an immense establishment, at an expense of more than $ 200,000 for fixtures only. A like sum was devoted to the current expenses of the works. Factories were simultaneously erected at or near Munich, Stuttgard, and Berlin. The arrangements were made with remarkable intelligence and caution ; and we cannot doubt, that the new method will prove of immense importance to the prosperity, comfort, and improvement of the northern nations and colonies of the Old World and the New.

ART. VI. — *La Chute d'un Ange ; Episode.* Par ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Bruxelles. 1838.

THIS work, like "Jocelyn," is an episode in a poem on a large scale, the composition of which has occupied many years of Lamartine's life, and which, in design, he justly calls "immense." It was the favorite scheme of his youth, and continues to be the labor of his advanced age. In his view, the period of epic poetry has gone by. It was the form in which the poetic spirit clothed itself in the infancy of nations, before the birth of criticism, when history was blended with fable, and the bards were the chroniclers of great events. In modern times the individualities, that constituted the interest and charm of the epopee, are merged in truths of wider range. The illusion of imagination is broken. The poet sways the mind of his reader by a power of another kind. The sphere of human vision is enlarged by the influence of philosophy and religion. Man perceives "that he constitutes only an imperceptible part of a vast and various whole ; that the work of perfecting his nature is a comprehensive and eternal work." Men now interest themselves in whatever pertains to the race. In a word, the epopee is no longer national or heroic, but cosmopolitan, or, as Lamartine expresses it, *humanitaire*.

Our author's great poem is constructed on this plan. His epic, he tells us, is adapted not only to present time and place, but to the world, and to the future. It is accordingly founded upon a subject which, embodying human thought in all its stages, permits the poet to be at the same time local and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

universal, marvellous and true. That subject is the moral destiny of man; the successive steps of progress, through which the human soul reaches the goal appointed by its Creator.

Independently of the task of judging how M. de Lamartine accomplishes the vast work thus laid out, there is something formidable in the idea of simply perusing a poem of such proportions, that two volumes duodecimo contain only an episode. But more serious objections than its length will probably prevent the favorable reception the writer would anticipate from the public for his *Poème Humanitaire.*

The lyrics of M. de Lamartine commanded attention and admiration both in his own and other countries. The vigor and purity of thought and feeling, the richness and graphic beauty of imagery, and the mastery of versification, they displayed, secured at once for the author the first place among the living poets of France. He embodied the highest, the most serious, feelings of his age, and every cultivated mind acknowledged the truth of his sentiments. Unfortunate enough, however, to have few worthy rivals, the adulation lavished upon him, if it did not wholly blind him to his faults, incapacitated him for that high perception of excellence in his art, so indispensable to improvement. Nor was this all. He was essentially deficient in the loftiest attributes of genius. He possessed a pure heart, an active fancy, a ready apprehension of the beautiful, and an almost unbounded command of language. But not to him belonged the original faculty, that "bodies forth the forms of things unknown"; that penetrates the hidden recesses of nature, and brings us thence new objects of delight, new themes for meditation. Nor had he the overwhelming passion, that leads the soul captive, and is inferior only to the inventive power. His genius was imitative. It received its impulse, perhaps unconsciously, from the writers of other countries, though the novelty of his sentiments and his style gave him an ascendency over those of his own.

His latest productions exhibit, in a higher degree, the defects, both of conception and manner, growing out of his poetical self-complacency. "Jocelyn," the first of his *scenes*, given to the world "to interrogate its judgment respecting a species of poetry never yet submitted by the author to criticism," possessed an unusual degree of local interest. It is a fragment of the history of the heart, "*le type chrétien*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

à notre époque." Its hero is a character familiar to us all; the village *curé*, the gospel priest. The details of the story are touching and true. But it creates no favorable opinion of the genius or taste of the author, to see how this simple and affecting tale has been transformed by his idealizing process into something that has no trace of probability; how the traits of humanity have faded into vague and mystic images; how sentiment is elaborated till it loses all its effect; how our sympathies are strewed about and evaporated, like the poetic dews he describes as flung to spirit breezes;

> "Even as the pearly tears that morning weeps,
> Coloring the fields at dawn, which gathered all
> Would flow a river, but which noiseless sink
> Upon the traveller's path."

The story of "Jocelyn" is beautiful, and we feel that we ought to be affected by it. That we are not, is the writer's fault. The scenery is magnificent, but the descriptions leave only a vague and confused impression of loveliness and grandeur. The thoughts are noble, but clad in phrase so gorgeous and amplified, that they astonish instead of elevating. It is as if we stood before a picture, where was exhibited every variety of color and figure to charm the sense, but where there was no shading or relief; the mental eye aches with the accumulation of objects and their confused brilliancy. The language is one glowing mass of illustration; it loses effect from its want of adaptation to the subjects presented. In feeling our author is not less elaborate and exaggerated than in description. His love is not like the love of ordinary mortals; even his religion is etherealized beyond the limits of reason and nature.

"The Fall of an Angel," he tells us, has less of the "*nature contemporaine*" which distinguished "Jocelyn," and which is to mark other episodes not yet published. The scene being laid in the antediluvian age of the world, the fantastic enters into this poem as a necessary element. The romance is in the form of a "Vision," related by an aged man dwelling on the summit of Libanus. The ascent toward the abode of this mysterious prophet is described, from the first glimpse caught from beneath, of the group of Lebanon, "veiled by tempests, their giant arms kindled with the fires of the empyrean, stretching like vast skeletons in the sunlight," where the eye sank under the shadow of the steeps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that sustained the granite ramparts, where, from time to time, in the clefts of rocks, the dark walls of some monastery stood forth, scarcely distinguishable from the crag itself, even by the pilot's eye ; to the sacred spot, a cave enclosed by inaccessible rocks, on the highest visible peak ; a spot to which led no path trod by mortal foot, which the mountaineer would seek for days in vain, and which only a miracle could reveal. On this perilous enterprise two pilgrims ventured ;

" From mountain crest to where the torrents swept,
Three days our winding, toilsome course we kept ;
Saw at our feet the tribes of savage birth,
The desert's children, refuse of the earth ;
The warlike, dark-eyed tribes of haughty mien,
Who bow before the calf that crops the green ;
And Arab swains, who lead their wandering flocks
From far-off plains to drink beneath these rocks ;
The followers of the Sun, whose dwellings light
Amid the foliage gleamed in clusters white ;
'Mong all to sleep secure, or sust'nance claim,
For sacred in the East the stranger's name !
Till by the distant sound of convent bell
We knew where they, the holy brethren, dwell ;
And o'er those dizzy peaks, swept by the wind,
Clambering, we left their sombre walls behind.
The mountain was a crater at our feet,
By hundred caverns ploughed its massive round,
Where the eye, plunging o'er the verge profound,
Night, dizzy horror, death, alone could meet !
The snows, that melt in pale and yellow foam,
Smoke like the fires, that light the shepherd's home ;
In thousand torrents toward the abyss they haste,
And fill with thunderous sound the startled waste.
Trembling we climb, where scarce the eagles dare
To perch, and round the peaks that pierce the air,
We greet with wonder, 'twixt us and the sun,
The shadow of the trees of Lebanon.
Cedars by God's hand planted, — solemn crown,
Wherewith the king of thunders wreathes his brow, —
Beneath their shade in sacred gloom we bow,
As in a fane where the Most High comes down."

Then follows the narration, heard from the lips of the ancient prophet. The opening scene, as described by him, is striking and beautiful. The time is that when earth and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her products, all, save man, were in youthful vigor and perfection. It is evening. The moon, pale sister of the earth, is rising broad and round among the sacred cedars, touching their summits with gold, and streaming in serpentine wavings amid their foliage. Flocks are descending a distant slope, driven homeward by a wandering shepherd tribe. The human figures are described as transcending in shape and proportion the modern race of men. They vanish in the distance, and the wood is left to solitude and silence.

In those days, the seer continues, from the highest to the lowest orders of creation, every production of the Almighty hand was instinct with soul and sense. The angels, elder brethren of man, loved to linger in earthly solitudes, and to haunt the sacred mountain, whence at eve went up myriad accents of harmony, while they listened in the soft twilight. Then follows the hymn of the cedars of Lebanon, that appeal to Nature to assert their possession of a living sense.

"Thou know'st it — Heaven of night, to which we speak!
Rocks, which our feet sound even to the abyss,
The sap that nourishes our veins to seek;
Sun, whose fierce rays our quivering foliage kiss!
Thou know'st it, night, of whom our wealth of leaves
Its sparkling gems and pendent pearls receives!
Oh say if sense is ours!
Sense, with which nature every creature dowers!" &c.

At the close of the hymn the angels ascend to heaven, "bearing from sphere to sphere the melodious echo of the chant of earth." One of their number remains; his gaze is fixed on the ground, forgetful of heaven; for on a couch of flowers, under the shadow of the cedars, slumbers a lovely maiden, who has been left by her companions, unconscious of their departure, and of the approach of night. The enamoured spirit hovers entranced over the sleeping child, whose beauty is most elaborately described, breaks into a plaintive soliloquy, and mourns the destiny that divides him from one so lovely. He has already often in her dreams presented to her imagination a form of surpassing glory and grace, but cannot hold more direct communication with her, without assuming a nature like her own. While the celestial lover contemplates his charge, drinking in at every glance "her beauty, that illumes the night," a hoarse murmur of voices is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard in the depths of the forest, and torches fling a lurid glare upon the foliage. A human figure approaches with cautious step, and in the attitude of one listening attentively. He holds the lighted trunk of a young pine, the blaze of which shows distinctly his savage features, his dress of skins, and the rude arms he wears. These proclaim his occupation to be other than that of the peaceful herdsmen, who have just left the spot. At the sight of Daidha, as the sleeping maiden is called, he starts with surprise and pleasure; and his exclamations quicken the approach of his six comrades, who surround their prey with shouts of admiration and delight. The lawless hunters dispute for the prize; Daidha wakes at the tumult; her agony of terror and efforts to escape are answered only with laughter by her savage captors. But while, exhausted and fainting, she sinks to the ground, unexpected succour is at hand. The invisible spirit that watched over her, forgetful of all but her danger, assumes the nature of man, to rescue her. He fights and vanquishes the robbers, one by one; then restores the damsel to her companions, who at that moment return to seek her. In return for her deliverance, he is led away captive to their rustic dwellings, where the voice of the patriarch on the morrow decides his fate. His life is spared, spite of the clamors of the crowd eager to slay the dreaded stranger, but he is condemned to perpetual slavery.

It does not appear from the poem, that the fallen angel retains any of the faculties of his former nature, or even the recollection of his state in heaven. He is man, but wholly ignorant of men, or of the speech by which they communicate with each other. The form which he has assumed is that so long familiar to her imagination, when his celestial love visited her in dreams. The sight of Daidha cheers his captivity. She seeks him when alone and desponding, and teaches him the language of men, by which he in turn reveals the affection which reconciles him to his servile condition. The poet beautifully depicts the happiness of the lovers at the first flow of mutual confidence.

"Like two clear streams, that wander o'er the glade
By narrow banks divided, and reflecting
Each in its face the green and bending shore,
The firmament, the clouds; — if it so chance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The shepherd's mattock breaks the flowery wall,
How joyously the imprisoned waves escape ;
Flood calls to flood, mingling in deep embrace,
The line o'ersweeping, that divided them ;
Their course henceforth the same ; the blended tide
Has but one bed, one shore, but one reflection ! "

All things in heaven and earth are taught by Daidha to her youthful friend. Cedar, listening to her, becomes man in heart and sense, as he is man in form. But their bliss is of brief duration. The maiden is sought in marriage by the youth of her tribe. She well knows, that she cannot espouse a slave. The antediluvian fashions of courtship are happily imagined in the story of Daidha's suitors.

Segor, the son of Abniel, chooses from his flock the fairest of the young camels, places it secretly at night among those under the damsel's charge, then hides himself to await her coming forth at dawn. If sympathy for his love dwells in the virgin's breast, she will lead the stray young one to the parent camels. But Daidha rejects the offering, and leaves it to wander all day among the brambles, moaning for thirst; and Segor, with a saddened heart, departs in silence.

Abna, the son of Kalem, places two bird's eggs in a nest of reeds at her door. If the maiden carefully receive and cherish the gift sheltered under the wood-dove's wing, then would the young lover know she lent a heedful ear to his suit. He lingers uncertain nigh the virgin's threshold. The daughter of Phayr comes forth, sees the nest upon the turf, but spurns it with her foot; the eggs are broken upon the stones, and the son of Kalem dares approach her no more.

Zebdani, the son of Ormid, comes at night to the door of the dwelling of Phayr, a spot consecrated to the worship of the Deity, and swept by Selma's hand, to impress in the sand the print of his foot. If the maiden coming forth in the morning place her own foot-print by its side, the youth, watching the signal from afar, would read her favor without words. But Daidha, appearing at the threshold, effaces the impression quickly, and with scornful gesture flings the dust to the winds ; and Zebdani blushes and departs, weeping over his unrequited love.

The dames of the tribe can conjecture but one cause for this coldness; the heart of the maiden is bestowed on another. By a cruel yet feminine stratagem, they discover the secret.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daidha is imprisoned; and her lover, condemned to death, is once more reprieved by the patriarch, and sold to another master.

But love will accomplish miracles. Daidha escapes nightly from her cell to meet her beloved. Their interviews are long concealed from her cruel relatives. Her twin offspring are consigned to his care. He maintains them in secret, till accident discovers them one day to Segor. The children of the stranger slave are dreaded by the superstitious shepherds. They are thrown into the river. But at that moment a wild shriek is heard; a woman rushes from the crowd, plunges into the stream, and brings them both to shore. A fearful sentence is pronounced on the hapless pair. Cedar is condemned to perish in the waters before the eyes of Daidha, who is then led to the tower of famine, and left to her fate. Day after day sees her immured in her living tomb, till the gnawings of hunger have rendered her incapable of ministering to the sustenance of her offspring. But she is rescued. Cedar, who has saved himself from the waters, scales the wall of the tower at night, and after a fierce battle with his enemies below, succeeds in carrying off Daidha with her children. Then commence their solitary wanderings in the world, which is all before them. They bend their course towards the east. "We will dwell," they say to each other, "in some spot where the wandering bird rests his wing, in some cave sheltered from the tempest; we will tame the young gazelles to sport on the turf with our little ones; we will be good to all, and will love all; having league with the lion of the desert, with the insect, with the bird of heaven. But man, evil man, will we shun," &c.

One night, while they are sleeping in their solitude, Cedar is aroused by a rustling in the foliage near them, and the sound of footsteps. His projected alliance with the beasts of the forest does not prevent the fear of them, and he receives the supposed foe with a cry of defiance. A low murmur responds; the next instant the unknown enemy lies dead at his feet. The dawn discovers to them the faithful dog, that had guarded their flocks, following them thus far through the deserts to meet death from his master's hand. The exiles bury their last friend with many tears, and pursue their way.

A sorer trial awaits them. One day, descending to ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plore a ravine, they leave their infants beneath a palm-tree, unwilling to tempt danger with them. They return; the children are missing. With cries of agony the parents seek them everywhere in vain, till looking upward at a sudden cry, they perceive an eagle sailing calmly over the abyss, bearing one of their children to his eyrie. The shriek of terror that springs to Daidha's lips is stifled by fear that it may cost her babe's life.

"They saw him float, self-balanced, towards the mouth
Of a vast cavern in the mountain's side;
They saw him enter with expanded wing,
With his dear burden in the darkness swallowed.
At the same instant one wild cry arose
From both their hearts; as 'mid devouring flames
Some youthful mother, whom the husband's arm
Has snatched from death, clasping her little ones,
And numbering the dear group with trembling finger,
If one is missing, swifter than swift thought
She rushes back into the burning dwelling,
Grasps the red metal with unconscious hand,
Or climbs the ladder crumbling 'neath her feet,
'Mid terrors man would fly, to save her child
Or perish too; so, ere a word escaped,
Despairing Daidha rushed with Cedar on.
In vain the cliff opposed its steep ascent;
Their footsteps baffled e'en the chamois' speed;
The soul did bear them upward, and from crag
To crag they passed as in a dream; their lips
Paused not to inhale the air; scarce felt they even
The frail hold that sustained them; on the summit
Alone their eyes were fixed, nor saw below
The rocky fragments, or the dread abyss;
By slender shrubs suspended oft, and seeking
A foothold on the crag, swayed to and fro
Like reeds in the wild gust, the sport of winds
That landward rushing, swept the sterile rock.
"Above the crags, which they at length o'ermastered,
A sloping lawn stretched out; the verdant space
Shut in by granite walls on either side,
Watered by slender rills, that serpent-like
Glided along the turf; and o'er the steep
Whence gushed the rills, a cavern's arch was seen.
Panting and anxious hither fled the parents,
Entering the rocky mouth; a giant eagle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flew off at their approach, smiting the air
With his unfolded wing so forcibly,
They fell to earth, weak and in sore affright.
But Daidha's heart, for her loved offspring trembling,
Would there have striven with the thunder's self.
They gained the cavern's depths; a cry escaped them;
Another gave response; the mother, bending
Beneath the weight of joy, beheld her children,
Yet from their sight recoiled! * * What influence
Spell-bound and held them motionless and silent?"

An old man of majestic mien sits at the bottom of the cave, holding on his knees, like a tender mother, their rescued infants. The old man wears not the rude aspect of the primitive tribes. *Intellect and benevolence sit on his serene brow*, and a holy beauty, which bends the hearts of his untutored visitants to worship him as a god. His purple mantle, of rich texture, half conceals the babes. He is first to perceive the astonished pair, and with gentle courtesy bids them draw nigh. Daidha rushes to clasp her infants to her bosom, and Cedar falls on his knees, as in presence of a superior being.

The lovers take up their abode with the aged prophet, and the indulgent poet taxes his imagination to furnish them, on the grandest scale, with all that can contribute to their pleasure, of the fruits of earth, — with all that is magnificent in scenery; in short, theirs is a rival abode to that of Jocelyn and Lawrence on the Alpine heights. The old man instructs them in the art of tilling the earth, of gathering the ripened grain, and of breadmaking; processes, it seems, unknown to the imperfect civilization of their native tribe. He reasons also of truth and righteousness; directs their worship to the only true God, whose servant he is, and relates his past history. A dweller in the midst of an impious race, the earth-born giants of ancient tradition, who arrogated to themselves the worship of an oppressed people, assuming the name and attributes of deities, he had exposed their impiety, and found refuge from their vengeance in this solitary cave, where "the music of the winds is heard as from an organ, and the new-born day lights up its recesses with its golden light." He reads to them from a book enclasped in gold and gems, the word of the living God. He describes the luxury of the impious race whose worship he has abandoned.

"My children! what those mystic walls conceal
No words can paint. There endless may you roam

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through forests of pure marble, where the shade
And murmur have the freshness of green trees.
There leaves of finest gold, carved by the chisel,
Tremble at every breeze, and cheat the wild bird.
There rivers, from their course enticed by art,
Back to earth's surface flow, and gush in springs,
Watering the flowers that bloom in hanging gardens
With foamy rain, or spread in glassy streams,
Or, hurled toward heaven in liquid columns, meet
In arcades of pure crystal, — limpid domes
Of rare and curious fashion, where through crystal
The blue heaven shines, and the warm dazzling sunlight
Crowns all with wavy silver, or, with rays
Broken into a thousand diamond fragments,
Blends sparkling beauty with its genial coolness.
At night, when torch and cresset light the palace,
These fair pavilions blaze with brilliancy;
In every fount the lustre multiplied,
They seem to shoot and roll in waves of fire."

The eighth "vision" is filled with fragments from the primitive book, in which the prophet has recorded the truth for the instruction of his fellow-creatures. The happiness of the lovers in this retreat is perfect; but already the "judging Nemesis" is roused against them. One evening, going to the house of prayer, they find the old man seated alone, the holy volume on his knees, his brow pale with the inspiration that fills his soul, for a vision from above is upon him. It is the warning of his approaching end, and with meek resignation he pours out his devotion to the will of his Master. While the lovers regard him with awe, a barque of strange shape, sailing on the bosom of the air like a ship on the waters, alights on the summit of the rock, and three men of fierce aspect rush into the cave and seize the prophet. They are the messengers of the giant gods, seeking for purposes of vengeance the enemy of their faith. The martyr's doom is sealed; to wring a recantation from his lips, his tormentors suspend him by a cord over the abyss, promising him life and pardon if he will abjure his religion. His last words attest his devotion to the true God, and the next instant his body is dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The murderers survey their lovely captives with admiration, and resolve to carry them as gifts to their king. The aërial ship is launched on its homeward voyage, and much brilliant poetry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is expended in describing their course amid clouds and tempests, and wheeling stars, above scenery ever varying, till they descend at the city of the giants.

The strange and beautiful beings found in the retreat of Adonaï are offered as an acceptable present to the sovereign. Daidha is sent to the women's apartment to await the monarch's pleasure, and Cedar is cast into prison, to tame the spirit that could awe even his cruel captors. The author has lavished all the wealth of language to depict the splendor and luxury of this abode of evil, the hateful magnificence of these powerful beings elevated by popular superstition, and the intrigues of their impious court. The tyrant reigns by fear, but leans upon, and dreads at the same time, the mightiest of his inferiors, Asrafiel, who has in secret vowed his destruction. His favorite, Lackmi, a young female educated under his direction in the midst of vice, is beautifully painted by the poet. In the midst of her depravity acknowledging and doing homage to virtue, self-abhorrence and remorse are first created in her bosom by the contemplation of excellence. She visits Cedar in his dungeon, enamoured of his personal and mental graces, so superior to all she has hitherto seen; obtains his friendship and confidence, though her love is repelled with horror; and promises to procure his liberty, and restore him his lost Daidha. At a regal banquet she is deputed by her master to poison Asrafiel; she murders the monarch instead; and, in the confusion that ensues, Lackmi, assuming the sovereignty, liberates Cedar and flies with him disguised as his lost bride. At dawn the lover discovers his mistake; he spurns from him the perfidious Lackmi, and rushing back to the city of the gods, succeeds, by naming the beloved name of Adonaï, in exciting the people to insurrection. He enters the palace at the head of an army, just in time to rescue his children, and save Daidha from the arms of the impious oppressor.

Once more free, they take their course towards another land, guided by Stagyr, one of the race whom Cedar has deposed, but whose life he saved from the infuriated people. They escape only to die. The treacherous guide conducts them into the desert, where he leaves them at night with their only camel; and, after having triumphed over so many dangers, Cedar sees his wife and infants perish of thirst, just when relief is at hand. He perceives at a distance a group

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of palms that overshadow a spring. The fainting mother is too much exhausted to reach the spot; but Cedar speeds thither alone. He returns with water, but too late. Daidha lies cold on her last bed. Cursing life, Cedar raises a funeral pile over the beloved corpses, and immolates himself upon them. The voice of his doom sounds in his dying ear.

"Va! descends, cria-t-il, toi qui voulus descendre!
Mesure, esprit tombé, ta chute à ton remord!
Dis le goût de la vie et celui de la mort!
Tu ne remonteras au ciel qui te vit naître
Que par les cent degrés de l'échelle de l'être,
Et chacun en montant te brûlera le pié;
Et ton crime d'amour ne peut être expié
Qu' après que cette cendre aux quatre vents semée,
Par le temps réunie et par Dieu ranimée,
Pour faire à ton esprit de nouveaux vêtements
Aura repris ton corps à tous les elements,
Et prêtant à ton âme une enveloppe neuve,
Renouvelé neuf fois ta vie et ton épreuve;
A moins que le pardon, justice de l'amour,
Ne descende vivant dans ce mortel séjour!"

We fail to discern the moral of this sentence. The punishment of Cedar cannot be just, for he has no haunting consciousness of guilt. As man, he is sinless; and no recollection of his fault in forfeiting heaven seems to attend him in his life on earth. He is, like his bride, an innocent and injured being. He receives instruction meekly, like her, from the prophet's lips, and abhors the impieties he is compelled to witness. Besides, his crime at first is not represented as a deliberate yielding to temptation, but as obedience to a sudden and generous impulse; the being he loves is in danger; he can rescue her in no other way. This is a fault. There are claims that must be satisfied, even in the most fantastic fiction, or its moral pretensions must be relinquished; and it falls to the rank of a mere tale devised for amusement.

Such is the story, which has the advantage of all the embellishments of gorgeous imagery, and the rich flow of verse for which M. de Lamartine is distinguished. The interest is charmingly sustained. We know of no modern romance that can more pleasingly beguile a few hours; and this, notwithstanding grievous errors in taste, that sometimes interrupt the enchantment of the fiction. The episode of Isnel and Ichme, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

example, is merely horrible, as are many of the pictures of the impious orgies of the giant gods. The conception of Cedar and Daidha reminds us of the "Oberon" of Wieland. Like the hero and heroine of the German poet, the claims of the pair upon our sympathy arise from the inextinguishable love they bear each other, the love sublime in its strength, victorious over persecution and temptation, — triumphant over death.

Our author's passion for illustrating things in the moral, by things in the natural world, is indulged throughout these volumes. Sometimes his similes are extremely happy; but that he often repeats himself, he would be in this particular the most ingenious of poets. Thus after describing the iniquity of the worshippers of the Titan king, the developement of human nature in its deepest depravity, he proceeds;

> "So when the plain of Ocean is disturbed,
> In the deep bed of the retreating wave
> The affrighted eye discerns mysterious horrors
> Laid open to the light; foul pits of mire,
> Whose stagnant breath corrupts the moving floods,
> Where huge sea-monsters, stranded in the marsh,
> Expire; where reptile over reptile crawls;
> Where, wallowing in the slime himself shook off,
> The hippopotamus exults alone!"

Another of his striking comparisons is found where Cedar appeals to the injured people, calling them to revenge by his fiery eloquence;

> "So, when the wind upon the ocean main
> Lifteth the waters, first, insensible
> They glide before the breeze, with scarce a murmur
> Laving the silent shore. But to the voice
> Of the roused blast, sweeping their breast again,
> A thousand thousand angry waves reply;
> Beneath the wheeling firmament appears
> Billow o'er billow mounting, till the flood
> Swells to colossal height, and mocks the sky:
> With thunderous moan it smites the shattered steep,
> And in its arms of foam drags down the rocks
> Into the deep, that, erewhile, laved their feet."

Graphic and glowing as are his descriptions, we have often, as has been already hinted, an impression of feebleness, occasioned by his assiduous accumulation of minute objects,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his habits of idealizing every thing, and of magnifying the smallest into the same proportions with the grandest. His torch-light is ever in danger of extinguishing his starlight. He seems wholly ignorant of the art of producing *effect* in a picture by a few vigorous touches. His landscapes are overladen with coloring and laborious ornament. Nature is not good enough for him. His earth is not the same earth we inhabit. His suns shine with a purer and more golden light. So his men are moral monsters, colossal in good or evil. He has not the despairing, philosophical misanthropy of Lord Byron; his views do not shut out the better things of humanity; his heart apprehends them; but his fancy colors them with strange hues. He will not paint nature as she is, in the mind of man, any more than in the external world. In short, he lacks simplicity, which he sacrifices in his morbid desire to elevate the ideal. This is the reason why his creations fail to command universal interest, to touch the soul. They are not beings of our own brotherhood; they are creatures elaborated and refined in the furnace of M. de Lamartine's imagination, and then dressed for exhibition in his stiff vesture of embellishment.

The next *épisode*, M. de Lamartine informs us, will be entitled *Les Pêcheurs*. It will have more of local interest than the present one. It is more like that of "Jocelyn," for which the public has shown such flattering partiality. May we hope, that in it our author will endeavour to preserve that simplicity in form and coloring, which is ever the life of poetry, nor mar the real excellence to which we do homage, by an excess of adventitious ornament.

Art. VII. — Georgii Wilhelmi Freytagii *Lexicon Arabico-Latinum, præsertim ex Djeuharii Firuzabadiique et aliorum Arabum operibus, adhibitis Golii quoque et aliorum libris, confectum.* Halis Saxonum, 1830–37. 4 vol. 4to.

The first announcement of Professor Freytag's plan, some few years since, led the learned to expect no more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a reimpression of Golius. For this they waited long; and when it was told, that the work was to be entirely original, they cheerfully waited longer still. This interest in the work, caused by a growing desire to cultivate the language and literature of that Arab race, whose history, and whose position among the nations of the earth, are almost as peculiar and mysterious as those of the outcasts of Israel, whose dwelling is everywhere, and whose home is nowhere, was highly favorable to its reception. It gave to the author the power of realizing the most brilliant dream of a German mind, in making an epoch of his age. How he has used his opportunity, how he has met the wants and expectations of his compeers and his followers in Oriental learning, can now be decided; for the work has been long enough before the public to admit of its being not only examined, but used. But, since the obligation of the author to give to the world a work of substantial merit, depends much on the actual importance of Arabic literature, and its present state of culture, a short digression on these matters may be pardoned.

The advancement of Arabic learning among European scholars has been slow, but solid. Its relation to Hebrew literature gives it a permanent importance for students of the Old Testament Scriptures. Who can estimate the biblical labors of Schultens, and his successors, down to Gesenius in our day, and not render homage to the Arabic language, in whose rich mines they have so successfully wrought? Its commercial value, too, is beginning to be great. It would become of the first consideration, if the commerce of the East should again flow through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as it did in the days of the Ptolemies and the Fatimite caliphs; an event now by no means improbable, since the British government, after Colonel Chesney's careful survey of the Euphrates, has fixed on the Red Sea route for the great Oriental mail line. There is, further, in our age, an interest in it among learned men, belonging to that search which they are prosecuting after the literary treasures of every language, time, and country; an interest in which Christian men participate, from their determination to send both the documents and the teachers of their religion to all nations.

The literature of these cavaliers of the desert is not more useful than it is delightful. Its very existence is a romance, as wild, as bewitching, and to the first view seeming almost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as unreal, as the wildest of its enchanting tales. In studying the works which compose it, the Orientalist finds that fresh and racy feeling often renewed, which he had in his boyhood, when reading, by the wasting light of his bed-lamp, the "Arabian Nights," which he had smuggled to his chamber. Amid the dulness of a study so dry and spiritless as numismatics, where every coin is almost like every other, this feeling is revived, with peculiar force, by the specimens of the medals of Arabian countries. A Cufic coin of gold is in the antiquary's hand. Cufic ! there is poetry in the name ; there is mystery and gracefulness together in the curves of those noble old letters. The gold is virgin gold, purer than the western sovereigns could afford. Nor is it any vulgar ore, washed from the red clay of Carolina, mined from the earth by the half-savage Brazilian, or picked from the sand by naked Guinea negroes. No ; it is the gold of Ophir, coined from the hoarded ingots of Solomon, Darius, and Alexander. And its inscription, how strange !

"In the name of the most merciful God, Abdallah Imam Abu'l Abbas Ismael Al Mansur Billah, Prince of the faithful.

"Son of Imam Abi Abdallah Mohammed, the son of Imam Kaiem Beamrallah Al Sherif Hosein.

"O servant of God ! God is the Lord, he will take away thy calamities.

"Coined in the castle of Segelmassa, may God defend it. 340 Hegira."

What a fulness of words is here ; and what a simple and fervent religious feeling in the third legend, making the coin a sort of circulating homily. What an antidote to hard times it must have been.

The Fictions of Arabic literature are inimitable. The collection named "Alf Lail u Lail," or *Thousand Nights and a Night*, of which our "Arabian Nights" are a small part, has received the irreversible verdict of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. It is the model of most of the Arabic fictitious writing, and of some of the many traditionary stories of Mohammed and his companions. In these tales, while the scene is in a fairy land, and fairy beings are its denizens, the character of the persons is sternly true to nature, and that of the Peris (fairies) as true to tradition.

Arabic History, too, is enchanting. Such works as Bohadini's Life of Saladin, or Arabshah's Life of Timour

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Tamerlane), or Elmacin's Saracenic History, cannot be read without that high excitement, which no history creates that does not preserve the rich, pictorial style of an eyewitness, that does not bear on every sentence a seal, whose motto is "*Quorum pars fui.*"

Arabic Poetry is interesting for its very strangeness. It is measured indeed, but more in that free way, in which the people measure their country, by hours and days' journeys, than by any accurate scansion. Rhyme, too, is used, but often strangely applied, as in the *Lamiats* of Thograi, Shafari, and Abu Mansur, whose lines all end with the letter L, and in the *Bordah* and the *Nuniat* of Ibn Zadun, whose lines end respectively with M and N; while the *Dha Argiouzat* of Al Gazi contains all the words in the Arabic language, in which the letter Dh occurs, and the scheme of another work consists in using a word in each line, in three different senses. Even the Syrian Casiri, whose enthusiasm was strongly kindled, could not explicitly praise the Arabic poetry, and therefore devised that equivocal compliment, which is often repeated, that it is like the rich wines of the East, which cannot be removed to other lands without losing the delicacy of their flavor, and their fragrant *aroma*. But Arabic poetry loses not its interest because it has not a Homeric, or a Miltonic richness, strength, and grandeur. It is wild and melodious, and often fervent and tender. Its very formality is like that of a military parade, brilliant, beautiful, and imposing.

Arabic literature had a peculiar growth. Before the Hegira, it consisted, mainly, of a few historic legends, war-songs, and hymns, which had, perhaps, never been written. These, like the northern *Sagas*, were preserved by tradition, and constituted the oral library of the tribes. The professed story-teller, while entertained in the tents of the desert, repeated these fragments to the tribe, seated around him, *à la sultana*, till every child came to know them well. The Koreish, who dwelt at Mecca, the centre of the old idolatry, the *keblah* of the black-stone religion, may have had some written literature before Mohammed, since the confluence of the rovers of the desert to that mart of commerce and temple of religion conferred on them peculiar privileges of refinement, and gave them the means of collecting the dialects of the language, and the traditionary literature of all the tribes. When Mohammed arose, the art of writing among them was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so recent and so rare, that the composition of the *Koran* was deemed a miracle. Not, as we imagine, because its style or language is so wonderful, for it can maintain no pretensions of this kind, although the author of the *Bordah* was said to have been converted by the eloquence of one passage; nor because its matter is so sublime, for it is a mere compound of Judaism, corrupt Christianity, and nonsense, in about equal proportions; but merely, that an Arab should have written a book of any sort. This was the real miracle.

From this low state, Arabic literature sprung into existence, as if by the working of a charm. Under the genial influence of the caliphs, Al Mansur, Al Rashid, and Al Mamon, it flourished like the grass upon the sun-scorched desert, when the early rain comes sweetly down upon it. The Cufic character, whose unsuitableness for literary purposes would have been a hindrance, was consecrated to the solemn inscriptions of medals and monuments; and, at a very early period, its place was filled by the more cursive and graceful *neski*. The oldest document in this character has been recently discovered in a Memphis manuscript, by De Sacy, bearing a date much earlier than has been given to the *neski*, namely, Heg. 133.

The conquests of the Saracens made them acquainted with the literature of Europe, and, in their universal ambition, they also conquered it. The light of literature had gone out in the academies of Greece; it was dim in the forum of the papal city, and in the basilicas of the Christian church; and it was dying in the marble palaces of the queen of the Bosphorus, when the Arab caught the flickering torch, and bore it away to the plains of Babylon.

The basis of the learning of the Arabs lies in translations from Greek writers. Certainly as early as the ninth century, they had translated Euclid, Diophantus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Theophrastus, and Ptolemy. The poetry of the west they neglected; for their taste was too rude to enjoy poetry without rhyme. Its history they omitted; for they felt the proud consciousness, that their own swords were destined to carve out a new history of the world, which would bear but a slender relation to the annals of the past. Native authors soon appeared and were fostered; and literature extended with the march of the Moslem, and paused in its march only when they were weary of conquest, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spread the canopy of their glory as a tent to dwell in. In Balkh and Samarcand, in Bagdad and Damascus, in Cairo and Granada, libraries, universities, and learned men rose like the mists of the morning, and literature was domiciled in all the high places from the rose-gardens of Cashmere beneath the rising sun, to the glorious and gloomy Al Hambra of the west. Among the interesting peculiarities of Arabic literature, the time, or rather age of its prevalence is not the least. It shone forth in its highest radiance in the darkest hours of the dark ages. Thus it preserved many of the lost works of antiquity by translating them ere they had become the prey of the moth and the mildew, or gave them a new range when the gates of oblivion were about to close upon them. Even where we find no actual translations of Grecian works, we find their ideas; so that much of the real learning of antiquity, especially in the arts and sciences, is preserved for us in the Arabic language.

Many of the "seeds of things" among ourselves can be traced to an Arabic source. The first university (if we omit the *Bottei Medrashoth* of the Jews, and the Christian schools of theology at Alexandria, Antioch, and Edessa, which we did not copy) was the University of Cordova, an Arabic establishment founded by Al Hakem, the Al Mamon of the west. *Encyclopædias, if we do not call Pliny's "Natural History"* such, Almanacs, and probably Lexicons (for Hesychius is a glossary only), are of Arabic invention. Our numerals and arithmetic come to us from the same source, though they doubtless have an Indian origin. Algebra, or, as the Arabs call it, "al gebr u al mocabelah," *the reduction of equations*, was entirely an Arabic invention. So was Chemistry, a science now so magnificent as to be too proud to remember its mother. And who can say, that the science of Geography among us is not more indebted for its parentage to Al Edrisi, the Nubian geographer, or to his magnificent patron, King Roger of Sicily, than to Ptolemy, or the Roman Itineraries?

Another peculiar feature is, that, while Arabic literature shows the traces of a high degree of culture, both in its language and rhetoric, it is eminently a popular literature. The richness of the Arabic language is not often duly estimated, and cannot easily be explained in consistence with the shortness of its career as a learned language. It does not like the English, with the recklessness of a bucanier, plunder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words from foreign languages; nor does it, like the Greek and German, increase its stores by compound words; nor does it finally, like the Chinese, multiply them by pronouncing the same word with varying tones and accents to signify various things. Its words all come from its own roots, and are formed almost as regularly as if a committee of philosophers had moulded them, attached their meanings, and then secured their adoption and use by sovereign authority. It is also more opulent in words than almost any other language. Indeed, one of the chief causes of difficulty in acquiring it, arises from its prodigality of terms. Words, expressive of a single quality or action, of a single thing or class of things, such as the words *laugh*, *trot*, *sorrel*, *marry*, and others in English, are very abundant in Arabic.

The rhetoric of the language is highly artificial, and shows much culture. Of this, the numberless treatises on particular points of grammar or rhetoric afford sufficient evidence. Still the literature is popular. It has no learned or sacred language, like the Sanscrit of India, or the Latin of Europe, in which scholars write for scholars. Its works are composed for the multitude, nearly all of whom can read, and accordingly it is eminently practical and useful.

Arabic literature is rich in just what we need to fill the vacancy caused by the dark ages; namely, works of history and geography. Philosophy we can manufacture for ourselves. Astronomy, medicine, chemistry, and most of the arts are on the onward march, and must be learned in the observatory, laboratory, hospital, or workshop. For geography, and for the history of man and of nature, we must recur to the monuments of past ages. Invented history is already a weariness to the world. For the geography of the East in the middle ages, and till recent times, we have little light but from this source. Our only knowledge of India and China, from Arrian to Marco Polo, comes from two Arabian travellers, whose works are in an English version under the title "Ancient Accounts of India and China." Arabic geography is, however, quite rich in authors. Among its standards may be named Al Balkhi's "Takovim al Belad," *Tables of the Earth;* Abulfeda's "Takovim al Boldan," *Tables of Countries;* Al Beirouni's "Canon," Al Edrisi's "Al Memalek u al Messalek," *Countries and Travels*, and Ibn Essaker's "Eshraf al marafat al aalthraf."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of important history, it would be impossible so much as to name the works that deserve attention. Indeed, we would name none of them, in this notice of the Lexicon, with which they are to be read, if it were not important that Arabic history should be more extensively known. Of the following list of historical works, most are now in European libraries, and none have been published except in fragments or translations.

Ahmed Makkari's "History of Spain."
A Life of the Vizier Lisan Eddin.
A History of the Curds.
Ibn Khaldun's "History of the Berbers."
Houssein's "History of Persia."
Hesham's "Genealogy of the Arabs."
Al Wakedi's "History of the Conquest of Syria, Egypt," &c.
(The last two are the earliest Arabic historians.)
Ibn Al Wardi's "Pearl of Marvels," (a work on Geography and Natural History.)
Makrizi's "History and Description of Egypt."
——— "Universal History."
——— "History of the Moslemic Kings of Abyssinia."
——— "——— of the Fatimite Caliphs."
——— "——— of Saladin and the Mamelucs."
——— "——— of the Wars of the Ommiades."
——— "——— of the Egyptian Arabs."
——— "——— of the Hadji Kings."
——— "——— of the Vale of Hadramaut,"
Ibn Kotaibah's "History of Arabians," (before Mohammed.)
Ibn Hesham's "Life of Mohammed."
——— "History of the Homerite Kings and Princes."
Assoiuti's "History and Natural History of Egypt."
——— "——— of the Caliphs."
——— "——— of Great and Learned Men."
——— "——— of Ethiopia."
——— "——— of Mecca."
——— "Dictionary of Surnames."
Abu Obeidah's "History of the Wars of the Arabs before Mohammed's Time."
——— "History of the Arabs."
——— "Life of Hejaz."
Ibn Alathir Aljazri's "Universal History."
——— "History of Atabek."
——— "Genealogies."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Al Hanesi's "Universal History."
Ali Baba's "History of Timbuctu."
Ibn Khalikan's "Lives of Illustrious Men," (a large biographical dictionary.)
Ibn Batuli's "Travels through Asia and Africa."

These and a host of similar works are to be explored. The study of them demands not *a* lexicon, but the very best lexicon; and whoever offers one, must expect it to be judged by its adaptation to our wants. Arabic literature ought now to be, as it soon must be, made accessible to English and American scholars. Perhaps a taste for it must first be fostered, as it was for that of the Greeks and Latins, by translations of interesting and important works. Of these, we now have some; but the older ones are rare, and those that are modern are usually published in such an expensive manner, as to exclude them from the possession of all but the wealthy, who will not use them, or of those who have access to large libraries, who do not need them.

The "Oriental Translation Fund," instituted in 1828, for the purpose of publishing oriental manuscripts either in the original or a translation, might have made the literature of the East extensively known. But the aristocratic spirit so strongly influenced the plan of publication, that many could not, and many would not, have any concern in its doings. If we could have a cheap reprint of these and similar works in America, which would make them known to scholars in youth and in poverty, conditions almost necessary to afford time and courage for so hard a study as Arabic, they would most surely foster a love for Oriental literature. The Travels of Ibn Batuli, the first of these publications, would be found as interesting as the "Arabian Nights," and yet highly instructive.

But the printed works, for which an Arabic lexicon is immediately demanded, are not so few as some suppose. Not to speak of *chrestomathies*, which, if it is wise to use, it is not wise to buy, we may mention among the accessible books, without, however, by any means pretending to make the list complete;—

The "Koran."
The "Moallacat," (that is, the seven poems deemed worthy of *suspension* in the temple at Mecca, and written by Amralkeis, Tarafa, Toheir, Lebid, Antara, Amru, and Hareth. These are now all published, with the Arabic notes of Zuzeni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Hamasa" (a large collection of ancient Arabic poetry).
The Idyls of Abu Becr.
The "Lamiat" of Thograi.
The "Bordah."
The "Song" of Al Nasaphi.
The "Mecamat" (or *Sessions*) of Hariri.
Abulfeda's "Moslemic Annals."
Elmacin's "Saracenic History."
The "Annals" of Tabari (from which the two preceding works have copied much).
Ahmed Arabshah's "Life and Acts of Timour" (Tamerlane).
The "Alf Lail u Lail," or *Arabian Nights.*

No lexicon deserves patronage, which would not suffice for the perusal of all these works; and none which does not embrace in its compass most of those Arabic manuscripts, which are now in public libraries, or in private collections, and likely from their value to be ere long published, deserves to be esteemed as having met the wants of the age.

We cannot well judge of the labors and merits of Freytag, without glancing at what has been accomplished by his predecessors in the same field. The first Arabic lexicon printed in Europe was, we believe, Rapheleng's "Lexicon Arabico-Latinum," printed in quarto, at Leyden, in 1613. It was a small work, and of small value. It, however, contented the European world about twenty years. In the mean time, the worth of the native Arabic lexicon, called the "Camus," began to be known, and its treasures to be earnestly desired. But copies of it were rare; and, from its being written in very difficult and technical Arabic, the work was almost unintelligible when procured. The pressure of this difficulty, and perhaps the publication of Martellotto's "Arabic Grammar," at Rome, in 1620, led Antony Giggæus to attempt a translation of the "Camus" of Firuzabadi, which he published, under the title of "Thesaurus Linguæ Arabicæ, Arabice et Latine," at Milan, in 1632. In the execution of this work, there was no collation of Arabic manuscripts, and the translation is obscure in many places, false in others, and expressed in Latin so barbarous as to need itself a glossary.

Passing over in tender silence the miserable "Fabrica" of Germ. de Silesia, published by the Propaganda at Rome,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we reach, in about twenty years more, the era of the father of Arabic literature, Jacob Golius. This learned Orientalist, after being attached to a legation from the Court of Holland to that of Morocco, travelled into Arabia and Syria, and finally became Professor of Arabic at Leyden. The "Arabic Grammar" of Erpenius, first published in 1636, and with Schultens' notes in 1648, had given a new impulse to the study of the Arabic, and prepared the philologists of Holland and Germany to demand a work like that of Golius. He, instead of republishing and enlarging Giggæus, wisely chose to translate the Arabic lexicon of Jouhari, partly, that the public might thus have both the great native Arabic lexicons in a European dress, and partly for the sake of the passages from various authors which are cited in that work. Jouhari, also, being by birth a Turk, gives his definitions and difficult forms in a way to suit the wants of a foreigner more completely than any native could have done. Golius published his lexicon under the title, "Lexicon Arabico-Latinum contextum ex probatioribus Orientis Lexicographis," in folio, at Leyden, in 1653.

We have called the lexicons of Giggæus and Golius translations. But it must be borne in mind, that while Firuzabadi and Jouhari gave the definitions of Arabic words in the Arabic language, which they could not often do by merely appending a synonym (since languages do not often have two words meaning precisely the same thing), the translators could generally give a corresponding Latin word without the circumlocution of a definition. While, therefore, they did not literally translate, they used, — at least this is true of Golius, — aid derived from other sources, both as to forms and meanings.

A few years after Golius, Edmund Castell published the Arabic Lexicon attached to the London Polyglott, which was compiled mainly from Giggæus and Golius. It of course combined the excellences of both, for Castell was one of the giants of those days; and it would have superseded them, but for its connexion with the Polyglott, which induced the author to mingle the Shemitic languages together, and to place the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Samaritan, on the same page, and under the same root. This, with the device of placing all Arabic derivatives in a mass together, and referring to the meanings by numerical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signs, although it saved room, and consequently expense, rendered the work unpleasant to use ; and Golius still reigned.

In 1680, the great "Thesaurus Linguarum Orientalium, Turcicæ, Arabicæ, Persicæ," of Meninski, was published in four volumes, folio, at Vienna. The Arabic portion of this was rich in original matter, and especially in phrases and idioms, which the author's extensive oriental learning had enabled him to gather up. But its cost, its connexion with the Persian and Turkish, and its unwieldy magnitude hindered its diffusion, though it was treasured in public libraries ; and Golius still held sway.

A hundred years later, Richardson published, on the plan of Meninski, his "Dictionary Persian, Arabic, and English," in two volumes folio, at Oxford, 1778–80. Richardson, however, evidently formed his work for the use of the younger servants of the East India Company, who knew little of grammar or philology, and who only desired a treasury of words for commercial, colloquial, and diplomatic purposes. Of course, his lexicon, while it embodied the words and phrases with which the labors of Meninski had enriched the lexicography of the Arabic, omitted much that the scholar needed, and mocked his thirst with the emptiness of the mirage of the desert. This, and its connexion with the Persian, a language so foreign to the Arabic, both in form and substance, that even the economical Castell gave it a separate place, and so little connected with it, that perhaps the chief bond of affinity was, that the East India Company had use for both, prevented the extensive use of Richardson, even among the scholars of England ; and Golius kept his dominion still.

An Arabic student at Leyden, while reading the poets Amralkeis, Ben Zoheir, Ibn Doreid, Tograi, Ibn Phered, Abi Thaleb, and Locman, with the aid of Golius, marked in the margin all the words which he found in his authors, and finally, as Golius had become rare and costly, he collected these forms, and their roots, and published them in a quarto volume, under the title, "Jacobi Scheidii Glossarium Arabico-Latinum Manuale," at Leyden, in the year 1779. This little manual, though useful to the tyro, did not of course disturb the rule of the patriarch Golius.

The costliness and rarity of Golius still increasing, led to the publication of Wilmet's "Lexicon Linguæ Arabicæ in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coranum, Haririum, et Vitam Timuri," published at Rotterdam, in quarto, in 1789. This work, though drawn from Golius, has some valuable additions, and is superior to its sire in some articles. The Koranic words, particularly, are all referred to the *sura* in which they occur. This manual is of great worth; but, being a manual, it could not supersede Golius.

Freytag, then, since his Lexicon is not, as it was first announced to be, a recension of Golius, but an original work, must enter the lists of comparison with this time-honored patriarch. His advantages were greater than those of Golius, since his work is founded on both the native Arabic lexicons, which we have mentioned, namely, those of Jouhari and Firuzabadi.

Of these writers, we have not a very full account. The substance of what we have is as follows. Abu Nasr Ismael Ibn Hammad is called *Jouhari*, *the Jeweller*, from his profession in early life, and *Al Farabi* from his native place. He was by birth a Turk, and so successfully studied the Arabic language in Mesopotamia and Egypt, as to acquire the title, "Imam of the language." He died at Nishabor in Khorassan, according to Abulfeda, who is most to be trusted, about A. D. 1107. Hadji Khalfa says, he undertook to fly from a lofty place, with a pair of wings which he had made, and was killed in falling. His lexicon was entitled "Sehah al Loghat," *Purity of the Language*. It contains about forty thousand words, arranged according to the *final* letters of each, and explained in the Arabic language. It also cites passages, though mostly from authors now unknown, in proof of unusual significations. It rejects all corruptions and provincialisms; and it strangely confounds together words ending in *vau*, *he*, and *je*. There are three manuscript editions of Jouhari, if they may be so called; 1st, the work as he left it; 2dly, as abridged by Al Razi; and 3dly, as enlarged upon the first. This last is called the *Great* or *New Sehah*.

The other Arabic lexicographer is Magdedin Abu Thaher Muhammed Ibn Jacob, called *Firuzabadi* and *Al Shirazi*, from two towns of Persia, one the place of his birth, and the other of his residence. He was highly honored by Timur and Bajazet, under whose dominion he lived, and dedicated his work to Ibn Abbas, the prince of Jemen. It is entitled "Camus," *The Ocean*, and also "Bahr al Mohith," *The Outer Sea;* perhaps deriving these names from its copiousness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it contains sixty thousand words, one third more than the work of Jouhari.

Respecting Firuzabadi's work, D'Herbelot makes conflicting statements. He says, in his "Bibliothèque Orientale" (article *Firuzabadi*); "He is the author of a very extensive Arabic lexicon, *which he compiled in sixty volumes, and gave to it the title of Lamê; but being himself alarmed at the enormous size of his work, he retrenched all the proof passages, and reduced it into only two volumes under the name of 'Camus.'*" Under the article *Camus*, D'Herbelot has this statement; "In the preface of his work, he says, *that he compiled and abridged it from another Arabic dictionary, comprised in sixty-five volumes, which was called 'Lamê,'* and, by retrenching the authorities and passages which were there cited, he reduced the sixty-five volumes into two." The fuller statement of the number, the distinct reference to the preface of the "Camus," and the fact, that Jouhari's Lexicon is to be dated after the "Lamê," and before the "Camus" (for Firuzabadi, in the preface, mentions him), show that D'Herbelot's last statement is the correct one, although the assertion of Firuzabadi, that he had read more than two thousand authors to prepare his work, would imply that it was an original composition. We may yet find the "Lamê" in some unexplored cabinet of Arabic learning.

There is an Oriental tradition concerning the author of the "Camus," if our memory is faithful, of this sort; namely, that he travelled much to collect words for his lexicon, and that, on one occasion, when he had stopped to rest under the shade of a tree, where some boys were at school, he was thrown into an ecstasy, by hearing the boys use, in their play, two or three words whose meaning he had sought in vain.

The "Camus" is chiefly valuable for its abundance of words, since it generally omits proof passages. But the omission is not so important as it would seem, if we bear in mind, that the "Lamê" from which it flowed, *had* these passages, and of course Firuzabadi's significations are the result of investigation and proof. The "Camus" was published in the Turkish translation of Wan Kali, at Constantinople, in 1728, and in an English dress, at Calcutta, in 1817, both works being in two volumes folio. The latter, however, was printed either from a very faulty manuscript, or with surprising carelessness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are the two great pillars on which Freytag has reared the structure which is before us. With regard to the use of these works, the only merit, which he can claim over Golius and Giggæus, arises from a more accurate reading of the text, a truer translation, and a solution of some difficulties, by comparing them together. From these documents, the professor puts down multitudes of words which he evidently never saw in their connexion, and whose meanings are, of course, given in Latin terms, carefully indefinite. A translated lexicon must always be a very dim and misty light to a linguist; and in this respect, Freytag has made no important advance beyond his predecessors. His merit or demerit must therefore lie in little matters; and he, who, by composing a lexicon from original reading, is to make for us an epoch in Arabic literature, is yet to appear.

The first thing, that attracts attention on opening the volumes of Freytag, is the great waste of paper in the arrangement of the type. This is matter of complaint, because it increases, needlessly, the expense of the work. The students, who have occasion to purchase Freytag, have also to buy many other costly books; and, as Oriental literature is not a popular and merchantable commodity, they have little to buy them with. The plan of Castell, with a slight change in the mode of referring from forms to meanings, would have been worthy of adoption.

There is a painful irregularity in the work. A host of words of really doubtful import occur with only a doubtful Latin word or two to explain them; while, on the other hand, on some words the author gives us a dissertation painful in its length and minuteness, seemingly because he happened to find a learned note on it from some sound scholar, from Schultens, Reiske, or De Sacy. So, while he commonly neglects to insert any proof passages to show the *usus loquendi*, at another time he gives eight or ten lines of Arabic, or tells some long story in Latin, to illustrate the etymology or usage, when a line would have served the purpose. Cases of this sort appear in Vol. I., p. 120, and Vol. IV., pp. 129 and 209. In volume IV., page 101, to explain two words, "cohering" and "cohesion," forty lines of Arabic are quoted from the "Tarafat," a theological and philosophical dictionary. It were as well to give at once the Arabic text of Jouhari, as that of Georgiani, the author of the "Ta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rafat." We want the usage of Arabic authors, and not the Arabic definitions of Arabic lexicons.

While Freytag is complete enough for Arabic literature in its infancy, and in its palmy state under the Caliphs, whose splendid patronage fostered it into a maturity as brilliant as it was short-lived, it omits many words and many significations of words, which actually occur in the Arabic documents we have occasion to read, merely because they are not classical. The literary world is not ready for a classical Arabic lexicon. Nor will it ever be, till, for Christian purposes, it needs authors to write in that language. Now, all are tyros. And no matter if a word has been coined or corrupted by Copt or Turk, Persian or Indian, we need to know its meaning more than we need to know that it or its meaning is unclassical. The colloquial and commercial terms, the ungrammatical forms, and improper significations, which are found in Castell and Richardson, ought not to have been despised. Rich additions also might have been made from the recent French and Arabic lexicons of Berggren and Bocthor, of these important Turkish and Mogrebbin corruptions, and, from the Calcutta "Camus," of those which have originated in Persia and India.

Freytag has generally omitted proper names, and perhaps rightly. But, till we can have a new "Bibliothèque Orientale," combining the matter of D'Herbelot with that of Assemann, and giving Arabic and Syriac names in Arabic and Syriac letters, there will be an inconvenience from the omission of proper names. At any rate, Freytag ought to have inserted all names of places, which are taken as surnames. This he could have done from Assoiuti's "Dictionary of Surnames," a manuscript of which was near him. He ought also to have inserted all names of persons and places on which proverbs or phrases are founded. Here the "Notes on Meidani" would have aided him.

Though the work is now somewhat rich in technical terms, yet it might well have abounded in them much more. The author seems to have been discouraged in this branch of his work, because he found that the technical, and particularly the botanical, terms of Forskäl and Niebuhr were confined to a particular region, or were not to be trusted on account of their false orthography. This, however, ought to have been expected, and, instead of discouraging, should have impelled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the author of the lexicon to gird up his energies for a triumph over the difficulty. Every language, which is diffused over an extended surface, is subject to this inconvenience. Look at our own. In Boston, a horse is called *a horse;* in Delaware and Maryland, *a crittur;* in Virginia, *a hoss;* and further south, *a beast.* In New England, the leafy envelope of an ear of Indian corn is called *the husk*, in Virginia *the shuck*; while the spike, on which it grows, is called in the north *the cob*, and in the south *the husk.* Instead of omitting words on this account, Freytag should have given them, with some convenient mark to indicate their *locale.* For such a work he had help enough in the Travels of Shaw, Seetzen, Burckhardt, and others, and particularly in the dictionaries of Berggren and Bocthor.

Freytag's etymologies are often questionable, except where they had passed under the observation of previous scholars. As this part of the work needed a philosophical mind more than extensive Oriental reading, it needed not to be overlooked. A defect kindred with this is found in the arrangement of the significations, without any steady regard to their historical relations, or to sound philosophical principles.

Professor Freytag seems to have been too impatient in preparing his work, to make it that enduring monument to his memory which it might have been. He asks us in the simplicity of his heart, "*Nonne timendum enim, — si tardior moras facerem, ne alius quis simile quid edendo præveniret?*" True. But delay enough to have made the work tolerably complete, might have secured patronage for it in future ages. Now, it must soon be superseded by a better. Nevertheless, till a better is offered, this deserves our commendation for this one reason, if for no other; namely, that it meets, in a respectable way, the pressing demand for an Arabic lexicon of some sort; and that, for a third of the sum which Golius would cost, it gives us the substance of that great work, with some real improvements. In this country, this grace of cheapness will not fail to be estimated; for while we, as a people, are neither poor nor very penurious, our commercial spirit, which in some seems to occupy the place of a soul, is not above being soothed by a good bargain.

The value of this work, in short, is real; its faults, though great, are mostly negative. Therefore let it be bought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and used, and diligently put to its work in the advancement of Arabic learning in these western ends of the earth.

With regard to the *Nepos* of Freytag, the abridgment of his lexicon, we may, in closing, make a single remark. Abridgments are bad in their best estate. If a work is abridged by its author, it is usually a monster. Every thing else is apt to be so curtailed, as to give prominence to his pets, his awkward hobbies. If it is abridged by another, the process is commonly that of distillation, in which the spirit or essence is distilled *out*. The architect must plan his work at first, either large or small. He must lay his keel for a ship or a boat, and finish accordingly. A razeed thing can never be better than a deformity. But if one will perpetrate an abridgment, he is surely bound to his reader and to his bookseller, to explain on what principles the curtailment is made, else we will not buy, or so much as borrow it, lest we be deceived in our dependence on it. This, Freytag has not done in his abridgment. We find roots with unbroken masses of derivatives, or with important conjugations left out; and we know not why. The reason may have been a good one; but, as we know it not, we cannot trust the work. It may have been prepared for certain *chrestomathies*, or courses of Arabic reading; but, as we are ignorant what it was designed to be used for, we can use it, with satisfaction, for nothing. Accordingly, for a work at once small, cheap, and convenient, we still cleave to Wilmet, with which we know we can read the Koran, which is fundamental in Arabic scholarship, Hariri, the great and only epic poet, the Homer of the Desert, and the life of Timur, one of the most delightful Arabic histories.

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Times of the* Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A. By ROBERT PHILIP. One Volume. New York. 1838.

WHITEFIELD has enjoyed a traditional reputation in some respects, no doubt, resembling that of a great player; and, as he has left nothing behind him, in theology or literature, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justify his celebrity as a preacher, it has seemed that he was to remain a traditional wonder of pulpit acting, and nothing more. He was to have that popular, but not wholly desirable kind of fame, which is perpetuated by anecdotes, pointed sayings, and ingenious and amusing exaggerations. We might read, that Hume thought it well worth one's while to go twenty miles out of his way to hear him; and that Dr. Franklin, on one occasion, instead of listening to the sermon, walked from street to street in the neighbourhood, to make some exceedingly characteristic calculations of the reach of his voice. His pathos and thunders were proverbial. There was something picturesque in his preaching to thousands under the open sky, and turning every incident and object to his purpose. There was something romantic in his adventurous itinerancy on an errand of love to human beings. Surely here was material enough for stories and descriptions of the wonderful preacher.

Whitefield had evidently made a deep impression on the imaginations of the men of his day; for, in every account they gave of his preaching, there was a distinct image of the man, of his look, his action, his fervor; and some particular point was remembered, that he had made in his discourse. It seemed as if there was, every time, some new effect or uncommon incident, to fix the sermon in every memory, to be transmitted to at least one generation. We remember hearing two of our public men describe Whitefield many years ago. They were then aged, and disposed to value the solid more than the showy. They were of ripe years and judgment when they heard him, and, though of strong passions, yet good masters of themselves and disposed to see the whole of things. And the imagination of the one was filled with his preaching a farewell sermon on Boston Common at sunrise, and investing the new-born day with a glory the eye had never seen; it became a religious memorial. The other dwelt upon the flight of the dove towards heaven, and gave Whitefield's action as his soul seemed to follow the waving of its wings. They had probably forgotten much of the doctrine, but the image was fixed for ever.

But what can narrative and description do to give us an idea of a great speaker? If fond himself of contemplating renowned and useful examples, that are never to perish, he may think it a hard fate, that so much power must cease for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever with himself, — that the subtile essence of oratory, its life and virtue, are as evanescent as a beautiful cloud or a grand thunder-peal. Roscius has a classical immortality, but it is only a name to be called and given. He is celebrated by those whom we venerate, and thus has a sort of life, and yet it is nothing. The Hermit of the Crusades has a better hold upon us; for, though we cannot conceive his eloquence, yet we know that it set the heart of Catholic and chivalrous Europe on fire, and drove countless multitudes upon expeditions that have left their mark on all ages since. We may read descriptions of pictures, buildings, and statues, and, if we have an eye or mind for such things, we may obtain distinct, and perhaps just ideas. But how is the orator to be brought before us? How is the ear to gather the lost note that thrilled living masses, and made them as one man? This music cannot be written and reproduced through ages. How is the look, the movement, or even the attitude of passionate or graphic eloquence to be preserved in words? Cardinal Maury has described Massillon. From another writer we have an elaborate account of Lord Brougham's manner. It is no matter that their descriptions are exaggerated. This may be necessary for true effect. The colossal need not be monstrous. But it is observable, that each has painted a scene rather than an individual, and given us a good idea of a result, while all the painful minuteness of description was intended, and we think in vain, to acquaint us with the means. It must always be so. The best descriptions will fail of what we most want.

Without pursuing this familiar topic, we repeat, that Whitefield may be thought to have died with his voice. And why lament it? He had his day of glory. He had the pleasure of ceaseless activity. He had his battles and victories. He drew all eyes and ears to himself. He was not shut up in the theatre of a city, like Garrick, but sent forth his voice over the earth, day and night, in the wilderness and in the streets, amidst the blasphemies of sailors and the howling of the ocean storm, — in old, populous England, and along the scattered settlements of the new world. It is enough to have made such a stir in his own time. It need not be regretted, that a day like his has past, and that he has not left us one great sermon.

But this very obvious view of Whitefield's case is also a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very imperfect one. He has many claims to present notice. His character is original, his course original; his errors are useful, and his sacrifices memorable. To an American it is of some account, that he made seven voyages to this country to do good, and, moreover, that his name is closely associated with the great religious movements here about the middle of the last century. It may be of some interest, that he died and was buried here. And, further, it should be considered, that, though we hear of him chiefly as an eloquent man, yet his power as an orator included qualities of mind and character, which might have made him remarkable, if he had chosen quite a different line of life. The charm was not wholly in voice and gesture. His invincible spirit, the fruit of religious faith and ardor, and not of constitutional hardihood; his passion for activity; his love of new results, and desire to see a changed face put upon the religious world; his prodigal benevolence, which is seen at its height when he is in peril, or denouncing woes upon the impenitent, and which gives a reasonable air to his romance, and almost a respectable one to his "mad pranks and splendid irregularities" as a field-preacher; his recklessness as to all temporal consequences to himself, and his absorption in the saving of souls; his consuming desire, that others may enter into his rapture and his peace; and, almost above all these, a childlike simplicity, an humbler sense of self, and a growing gentleness in his deportment towards his adversaries, as he lived longer among men; these are points of character, that may well give a man figure among his contemporaries, and a higher distinction than mere eloquence could obtain.

But we are asked, Where then are his monuments? Could *all* perish of so much power, ardor, and effort, and in less than seventy years from his death? It might be replied, that Whitefield was not a wise man for himself. He was lavish of his resources. He seems to have had not one selfish or ambitious object, — no pride of a leader, no forecast to provide for organizing a party, with institutions, codes, badges, and rulers, which might perpetuate his name, and sustain the interest which his presence had excited. Instead of seeking to break up episcopacy or presbyterianism, or religious societies of any name, that he might bring the dispersed flocks into his fold, he sought only for hearers; it mattered not what were their opinions or forms, or their places and sea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sons of worship. If he could wake up the languid preachers of the time to more effective ministration, they might keep their titles, cathedrals, revenues, and congregations. God's purpose would be accomplished, and he knew no other.

But he has his monuments. One of them is, that with Christians at the present day, differing from each other in many points which they deem important, he is remembered with equal affection, respect, and gratitude. There are even churchmen, who delight to trace to Whitefield a change in preaching among no small portion of their body; there is more of sound doctrine, it is thought, more of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and more solemn and fervid delivery, since he, a priest of their own order, shook the pillars of their ancient temples with his new mountain-trumpet.

Again, it is his monument, that he was foremost, even when a stripling, among those godly men, in and out of the Establishment, laymen and clergy, who set themselves against the skepticism and indevoutness of the age. It was a time to come out and speak ardently to high and low, as if they had hearts and consciences, and an endless future, and business, and pleasures, and woes that were not of this world. We doubt not, that the secret influence of his character and preaching has descended and now rests on thousands who never heard his name.

His humblest monument was his most precious gem, — the Orphan-House in Georgia. The popular London preacher, the eloquent youth, whom old and young were following with love or hate, some trembling for their salvation, some for the safety of the church and the good order of society, and some to mock at the fanatic, — in the midst of all this public ferment and personal importance, and fond as he was of society and of crowds, and deficient, as he acknowledges himself to be, in natural bravery, — is preparing to leave all and follow the Wesleys to an infant settlement upon our southern shores, with the wild Indian and the hostile Spaniard for his neighbours, and a few rich and a few poor people for the objects of his Christian exertions. There were poor people at least, and it was enough. To build a house for a few orphans, where they might be fed and clothed and taught, was enough. He could preach in every town along our coast, he could return again and again to England, to preach for this humble charity, and gratefully receive in half-pence the donations of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his Moorfields' thousands. Here was no boyish passion, that died in the first pulsation. It was a great and darling object of his life. He could count at his death but one hundred and eighty-three children who had been regularly educated and provided for at this school for thirty years; but the insignificance of the establishment gave him no uneasiness, if good was done to any. If the charity had expired with him, it should still be remembered as an interpreter of his mind and purposes. It survives, we believe, in its primitive humility.

How far the numerous societies which Whitefield formed, may be brought forward as his present memorials, we cannot say. We are told, that, "in general, they have subsided into other churches, especially in America." It is certain, that he did not covet the care and superintendence of them. He thought it would make him appear as the head of a party, and he chose to be a pilgrim to all, rather than a ruler over a particular class of Christians. It is no mean monument to have such a fact on record.

In what follows, we would direct the reader's attention to Whitefield's eloquence; both because of itself, and because it was the chief instrument of his power, and the main outward sign of his whole character and resources. Though we can but faintly conceive it, yet we may, without much hazard, attempt to distinguish its peculiarities, and name some of its results. If the inquiry effects nothing more, it will at least serve to illustrate Whitefield himself.

He set out in life with very humble prospects. He was the son of an innkeeper, and, when the establishment was itself decaying, he served as a common drawer in the tavern, at the age of fifteen, and continued in this employment for nearly a year and a half. According to his own account, he was an idle and wicked boy, passionately fond of reading romances and plays, and somewhat noted for his elocution, and his skill in private theatrical representations, as early as his twelfth year.

At times, however, he longed for a liberal education; and, by the kindness of friends, his wish was gratified. At nineteen he was admitted a servitor in Pembroke College, Oxford; and here began that remarkable change in his character and life, which distinguished his whole subsequent course. He fell into the society of the Wesleys and others, who were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known at Oxford, as they now are through the world, as Methodists. His religious experiences and conversion, his severe self-denial, and mental agonies and aberrations (they are all upon record), will of course be regarded differently by different minds; but, in his own never-changed conviction, he was made a subject of spiritual regeneration; he had passed through an entire renewal of his nature into the image of God. His whole soul was now given to the salvation of others. At the age of twenty-one, and before taking his bachelor's degree, he was admitted into holy orders. It was a trying time for the poor youth, so exalted were his views of the sacred office, and so humble his estimate of himself. He says,

"When I went up to the altar [to receive ordination], I could think of nothing but Samuel's standing, a little child, before the Lord, with a linen ephod. When the bishop laid his hands upon my head, my heart was melted down, and I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body, to the service of God's sanctuary."— "I gave myself up to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his Almighty hands. Only I would have you observe, that, till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprized of all the preferment I expect."— pp. 42, 43.

This is all sincere. He felt every word of it, and acted upon it to his death's day. We come now to his first sermon. He had not one to begin with, except a discourse which, he says,

"I made for a small Christian society, and sent to a neighbouring clergyman, to convince him how unfit I was to take upon me the important work of preaching. He kept it for a fortnight, and then sent it back with a guinea for the loan of it, telling me he had divided it into two, and had preached it, morning and evening, to his congregation. With this sermon I mean to begin, God willing, next Sunday."— p. 43.

He accordingly preached it at his native town, in the church where he had been baptized, and had first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Though so young, and in a crowd of those who knew him in his infant and childish days, he spoke with authority and effect, and says, he soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

customed to public speaking when a boy at school. He adds,

"I have heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop, that I drove fifteen mad by the first sermon. The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday."—p. 44.

His preparation for his profession will appear very moderate to those who know that learning and reflection were as much needed by a preacher of those days, as now; and especially, if he set up for a reformer both in doctrine and manners. But we are speaking of one who is not to be estimated in any respect by ordinary rules, and who always trusted chiefly to his power over men's hearts and wills. If Oxford did little for him as a scholar, yet while there he had sought out the poor and the prisoner as objects of spiritual influence; and, at the very commencement of his preaching, his thoughts were fixed upon his American voyage, with a like benevolent purpose. And it is not long before he finds that, in a spiritual sense, the poor and the prisoner make up the great mass of mankind in all places and conditions. So that the rudest part of his early training was no small part of his preparation for the great work of his after life.

We have full statements, from his own pen, of the first-fruits of his preaching in Bristol and London. He says, "Last week, save one, I preached ten times in the different churches, and the last week, seven, and yesterday, four times, and read prayers twice, though I slept not an hour the night before, which was spent in religious conversation." (p. 51.) And it is important to remember, that the preacher is a clergyman of the established church, and not an erratic, highflying Dissenter in conventicle, chapel, or tabernacle. He proceeds thus;

"Last Sunday, in St. Dunstan's, at six in the morning, when I gave my farewell, the whole church was drowned in tears. Since that, there is no end of persons coming and weeping, telling me what God has done for their souls. Others, again, beg little books, and desire me to write their names in them."—(p. 51.)

At Bristol, such was the pressure in every church, that he could hardly make his way to the reading-desk. He says,

"Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the leads of the church, and altogether made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain." — p. 50.

Such was the commencement of his memorable thirty years' preaching. A new power was in action ; a new voice among lethargic hearers and preachers; a spiritual energy, that seemed ready to sweep away forms and rituals, and even to bring the decencies of worship into disrepute. He held nothing in respect, which, as he thought, lulled men's consciences, and substituted lifeless habits or ceremonial pageantry, for a sacrifice of heart and life to God. And, though he comes forth under the wing of the ancient hierarchy, his whole bearing is that of a fearless reformer, fixed upon acting out an idea of his own. No one ever thinks of asking, whether this young man was not seeking preferment, and making trouble to be bribed to peace. If he were a machine, he could scarcely be less conscious of self, either as to his power or his objects. He is, on the contrary, too much absorbed in the concerns of others. He has not studied himself enough. He meets the world with affections, strong desires, ardent sympathy. His heart is poured out like water. Calculation, discrimination, safe judgment, are not in him. He estimates men, and the power of improving them, by his wishes, and not by a wisely-applied experience. He brings the homeliness and ardor of the Reformers into a very different age. And, whatever his error, he owes his success to this ready meeting, this seeking of other people's hearts.

We should try to conceive how Whitefield's new method of pulpit eloquence struck the London population. His doctrine was in no respect new ; but we know, that to insist strongly upon a single old topic is almost making it new. He insisted upon change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, as essential life. There was none other. He cared not for rites, as having any virtue in themselves. Every man must be converted or perish ; and he was set to urge this fact upon high and low, till they should feel what *perishing* and what *conversion* meant. To this work he went with the fire of heroism, but with none of its selfishness and ambition. He went with the avowed consciousness of power swelling almost to inspiration, but all the time heightening his sense of responsibleness, and calling forth more intense effort. There is no room or motive for exaggeration in describing this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher than romantic enterprise. It may cost us some pains to take in all the circumstances of the case; but, if we can conceive of consummate oratory, a burning spirit of devotion and benevolence, and horror at the degradation and ruin in which sin plunges the soul, all acting together to kindle religious feeling, or produce some undefined spiritual movement, in the masses of a thronged town, till scoffers were silenced, the indifferent aroused, and the most abandoned moved to call for mercy, we shall understand the language in which he sounded his London triumphs, and feel little surprise that the effect, for the time at least, was overwhelming.

No doubt, the traits of character we discern and admire in Whitefield, may be found in others. Ardor, enthusiasm, devotion to a single point or cause, terrifying or melting appeals, addressed with effect to the obdurate, the stupid, the grossly wicked, — these, certainly, are not strange facts or qualities in the history of orators. He was by no means the only one, among churchmen or Dissenters, who set himself zealously against the skeptical and irreligious spirit of the age. If he was the first, and eminently the great field-preacher, since the apostolic time, this is but an accident in the case, and scarcely an explanation of the interest and celebrity that are still attached to his name. The singularity of his adventure could do little more than distinguish him as one of the most remarkable of eccentric men. We may better account for his influence then, and his present importance, by his fearless example of devoting the whole of his life and strength to the support of a vast spiritual interest, in any way that gave promise of success. It was not a popular cause, nor a worldly good, that he was engaged in. The same power and devotedness, turned in another direction, might have brought him present profit. He certainly might have avoided contempt and personal outrage. But we see every moment, that what he sacrificed or endured is always a second thought with him, if considered at all. His eye is ever upon his object. The turns of popularity, the alienation of old friends, — even of those with whom he first took counsel in Christian fellowship, in the days of bitter trial, — the dull hardships of his frequent voyages, his many painful journeys to collect money for his Orphan-House (and which he was charged by his foes with not accounting for), and all this expenditure of labor for an obscure charity, which could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give him no name in the world, and offer no worldly excitement; — these, certainly, were things to exhaust the spirits. But with him they were as nothing to break or weaken his purpose, though he weeps for a sundered friendship, and repels an assault upon his reputation, with as warm a human feeling as if he had lived upon the breath of opinion, and the sweet solaces of home.

This, then, is the explanation of his power, — the subduing and forgetfulness of self, that he might give all to the spiritual advancement of others. He seems to have no home, no possessions, and no prospect or desire of either. When a private contribution was proposed for him in Edinburgh, he said, "I will not admit of any such thing. I make no purse. What I have, I give away. 'Poor, yet making many rich,' shall be my motto still." (p. 236.) He must be for ever at work; and Foster names him, "as a noble instance of that attribute of the decisive character, — the intense necessity of action." And action with him requires change of place, succession of objects, public scenes. His consuming zeal admits of no repose, and is fed by agitation. He says, "Every thing I meet with seems to carry this voice with it, — 'Go thou, and preach the gospel; be a pilgrim on earth; have no party, or certain dwelling-place.' My heart echoes back, 'Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer thy will. When thou seest me in danger of *nestling*, — in pity, in tender pity, put a *thorn* in my nest, to prevent me from it.'" (p. 348.) His itinerancy, or ranging, as he called it, was his delight. Others might adopt it, after deliberating upon the general utility of the practice, and its efficacy as part of a scheme of ecclesiastical tactics. But he followed it from some uncontrollable impulse.

Is the occasion for such devotedness wholly gone? Does the case alter with the creed a man subscribes, or the character of the church he addresses? We do not ask, whether a preacher is to show his zeal in the same way with Whitefield; but is equal zeal less wanted now, or will it be ever less wanted, till sin has passed off from the earth? If not, then Whitefield, the Calvinist, the Methodist, the itinerant, the field-preacher, "the hunter of souls," as he styles himself, is, in one point at least, an example for all who preach what they believe to be the word of God.

We are prepared now, in some degree, for his most char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acteristic, and, as many think, most questionable, exhibition of himself; that is, as a field-preacher. This practice he began soon after his first return from Georgia in 1739, when he was twenty-five years of age. The history of this adventure may be given in few words. He had already discovered his power over others, and over himself, in extemporaneous preaching and prayer. He saw, that "myriads of people, who never troubled any church, nor were likely to do so," were glad of an opportunity to attend the private, devotional meetings of the Methodists. So long as he was permitted to preach in the churches, multitudes pressed to hear him, for whom there was no room; and even this privilege was soon withdrawn, as his course was considered altogether against the canons of the church. He was not allowed to collect money for his Orphan-House in those very churches where he had often preached with success for the London charities. These things, no doubt, had their effect in suggesting the idea of preaching in the open air. But there is good reason to think, that he rejoiced in the temptation to go out to the multitude. He loved large audiences, for they excited him. He loved a mode of preaching which dispensed with form, and suffered the orator to come to his thousands at any hour of the day or night. He was animated by the sense of freedom which this bold, unlicensed preaching inspired. With a religion, designed to be popular, for his message, he was attached to the most popular form of communicating it. He had a voice of such power and flexibility, that he found it not only easy, but, it should seem, most natural and agreeable to him, to address multitudes in the open air. He finds more than an apology for field-preaching in the example of the Saviour, who, in Whitefield's words, "had a mountain for his pulpit, and the heavens for his sounding-board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the highways and hedges." He would, most probably, have made his way to the fields, if every church in the three kingdoms had been open to him day and night.

He was nothing daunted by the strangeness of the measure; but the more excited by what would have dismayed a man of fastidiousness and calculation. When the wealthy stopped in their coaches to hear what the madman had to say, or the mischievous assembled to annoy him by the grossest devices, or if he saw in his hearers nothing but vacant wonder, yet he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was well aware, that there was no indifference in this. Whatever the motive, he was the object of attention, and all that remained for him to do was to turn the interest, of whatever kind, to his purpose. And here his skill was matchless. He always retained his self-possession perfectly, and apparently without making those efforts to preserve it, which must in some degree lessen one's natural ardor. So that all his resources were at hand. He abounded in familiar topics and examples, and popular terms, and excelled in the art of drawing arguments and motives from present incidents and objects; and, then, his voice and action of themselves arrested the mind, and soon set it at work in the speaker's service. A look or a motion was a picture. Call him mountebank, or fanatic, or what we will (he often deserves a hard name), it is no less the fact, that he could keep his immense and various audience together, by night or day, in rain or sunshine, and spread an awful silence far and wide, till he could address every one in a tone as if he were speaking earnestly to a neighbour.

Is it strange, that such a man loved his "field-pulpit" far better than to preach to an accustomed and select audience, in lazy seats, and hemmed in by narrow walls? Is it even strange, that he should have been so carried out of himself, and beyond all the monitions of prudence, as to encounter the populace of Basingstoke and London, in the midst of their revels, and get upon the very stage erected for the wrestlers, to preach against the profane sport; or set up his pulpit in Moorfields on Whit-Monday, "the great gala-day of vanity and vice," in the neighbourhood of "drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibiters of wild beasts, players, &c.," who, he might be sure, would make their game of the preacher, as the best part of the day's entertainment? If it had been always so with Whitefield, he would have had reason to say, "We shall never know what good field-preaching has done, till we come to judgment." But it was not always nor often so, even when he met the mob of cities. And the fabled power of art is scarcely to be compared with his sway over the rude colliers at Kingswood.

However we may explain the origin of his field-preaching, it soon became an essential exercise to him. When the severity of the season drives him into houses and chapels, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaks with regret of retiring into winter-quarters. He pines for the return of good preaching weather. "Field-sickness was his home-sickness." During an illness, occasioned by his many labors and exposures, his physicians prescribed several remedies, — silence, warmth, and, one of them, a perpetual blister. But he preferred his own remedy, "perpetual preaching. When this grand catholicon fails," said he, "it is all over with me." Sometimes his impatience was such, that he would go forth in spite of hail and rain; and his spirits returned, objects resumed their old look, and he was again at home and himself. He thus speaks of his preaching in the cold season.

"At seven in the evening, I preached in the open air, to a great multitude. All was hushed, and exceedingly solemn. The stars shone exceedingly bright. Then, if ever, I saw by the eye of faith, Him who calleth them all by their names. My soul was filled with a holy ambition, and I longed to be one of those who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. My hands and my body were cold; but what are outward things, when the soul within is warmed by the love of God. Oh, that I may die in the field." — p. 392.

In a mild climate, beneath a soft moonlight, or the shadow of mountains or trees, with a population accustomed to be in the open air for amusement, society, or business, and affected from early years by the soothing or romantic influences of natural scenes, we should see nothing extraordinary in out-of-door preaching, any more than in music upon the lake or river side. There would be no profanation, and no violation of taste in either; but rather a gracious harmony, between the purest of sentiments and the religious beauty of nature. Even the vision of Jacob seems to gain something from the place and hour, —

> "Dreaming by night under the open sky,
> And waking cried, 'This is the gate of Heaven.'"

So the rite of baptism, by immersion, no doubt has a more imposing (why not a more spiritual?) influence, upon spectators, if it be performed on the margin of pure running water, or by the ocean side, and under a soft sky, than in foul docks on a raw day, or in a stagnant reservoir under cover. Whitefield was often favored by the scene and hour of his ministrations. He says,

"The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adja-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and, at times, all affected and drenched in tears together, — to which was sometimes added, the solemnity of the approaching evening, — was almost too much for me, and quite overcame me." — pp. 105, 106.

With a little exercise of the imagination, those who are most scrupulous with regard to the proprieties of worship may find their objections subdued by the scene they can conjure up of a silent crowd, in a romantic spot, intent upon holy thoughts. Those who were present at the consecration of Mount Auburn will understand this. Suppose the assembly swelled to fifty thousand, seated on rural benches, round the wooded hill, on a day like that, when shadow and light, and the air itself, harmonize with a sober, yet elevated sentiment, in all; and then suppose every eye and heart turned to one eloquent man, whose voice penetrates every nook, as easily as the tide seeks every inlet of the coast, — and we may have some idea of Whitefield and his audience. We may say, that this is mere exhibition, a gratification of the senses, or at best a source of poetical meditation and rapture; and that the religious part of the occasion is but one of the circumstances. This is possible. But the important consideration is, and the only one we have in view, — how easily the devout sentiment may be made predominant and overwhelming, and permanent too, when these influences from abroad take a decidedly religious direction, and when in after life the clear image of such scenes as we now speak of, is readily associated with devout feelings.

We are far from recommending field-preaching, as a general practice. We do not recommend it at all; but would speak fairly of its advantages, and remove fallacious objections against it. No one can say, that we have discovered the only true or the best method of communicating religious instruction. And few will doubt, that Whitefield accomplished more good in this way, than he would have done in churches alone. It brought him into connexion with more hearers; and, which is more important, with the ignorant, poor, and vicious, whom he would have sought in vain within the walls of a church. If it be objected, that a riotous mob, swarming from the foul dens of a large town, is not a fit audience for a preacher of divine truth, and that he is to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blamed for exposing it to vulgar contempt, — the objection shows distrust, not only of the power of oratory, but of the power of the religious principle in all men, and of that spiritual striving in the dark, which needs only a ray from heaven, however imperfectly and accidentally it may come, to be changed into rapture, and at last into peaceful assurance. Whitefield ran very little risk of bringing religion into dishonor by offering it to his wild audience, except when he grossly violated prudence and decorum, and became as much a rioter himself, as those whom he denominates the instruments of Satan.

But, though field-preaching has its advantages in certain hands, and in peculiar circumstances, we cannot overlook the obvious inconveniences and dangers, that would follow from its coming into general use. It would introduce a violent and rudely passionate style of oratory, partly from the necessity of the case, where so many are addressed in the open air, and partly from the reaction of listening and agitated throngs upon the speaker himself. From the promiscuous assembling of men and women, of the aged and young, strangers to each other, and of course unrestrained by daily intimacies and familiar objects, and by common habits of thought and feeling, we may expect excessive and false agitation; and vast immediate results will be looked for, and unduly estimated. We lose what many deem the incalculable good of the orderly meeting of households in one church. We must, in a great measure, lose the undoubted assistance which worshipping in the same place affords, by recalling the religious feelings that we have associated with familiar objects. And, finally, we put in jeopardy the support of stated worship, to which much importance is reasonably attached, as upholding good habits and cherishing calm sentiments.

Whitefield's triumphs were not limited to the poorer classes and to field-preaching. In Scotland, least liable of all to give way to impulse, he was sought after by all conditions, and by divided Christians. In America, toward which his heart yearned to the end, he was received with delight by ministers, rulers, and people. In his frequent visits to this country, he passed through it again and again, as a religious agitator and an asker of alms for his school, and apparently without the charm of his appeals being broken or weakened. He preached before the colleges, and at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tables of magistrates; in the churches, and sometimes in the fields; and, in his own view, with such success, that his hope for Scotland is, that she may be like New England. The business of common life seems to have been suspended, that the whole population might go forth to hear the young stranger. That he was opposed by many, and deserved rebuke, is not disputed. Our object is to show, that he had power in different spheres.

If we turn now to high life in England, we shall find him no less successful there in drawing attention. As chaplain of the Countess Dowager of Huntingdon, who was one of his most determined proselytes, he was brought into the society of people of fashion. Wits, accomplished infidels, nobles, the last to follow a Methodist, unless as they would seek out any odd thing to relieve their dull, jaded lives, — these are among his hearers, and some are his disciples. They attend upon him once, and desire to hear him again. Chesterfield thanks him, and Whitefield preaches at his chapel, or rather in Bretby park, for the chapel was soon found to be too small. Bolingbroke comes and tells him, if the Bible is true, Whitefield's views of Christian doctrine are incontrovertible, and his Lordship is ready to vindicate the Methodist against all his revilers. Even the king is apprized of the new power, that is at work among the nobles and wits, and has his jest at Lady Chesterfield, one of the converts, for the simplicity of her dress.

It is needless to say more of his successes among the high-born and learned, whether in London or in the rural chapels. We do not refer to them as being much in his favor. The dignity of a convert is of little moment. And who can escape wholly the fascination of praise from those who in any way excel us? It is social as well as selfish in us to be pleased with it. Whitefield was safer in the wilderness and among the weeping colliers. He feels his danger. When the nobility graciously accepted copies of his sermons, he said, "Thus the world turns round. In all time of wealth, good Lord deliver me." He says, it took him twice seven years of pretty close intimacy with contempt, to make contempt an agreeable companion; and he discovers, that a love of power and distinction sometimes intoxicates even God's dear children.

We have no reason to think, that Whitefield preached very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

differently before his fashionable, and his less educated audiences. He would have risked much, if he had been careful to adapt his discourse and manner to particular tastes; and he knew the secret of his subject and of his power too well, to stand in awe of his hearers, or even distrust his own poorest matter. What in reading may appear to us little better than a rambling and empty rhapsody, was sustained and borne to the heart by a voice that prepared a way. The hearer was soon transported far above the sphere of criticism. Whether he listened to denunciation, appeals, or invitation, or to question crowding on question, and whether clothed in language of Scripture, or of the market, or of polite life, a power he could not resist kept him always in advance of the speaker, with a conscience ready to tremble and a heart to break, while the word yet hung upon the lips of the prophet. What mere lover of art would not rejoice to have been present, when Whitefield, after he had ruled his vast audience in the fields, paused, and, as in a whisper, communed with the multitude upon the awful silence and the falling tears?

We have room but for one or two of the reports which have been transmitted of his manner. The first is from Hume. He says, "Once, after a solemn pause, Whitefield thus addressed his audience. 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever heard or saw in any other preacher." *

To what a height must he have carried his art, how perfect a master must he have been of natural expression, if his ut-

* A less showy but more striking testimony to his eloquence may be found in the following anecdote, which we take from Southey's "Life of Wesley." "A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of Whitefield. 'Think!' he replied, 'I tell you, Sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most extravagances, so far from offending, could bear away a cold, fastidious, and irreligious hearer.

Mr. Philip says, "He left nothing to accident which he could regulate by care in his delivery. Foote and Garrick maintained, that his oratory was not at its full height, until he had repeated a discourse forty times."

Franklin's testimony is as follows :

"By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those he had preached often in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse ; a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music."—p. 527.

According to Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," these repetitions were far from being in precisely the same words. He recited instead of reading his sermons.

"Had they been delivered," continues Southey, "from a written copy, one delivery would have been like the last ; the paper would have operated as a spell, from which he could not depart ; invention sleeping, while the utterance followed the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience whom he was addressing, the judgment and the imagination, as well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted, which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall heavily on the ear ; and their place was supplied by matter newly laid in, in the course of his studies, or fresh from the feeling of the moment."

Let the modern preacher, however free from fanaticism, remember and ponder this well. Let those who think it enough to be sincere, and well provided with pertinent matter, remember, that Whitefield was as sincere as they can be, and felt the authority of his high credentials, and the dignity of his message, and that it was his duty to preach, and that words and matter and an ardent nature would never fail him ; and yet that, to the end, he studied oratory with the diligence of a novice, and brought the vast power within him to a perfection, and a prompt use, which probably have never been surpassed. Hence, his equal sway over the ignorant and the cultivated. It was not the strangeness of the thing, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amazed people ; nor yet his stamping, and sobbing, and tears, and shrieks, and thunders ; but the perfect skill with which he could bring these, and every other sign of emotion, to bear upon the heart and conscience of another man, let his powers or education or rank be what they might.

It is unnecessary to name the many topics connected with the life of Whitefield, which, as not entering into the limited notice we proposed to take of him, have been entirely passed over. As the view we have given of him may not have placed his defects and errors in a sufficiently clear light for a full understanding of his character, we will dwell upon them for a moment in closing.

Near the beginning of this article we observed, that his errors were useful. But, upon considering them in connexion with the peculiar temper of his mind, we are inclined to doubt the justness of the remark, except, possibly, in relation to the few cases, where we may be called upon to check the irregular sallies of young minds, similarly constituted to his, and in which extravagance in opinions, desires, and enterprises, has not yet become a habit and fixed disease. Without adopting the perilous notion, that the tendencies of genius, or of strong original temperament, cannot be safely interfered with, though the object only be to save one from painful deviations, and a mad expenditure of strength, we yet think, that men generally are not willing enough to let remarkable persons be useful instruments, without insisting that they should also be useful examples. We demand a perfection of character, because we behold a miracle of important action. A well-balanced mind, where there is a great deal to be balanced, is expected, instead of being wondered at.

If we judge Whitefield in this way, we apply an unreasonable test. He was in a fever from the time of his conversion. To restore him to health, as it is called, would have been next to making another man of him, and most probably at the sacrifice of his energy and ardor; for these evidently belonged to a confirmed proneness to run into excesses in every thing, and to make experiments in the dark, and at great hazard, from which a prudent and vigilant mind would have shrunk. Even his most deliberate actions, his care for his American school, and his constant study of oratory, are means or signs of a spirit strongly tinged with extravagance.

To propose such a man, then, as an example or warning,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally, or to treat seriously the questions, whether he should have been suffered to go at large, and whether he would not have been happier if reduced by a physician to sound reason and lethargy, would show, that we did not enter fully and heartily into the case. Here is a man, exercising an extraordinary influence over numberless minds in all classes, for more than thirty years, and ceasing only with his life; and the fact, when we take all the circumstances into the account, is an exceedingly curious one. Let it then be considered by itself; and let his deficiences be examined, chiefly that we may the better understand his whole character and course.

He was in many respects a weak man. He wanted soundness of mind, and the disposition to think and compare before determining. He wanted that self-mastery, which puts it in a man's power to consider, at the outset, what faculties and what processes are needed and will profit him in a new enterprise, and which enables him to apply correctives in the midst of the severest and most ardent exercises of his mind, and to do this with instinctive readiness and fitness. With Whitefield, a sudden movement of his heart stood in the place of all reasonings or prudence, and was of higher authority. He took it for a sign from heaven; and a man who, in his sense of the words, "throws himself blindfold into the hands of God," is very little disposed to distrust the grounds of any determination, or the sources of any impression. Hence, perfect confidence in himself, and the power to gain the perfect confidence of all whose hearts he could reach; while the sober-minded would incline to look on him with pity or contempt, or, at best, with admiration of his eloquence as a remarkable specimen of art.

He had abundant talent and resource for every contingency which required feeling, or which he could bring within the sphere of feeling. And, strange as it may seem, the very eloquence which he so deliberately and diligently studied, and with so clear a sense of its importance as a means, was as heartfelt as his spontaneous raptures and agonies in his private hours. Everybody felt that it was so. The oratorical devices practised by him, time after time, before multitudes, were, at the moment of repetition, as sincere as a child's tears, and had the effect of sincerity. His power was always from passion. He had little or nothing of that dry sagacity and shrewd notice of others and of himself, which are not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unfrequently associated with the grossest fanaticism and self-delusion. He was under the control of impulse in all things; and, though we call him madman, or child, or seraph, we all have equally in view this single characteristic of the man.

We have instances of his weakness in his uniting spiritual pride with professions of humility, and in his violent transitions from religious rapture to the most abject self-condemnation. We see his weakness, in the importance he attached to impressions, impulses, dreams, coincidences, and the drawing of lots. One would think, that he was always on the look-out for something preternatural; or that his experience was so far above that of common mortals, that he lived in the midst of miracles, as his ordinary state. A wrong estimate of self leads naturally to a wrong judgment and treatment of others. He was sure, that he had the living witness of the Spirit to the truth of his favorite doctrines, and, as might be expected, he held the convictions of another who differed from him, as nought. He begs his old master, Wesley, not to be strenuous in opposing the doctrines of election and final perseverance, and adds, as an argument for the other's silence, "My doctrines I had from Christ and his apostles; I was taught them of God; and, as God was pleased to send me out first, and to enlighten me first, so I think he still continues to do it." We may imagine how the founder of Methodism would regard such language from his eager and confident disciple.

And yet the Wesleys themselves are chargeable with the weakness of holding those to be unconverted who do not think as they do. They wrote upon the tomb of their excellent mother, that she had "mourned a legal night of seventy years"; that is, she was not brought to a true sense of Christianity till that late period of a most exemplary religious life. Whitefield records his meeting with a clergyman nearly eighty years of age, who had lately preached three times in one day, and ridden forty miles; but, he adds, "He is not above *one* year old in the school of Christ. Dear Hervey laid the blessed foundation, whilst a curate here." Again, he comes to New England to convert the ministers, and to tell the students of our college, with no small grief, that their light was darkness, and this too from a young man and a foreigner to the descendants of the Pilgrims, a little more than a century from the landing of the Fathers. But he had re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved even Wesley, and separated from him, for what he deemed his errors in doctrine. He had said, that Archbishop Tillotson knew no more about religion than Mahomet. And could less exclusiveness have been expected from him towards the dignitaries of Yale and Harvard? His presumptuous appropriation of truth is seen in the declaration, that "if Jesus Christ be not very God of very God, I would never preach the Gospel of Christ again; for it would not be gospel. It would only be a system of ethics. Seneca, Cicero, or any of the Gentile philosophers, would be as good a Saviour as Jesus of Nazareth." "If Jesus Christ be no more than a mere man, if he be not truly God, he was the vilest sinner that ever appeared in the world; for he accepted of divine adoration from the man who had been born blind." * Whitefield could use this language, and yet rebuke Wesley for "pawning his salvation, in a late hymn-book, if the doctrine of universal redemption be not true." Thus it is with men of hot and inflated minds, who are possessed with an idea of their own light, which makes all dark beyond their limited vision.

We might in this way take separate instances of weakness and self-ignorance, till Whitefield should appear to many as little better than a hypocrite, or a driveller, or one drunk with self-conceit. And yet the chief impression received from his whole history is that of a warm-hearted, benevolent, devoted preacher and sufferer in behalf of what he believed essential to human salvation. His errors are from the same source with his virtues and his usefulness; and they furnish another proof, that a sound intellectual education from early years is needed by those whose religious tendencies are the strongest.

---

* We borrow these passages from what Hervey describes as "that sweet sermon which was a special means of bringing me to the knowledge of the truth." It is the twenty-fourth sermon in the collected Works, (1772.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART. IX. — *The Blue Laws of New Haven Colony, usually called Blue Laws of Connecticut; Quaker Laws of Plymouth and Massachusetts; Blue Laws of New York, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina; First Record of Connecticut; Interesting Extracts from Connecticut Records; Cases of Salem Witchcraft; Charges and Banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c., and other interesting and instructive Antiquities.* Compiled by an Antiquarian. 12mo. Hartford. 1838.

THIS volume, as appears from its title, is very miscellaneous; yet the most prominent part of it is a collection of the early laws, some real and some fictitious, of the English colonies in America. The laws here brought together are denominated "blue"; but no satisfactory reason is given for this general appellation. The compiler seems to have been aware, that some explanation of the title of his book would be expected by his readers; and, accordingly, he has stated in his preface, that "it has been generally supposed, that the laws enacted by the New Haven colony previous to the code by Governor Eaton, in 1655, formed the code of *Blue Laws*, so highly celebrated in this country." Of the truth, however, of this supposition he has produced no evidence; except that Peters is referred to, as saying, respecting this same colony, "that many of what have been termed 'Blue Laws' were not suffered to be recorded, but were to be made so familiar with the people, that recording them would be unnecessary; until the laws of that colony were systematized by Governor Eaton, and printed in 1656, at which time many of the laws previous to 1656 were expunged." Where Peters says all this, we are not told. This writer, indeed, asserts, in his "History of Connecticut," that the blue laws of New Haven "were never suffered to be *printed*," but he nowhere, in that work, denies that they were all *recorded*; nor does he say, that these laws were to be made "familiar with the people"; language which, we fully believe, Dr. Peters never employed. And as to the "expunging" of laws, which were never "recorded," though we think very unfavorably of Dr. Peters in many respects, we shall consider this absurdity as unjustly charged upon him, till the passage of his History, which contains it, is produced. Governor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eaton's code is nowhere even alluded to by Peters; nor does this historian appear to have known, that such a collection of laws ever existed.

We cannot but express here some surprise, that a professed "antiquarian" should have investigated this subject so imperfectly. If it was worth his while to say any thing about the early laws of New Haven, it was certainly incumbent on him to exhibit the facts of the case. We are assured, on what we consider good authority, that the records of that colony are full and entire; and that there is no reason to believe, that any thing important, either legislative or judicial, to the time of Governor Eaton's code, was transacted there, which was not distinctly recorded, and which is not now open to the inspection of any one, who wishes to ascertain what was really done in that jurisdiction. An investigator of antiquities, if his object was the truth, should have gone to the highest source of evidence, rather than have published a story so incredible on the face of it, as that the New Haven legislature enacted laws, which were never put on record, referring it to an author notoriously of no credit, and who in fact has said no such thing as is here ascribed to him.

On the same page, we find another story of a similar character. This "antiquarian" here affirms, that the term "blue," as applied to the New Haven code, is said to have originated from the fact, that the first printed laws in the New Haven colony were enveloped in blue-colored paper. But in this case, as in the former, we in vain look for even the semblance of proof, that what "is said" has any foundation in truth. If there is, in fact, such a tradition, and it deserves notice, why are we not told where it exists, and what is its character, that all may judge of its claims to be considered authentic? Within a few sentences of the passage just quoted, we find it asserted of Governor Eaton's code, that, "strange as the fact may appear, but two volumes of the five hundred printed in 1636, are to be found in this country." We are not disposed to interpret this language too strictly. If all the unrecorded laws, which this "antiquarian" supposes Governor Eaton to have "expunged," had been in fact printed, no one would ever dream of their being so voluminous as is here represented. What is meant undoubtedly is, that, of the original edition of five hundred copies of the New Haven code, but two are known to the writer to exist in this country. Taking this then to be matter of fact, that two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

copies remain, why are we not informed whether these are still in "blue covers," or whether any thing in their appearance indicates, that they were ever arrayed in such a dress?

If we supposed it of the least importance, we could report a tradition, entitled to some credit, that one copy at least of these laws was formerly so "enveloped." But admitting, either that what "has been generally supposed," or what "is said," rests on a proper foundation, what reason hence arises for applying the epithet "blue" to the laws of New York, of Virginia, and of the other colonies mentioned in the title of this volume? Is it to be understood, that these laws were likewise unrecorded? or, if recorded and printed, were they also bound in "blue-colored paper"? If this "antiquarian" has made any discoveries here, he should have announced them. As the case stands, he has wholly failed to explain the principle, on which his collection has been made.

But we see no mystery in this matter. The epithet "blue" was, certainly, used in England after the Restoration, as a term of ridicule and reproach. It is so used in Butler's "Hudibras."

> "Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
> All others heads of cattle are);
> From th' enemy of all religions,
> As well as high and low conditions,
> And share them, from blue ribands, down
> To all *blue aprons* in the town."—
>
> *Part III. Canto II.* l. 870.

In Grey's edition of this poem, the words "blue aprons" are explained, as alluding to the preachers in blue aprons, in those times; persons being then admitted to preach, who wore blue aprons in their trades. Grey refers to a passage from the *Mercurius Rusticus*, which speaks of a "blue apron committee" at Reading. This was a committee acting under the Parliament; from which it would appear, that "blue apron" was a term of reproach applied to the Parliamentary party, as consisting of men in humble situations of life. In support of his illustration of the phrase, the commentator, among other quotations, has the following;

> "And first, to tell you must not be forgot
> . . . . . How I did trot,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a great zealot to a lecture,
Where I a tub did view
Hung with an *apron blue*,
'T was the preacher's, I conjecture ;
His use and doctrine too
Was of no better hue,
Though he spake in a tone most mickle."

Loyal Songs.

This species of ridicule was of course introduced into New England by those who wished to bring the institutions of the early Puritan colonists into disrepute and contempt. The epithet "blue" probably was applied here more extensively than in the parent country ; and was employed particularly to characterize the laws as over-strict, and withal somewhat whimsical. This is the sense, in which our "antiquarian" uses the word ; though he seems not to have been aware of the import of his own language, or, at least, has neglected to explain it. In applying the word "blue" to laws beyond the limits of New England, the author might plead analogy in justification.

The execution of the editorial part of this volume is most deplorable. Mistakes and blunders meet the reader at every turn. We will notice two as specimens. The first of them occurs where the "antiquarian" is treating of the affairs of his own State, in which he ought to be, if anywhere, well informed. He gives, page 119, "an extract from a Journal of a Dutch traveller up the Connecticut River, in 1638, to Hartford ;" the Dutchman, however, seems, from the Journal itself, to have been in Hartford, in 1640. On his way, he arrived "on [at] Rhodabergh, a fine haven, and found that the English were building a fine town, having already erected upwards of 300 houses, and [a] fine church." This Rhodabergh could have been no other than New Haven. Three hundred houses would allow it at least two, for every man, woman, and child, at that time, in the colony. There could not have been half this number of houses in New Haven, a century after this Dutchman's visit. This extract must have suffered greatly in the hands of the editor. The other passage is on page 64, in the account of the charges against Roger Williams at Salem. One allegation was, that he held the dangerous opinion, "that the magistrate ought *not to punish the breach of the first table*, otherwise than in such case as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did disturb the civil peace." To aid his readers in understanding what is meant by the *first table*, the editor has subjoined a note, "First commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Things must have got to a strange pass in Connecticut. This "antiquarian" ought immediately to take some lessons in the New England Primer.

It would be easy to show, that a large portion of this volume is prepared in such a manner, as to make a very incorrect impression on the minds of those, who are not well informed in the history of the country. Some of the colonial laws, as well as the proceedings under them, were without doubt highly objectionable. Others, compared with our present standard of judging, are of a questionable character; but were, in truth, a great improvement in the legislation and general policy of the age. Much the larger part of these laws might be shown to be highly creditable to the early colonists. But we do not suppose, that the public generally need, at present, any discussion of this subject. The great object of the compiler was, obviously, to make a book which would sell among a class of readers, with whom matter of fact is of secondary importance.

ART. X. — *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY. *Volume III., containing Select Minor Poems, from the German of Goethe and Schiller, with Notes;* by JOHN S. DWIGHT. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 439.

WE approach the present volume in the blandest of critical moods, with the maximum of honey and the minimum of gall, which can possibly enter into the composition of a reviewer; not only on account of the good wishes which we entertain towards the project which Mr. Ripley has undertaken, but also on account of the difficulties which the translator has overcome in the prosecution of his task; we should rather have said, translators, as Mr. Dwight has received considerable assistance from his literary friends. We hold it to be a very difficult thing to translate well, especially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry; requiring, if not high, yet rare powers, almost as rare as original genius; and, consequently, we look upon a successful translator with great respect, and feel tolerant towards one of no more than moderate merit. We have some mercy even for Hoole.

The peculiarities of the German mind and of the German language throw especial obstacles in the way of him who essays to clothe their productions in an English dress; and, of all the authors in that prolific literature, Goethe, considered as a lyrical poet, is undoubtedly the most difficult to translate in a satisfactory manner. The charm of Goethe's lyrical fragments consists in their exquisite finish, and in that airy grace of style and delicacy of execution, which a translator can no more transfer to his version than a maker of artificial flowers can give us an exact resemblance of the dazzling white of the japonica, or reproduce the pendulous beauty of the lily of the valley. It is with many of these poems as with no inconsiderable portion of the Greek epigrams; — the thought or substance is something obvious, even commonplace; the magic is in the words. The execution of a master hand has exalted what was low, and idealized what was common, as we sometimes see a plumstone so elaborately carved as to become the gem of a virtuoso's collection. We may translate and paraphrase as carefully as we will; but all in vain; the charm has vanished; it is "Open, Barley," not "Open, Sesame."

Judging the work before us by this standard, and with a proper allowance for the difficulties of the task, we may, with a good conscience, congratulate Mr. Dwight on his general success. Many of the translations are extremely well done; and we have no doubt (judging from the very few specimens with which we happen to be acquainted in the original), that they are correct and faithful versions. Indeed, we apprehend, that the translators have made this a prominent object of solicitude, and that the many rough and bald lines which are to be met with, have their origin in a reluctance to sacrifice any portion of the meaning of the original to a mere gratification of the ear. One of the best pieces, if not the very best, is the translation by Mr. Dwight of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." The following passage gives the translator himself a title to the name of poet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Clear and full, with a festal sound
It hails the lovely infant child,
First entering on his earthly round,
Borne in the arms of slumber mild.
His future lots, or dark or clear,
In time's deep lap await him yet;
He wakes beneath a mother's care,
And golden morns his glad eyes greet.—
The arrowy years have sped away!
From trifling maid, from childish play,
Th' impatient boy, with ardor burning,
Storms into life, unchecked, to roam
The wide world round; and now returning
He hails his dear paternal home,
A stranger 'mid old scenes,—when, lo!
In ripened youth's full, mellow glow,
Beaming with beauty's every charm,
Majestic as some heaven-lit form,
With downcast eye, and cheek o'erspread
With deepening blushes rosy-red,
The maid before his sight appears,—
The child he left in lighter years!
Then creeps a nameless, longing feeling
O'er his whole soul; he seeks the shade,
The solitude of wood and glade;
And ever and anon come stealing
Stray tears adown his cheeks; no more
He seeks the sports he loved before,
But, in abstracted mood, would flee
His brothers' gladsome company."—p. 313.

The "Magician's Apprentice," from Goethe, is also translated by Mr. Dwight, very successfully; likewise, "The Cranes of Ibycus" from Schiller, by the Reverend C. T. Brooks; and many others might be mentioned with commendation.

The volume is composed entirely of the productions of Goethe and Schiller, the former contributing about two hundred, and the latter about one hundred and fifty pages; and among these, no candid person can deny, that there is a great deal of admirable poetry, imbued with the distinguishing characteristics of these eminent men, and addressing itself to the universal sympathies of mankind. Many of the poems, however, are so deeply tinged with the peculiarities of the Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man mind, that their admirers must, among any other people, it seems to us, be confined to a select few. As an instance, we copy the following from Goethe.

"ONE AND ALL.

"How yearns the solitary soul
To melt into the boundless whole,
And find itself again in peace!
The blind desire, the impatient will,
The restless thoughts and plans are still;
We yield ourselves, — and wake in bliss.

"World-Spirit, come, our spirits firing!
For evermore to thee aspiring,
We but obey our nature's call.
Good angels feelingly persuade us,
And heaven-taught masters gently lead us
To Him who made and maketh all.

"To re-create the old creation,
All things work on in fast rotation,
Lest aught grow fixed, and change resist;
And what was not shall spring to birth,
As purest sun, or painted earth.
God's universe may know no rest.

"It must go on, creating, changing,
Through endless shapes for ever ranging;
And rest we only *seem* to see.
Th' Eternal lives through all revolving;
For all must ever keep dissolving,
Would it continue still to be."— pp. 151, 152.

The following passage, from "The Artists," by Schiller, seems to our apprehension vague, shadowy, and indistinct; the meaning so buried under a cloud of words, that the mind shrinks from the labor necessary to get at it.

"And now, in all that round him lives,
To him a fair proportion speaks;
Beauty her girdle of all colors weaves
Into whatever path he seeks;
And, with your glorious works before him,
Perfection's self, blest fancy, hovers o'er him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where frank-voiced Joy darts off to recreation,
  Where silent Sorrow shrinks away from light,
Where lingers thoughtfully pale Contemplation,
  Where weeping Misery meets his sight,
Where thousand terrors crowd around his way, —
  Follows a stream of harmony divine ;
He sees the Goddesses, — the Graces, — play,
  And strives his inmost feelings to refine,
  That he that lovely company may join.
Soft as the lines to beauteous curves still tending,
  Soft as appearances, which never stay,
In yielding outlines, undulating, blending, —
  So flows his life's light breath away.
His soul dissolves in a harmonious ocean,
  Which round his sense its gladdening billows flings ;
And every thought, in hushed, entranced devotion,
  To all-pervading Cytherea clings.
At one, in highest sense, with Destiny,
  He on the Graces' quiet strength reposes,
  And to the arrow his full breast exposes
From the mild bow of great Necessity." — pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Dwight remarks, in one of his notes, that Goethe's "love-songs, by their tenderness, whether gay or sad, and their sincere depth, which seems unwillingly betrayed, win us to their mood, like those of Burns." We cannot but think, that the translator's partiality has here seduced his judgment ; the specimens which are presented to us in this volume certainly do not warrant such an encomium. The following is one of them.

"MAY SONG.

"'Twixt the barley and corn,
'Twixt the hedge and hawthorn,
'Twixt the grove and grass-plat,
Where goes Sweetheart ?
Tell me that !

"'Found my Dearie
Not at home ;
Sure, the Faerie
'S gone to roam ;
Greener daily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grows the May ;
Love, she gayly
Trips away.

" On the rocks by the brook,
Where she gave me that look,
In the grass, all to me,
Something I see !
Is it she ? " — p. 23.

Were not the majestic name of Goethe appended to this, we cannot think it would have been esteemed worth the trouble of translating.

Some of the translations in this volume are nearly literal. They are in a rhythmical form merely, but not rhymed ; and, as a proof of what we have before said, of the difficulty of translating Goethe, an entire stranger to his works would often be more impressed with his powers, through these literal versions, than by the more elaborate paraphrases. We have, for instance, the tranquil beauty and serene repose of that charming Idyll, " The Wanderer," very successfully preserved in its English dress.

In one or two instances, we have the literal translation and the free version ; and the advantage is, in every case, with the former. The following is a literal transcript of a poem, familiar to readers of German, entitled, " The Godlike."

" Noble be Man,
Helpful and good !
For that alone
Doth distinguish him
From all the beings
Which we know.

" Hail to the Unknown, the
Higher Beings
Felt within us !
His pattern teach us
Faith in them !

" For unfeeling
Is Nature ;
Still shineth the sun
Over good and evil ;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And to the sinner
Smile, as to the best,
The moon and the stars.

" Wind and waters,
Thunder and hail-stones,
Rustle on their way,
Smiting down, as
They dash along,
One for another.

" Just so does Fate
Grope round in the crowd,
Seize now the innocent,
Curly-haired boy,
Now on the old, bald
Crown of the villain.

" By great, adamantine
Laws everlasting,
Here we must all our
Round of existence
Faithfully finish.

" There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth,
Chooseth, and judgeth ;
He can impart to the
Moment duration.

" He alone may
The Good reward,
The Guilty punish,
Mend and deliver ;
All the wayward, anomalous
Bind in the Useful.

" And the Immortals, —
Them we reverence,
As if they were men, and
Did, on a grand scale,
What the best man in little
Does, or fain would do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Let noble Man
Be helpful and good!
Ever creating
The Right and the Useful, —
Type of those loftier
Beings of whom the heart whispers!"
— pp. 113 – 115.

Immediately following is a free version by Mr. Bancroft, which, though tasteful and smooth, fails to preserve the terseness and vigor of the original.

"THE SAME.

"[A FREE VERSION.]

"LET Man, for highest ends designed,
Be just in action, generous, kind.
He differs, by his heavenly birth,
From all the tribes that roam the earth.

"Hail to the Spirits! — the Unknown,
Sublime, revealed by Faith alone!
Man, from his own example, learns
To trust in what no eye discerns.

"Unfeeling Nature, ruthless, cold,
Moves in her orbit, as of old;
On just and unjust shines the sun;
And bright to all, who boldly run
Through crimes, and them who have no stain,
Glimmer the moon and all her train.

"Thunder and hail, the stream, the breeze,
Rush onward in their course, and seize,
Resistless, as they haste along,
One and another, — weak and strong.

"And Fortune blindly gropes her way
Amid the crowd, nor fears to lay
Her hand upon the guileless boy
With curling locks, (or to destroy
Or bless, she recks not;) and e'en now
She smites the aged sinner's brow.

"That mighty law, whose iron sway
Is boundless, endless, we obey;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And, following nature's changeless will,
Existence' high designs fulfil.

" And Man can do, — and Man alone,
What seems impossible, hath done ;
Continuance can to moments lend,
Compare and choose the nobler end.

" 'Tis he that gives the wise their meed ;
He may avenge the evil deed,
Heal, save, and to good ends unite
The wayward force that strays from right.

" And we revere the immortal powers,
As if their spirits were like ours ;
And they but widely do what here
The best have done, in narrower sphere.

" Let Man be generous, just, and kind ;
Unwearied do, with willing mind,
Whate'er is useful, pure, and right.
Thus will he live an image bright
Of beings whom our hearts, e'en here,
Forebode, commune with, and revere."

— pp. 116, 117.

Many of the " Epigrams " of both Goethe and Schiller are striking, and are generally well translated. The following, from Goethe, has vigor of expression and condensation of thought.

" *Goods* gone, — something gone !
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
Honor gone, — much gone !
Must go and gain glory ;
Then the idling gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone, — all 's gone !
Better never have been born ! " — p. 187.

These, from Schiller too, are excellent.

" THEOPHANIA.

" Show me the fortunate man, and the Gods I forget in a moment ;
But before me they stand, when I the sufferer see." — p. 343.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" WORTH AND WORTHINESS.

" *Hast* thou something ? Impart ; I 'll willingly pay thee what 's proper.
Art thou something ? O, then souls I with thee would exchange." — p. 344.

" FRIEND AND FOE.

" DEAR to me is a friend ; but a foe, too, often is useful :
Shows me the friend, what I *can* ; shows me the foe, what I *should*." — p. 349.

" FORUM OF WOMAN,

" WOMAN, presume not to judge a man's particular actions !
Judge thou only *the man*, — there shall thy sentence avail," — p. 351.

The volume closes with some seventy or eighty pages of notes, original and translated, illustrative of the text. Mr. Dwight is apparently a good German scholar, and he writes like a man of generous impulses and warm poetical sensibility. The sincerity and strength of his own convictions makes him decided and earnest in the expression of them. His admiration of Goethe seems unbounded ; we should have said extravagant, were it not that our own half-knowledge of that famous man, makes us diffident about applying that epithet to the views of one who has studied him thoroughly.

ART. XI. — *Gazetteer of the State of Missouri*, by ALPHONSO WETMORE. St. Louis. 8vo. 1837.

FEW of our readers, we suppose, are prepared to be told, that Missouri is not only the largest State in the Union, but that it is unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled by any other in natural resources. Yet such is the fact ; taking into view its advantages of climate, soil, rivers, variety of agricultural productions, and mineral wealth, we do not know of any State which is entitled to take precedence of this.

The history of Missouri, as a home of civilized man, begins with the cession by France to England, of her posses-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions east of the Mississippi, at the peace of 1763. The French then, relinquishing their possessions on the east of the river, began to make progress in colonizing its western banks. The first town founded in Missouri was St. Geneviève, which was laid out by a party of French from Kaskaskia, in Illinois, in the course of the year of the cession to Great Britain. Other settlements, west of the Mississippi, were about the same time formed. In the year 1764, the city of St. Louis was founded, by M. Laclède, a partner in a company which was extensively engaged in the fur trade, a business at that time already very lucrative. It was selected as the *dépôt* for Upper Louisiana, in which term was included all the State of Missouri and the territory west and northwest of the same. In this wide tract of country, a monopoly of the trade with the Indian tribes had been granted, by M. d'Abaddie, Director-General of Louisiana, to the company just alluded to. It was wealthy, and clothed with very valuable privileges, so that the settlement at St. Louis almost immediately assumed considerable importance. The selection of a place, moreover, was so judicious, that, independently of any other circumstances, it could not fail to attract early attention, being so evidently destined to become, what we now live to see it, the metropolis of a wide-spread and fertile region. It is one of those points which seem formed by nature for the sites of large cities, uniting all the advantages that are essential, on the one hand, for the comfort and health of their immediate inhabitants, and, on the other, for the convenient exportation of the produce of the country, and the importation of whatever is needed for the supply of its wants. Nothing can permanently keep back a place possessing such advantages. Thirty years ago, the towns of St. Charles, St. Geneviève, and Cape Girardeau, were competitors of St. Louis in point of population and wealth. The difference of natural advantages has already made a marked distinction among them; and it is safe to foretell, that in St. Louis will prove to have been laid the foundations of one of the largest cities of the West, perhaps of the largest inland city of the United States. It has only just begun to attract the attention which it deserves. In four years, reckoned from the winter of 1833–4, its population and business doubled; and it is reasonable to expect that, ten years hence, it will contain fifty thousand inhabitants.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fur trade, and the exportation of lead, constituted the chief business of the early settlers of Upper Louisiana, as indeed they made the occupation of the majority of its inhabitants down to the period of its coming into the possession of the United States. Of the emigrants into this region, in the years immediately succeeding its first occupation by the French, some began to form new settlements, as Vuide Poche, afterwards called Carondolet, Florisant, and Les Petites Côtes, now St. Charles; others joined the infant settlement at St. Louis, which, soon coming to be considered the capital of Upper Louisiana, became the residence of the French and afterwards of the Spanish governors.

But the hope of living under their own laws and rulers, which had brought the settlers together, was speedily disappointed. The weakness of France had already compelled her to relinquish her last hold upon America. By a treaty, which was made with Spain in 1762, but was not fully carried into execution until 1769, she had ceded to that power all her territories west of the Mississippi, together with the island and city of New Orleans.

"The fate of the Louisianians," says Stoddard, "was made known to them by a letter signed by the French king, dated April 21st, 1764, addressed to M. d'Abbadie, whom he calls Director-General and Commandant of Louisiana, informing him of the treaty of cession, and directing him to give up, to the officers of Spain, the country and colony of Louisiana, together with the city of New Orleans and the military posts. He expressed a desire for the prosperity and peace of the inhabitants of the colony, and his confidence in the friendship and affection of the king of Spain. He, at the same time, declared his expectation, that the ecclesiastics and religious houses, which had the care of the parishes and missions, would continue to exercise their functions; that the superior council and ordinary judges would continue to administer justice according to the laws, forms, and usages of the colony; that the inhabitants would be preserved and maintained in their estates, which had been granted to them by the governor and director of the colony; and that, finally, all these grants, though not confirmed by the French authorities, would be confirmed by his Catholic Majesty. The treaty of cession, dated the 3d of November, 1762, was never published, and the terms of it remain a secret to this day; but there is good reason to believe that the sentiments, expressed by the French king, corresponded with the stipulations it contained."—*Sketches of Louisiana.* pp. 71, 72.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four years elapsed before any attempts were made on the part of Spain to take possession of her newly-acquired territory. Even then the attempt was unsuccessful. The Spanish governor, who arrived in 1766, with a military force, found it prudent to abandon his design and return to Havana, so great was the excitement among the colonists, because the transfer had been made without their consent.

"Things remained in this situation," says Stoddard, "till the 17th of August, 1769, when O'Reilly arrived, and took peaceable possession of the colony. He immediately selected twelve of the most distinguished leaders of the opposition, as the victims of resentment. Six of them were devoted to the halter, to gratify the malice of arbitrary power, and to strike terror into the other malecontents. The other six, deemed less guilty, and surely they were much less fortunate, were doomed to the dungeons of Cuba. This scene of blood and outrage made a deep impression of horror on the minds of the people, and will never be forgotten. In 1770, the Spanish authorities were established in Upper Louisiana.

"O'Reilly was the first governor and intendant general, who exercised the Spanish power in Louisiana. As governor-general he was vested with the supreme power of the province, both civil and military; and, as intendant-general he granted lands, prescribed the conditions, and confirmed the concessions made by his subordinates; superintended the fiscal department, and the affairs of the Indians." — *Ibid.*, pp. 72, 73.

On the 26th of November, 1769, he issued a proclamation changing the form of government in Louisiana, abolishing the authority of the French laws, and substituting those of Spain in their stead. From the time of its promulgation, the French laws ceased to have any authority, and all controversies were tried and decided conformably to the Spanish laws. To the credit of Spain, however, it should be recorded, that her governors conducted themselves with almost uniform moderation and impartiality towards the French inhabitants. This is abundantly proved by the fact, that the spirit of society in Louisiana does not seem to have been materially changed by the transfer to Spanish authority. New laws were of course introduced; but, except at the very first, no opposition was made to their administration, and no outbreaks of public feeling took place. The manners and cus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toms of the people continued French; and, at the present day, we can hardly find any trace of the Spanish dynasty. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact, that when Louisiana again came under French dominion, in the year 1800, the French inhabitants were dissatisfied with the change.

In 1670, the Spanish governor, M. Rious, began to exercise authority in Upper Louisiana. The house in which he resided yet stands, in St. Louis. It is built in an old-fashioned, substantial manner, with a portico all around, and will probably long remain, a memorial of the past.

From this date, to the year 1800, the colonies in Upper Louisiana experienced scarcely any thing of great interest. The most remarkable events were, an attack by the British and Indians upon St. Louis, in 1778; an unparalleled rise of the Mississippi, in 1785; and the arrival, at St. Louis, of ten keel-boats, in 1788; each of which events gave a name to the year in which it occurred. The attack referred to was instigated by the Canadian English, by way of retaliation against Spain, for the part which she took in the American Revolution. The assailing force consisted of about fifteen hundred men, of whom the greater part were Indians. The whole Spanish settlements were in great danger, but the inhabitants of St. Louis behaved in a most spirited manner. When the attack was first threatened, they fortified the city with a breastwork, formed of the trunks of trees, placed upright upon the ground, with their interstices filled with earth. It formed a semicircle, extending to the bank of the river at both extremities, and terminating at each in a small fort. Three gates, each defended by heavy cannon, afforded a communication with the country. The remnants of these defences yet exist, and are pointed out by the old inhabitants. The attack itself differed in nothing from the usual mode of Indian warfare. It was entirely unsuccessful, and was followed by no important result.

In the year 1800, all the territory west of the Mississippi was ceded back again by Spain, to France. But during the three years of the continuance of French authority, nothing important occurred. No alteration was made in the jurisprudence of either Upper or Lower Louisiana, and the Spanish laws remained in full force, as the laws of the whole province; a fact which is very important to those who would un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derstand the legal history, and some of the present laws, of Missouri.*

By the treaty of April 30th, 1803, Louisiana was purchased by the United States from the French crown; and, six months after, the President was authorized to take formal possession. W. C. C. Claiborne was appointed Governor and Intendant-General of Louisiana, and Amos Stoddard was commissioned to exercise the powers and prerogatives of the Spanish Lieutenant-Governor of that province. The province of Louisiana was subsequently divided into two parts, the territory of Orleans and the district of Louisiana; the latter comprehended the present State of Missouri, and, as a matter of convenience, was placed under the jurisdiction of the governor of Indiana, in whom all necessary powers had been vested. The governor at that time was General William H. Harrison, and by him the government was organized and put in motion, in a manner most creditable to him and satisfactory to Congress. In 1805, the district was organized as a Territory, the legislative power being vested in a governor and three judges. In 1812, an act of Congress gave it its present name, and transferred the legislative function to a General Assembly. In 1820, a State government was formed, a constitution being established on the 19th day of July, of that year. An Act of Congress, passed after a well-known protracted debate, gave Missouri admission to the Union on the 2nd day of March, 1821. From the period of the transfer of Louisiana to the jurisdiction of the United States, the country, which heretofore had been slowly settled, and by people of little enterprise, had begun to be very rapidly filled up. A new population then came in, and a new aspect was given to every thing. The laws began to be more fixed and better understood, and their administration to be more impartial. The settlements, after the lapse of a few years, became more

* "It is believed by many, that the whole body of the Spanish law was repealed and abolished by an act of the General Assembly, on the 14th of January, 1816, which adopts the common law and British statutes as the law of the territory. But the words of that act are, 'which common law and statutes are not contrary to the laws of this territory.' The 'laws of this territory' embrace the Spanish laws, 'not inconsistent with the acts of Congress in relation thereto,' altered, modified, and repealed as they had been by preceding legislatures. If, then, the Spanish laws were, previous to this act, a part of the law of the territory, it follows, that the common law and British statutes control only those cases, where the Spanish law, restricted and modified, and the acts of the legislature, had been silent." — *MS. Memoir by a Citizen of St. Louis.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secure from Indian depredations, and every thing began to bear the marks of American enterprise. The original French inhabitants were, indeed, not much, if at all, benefited by these changes. Some of them were made, suddenly, very rich; but the quiet and peaceful lives of the majority were sadly disturbed. In general, they could not sympathize with the schemes, nor compete with the enterprise, of the new comers, and were, therefore, soon thrown into a painful obscurity. For a long time after the introduction of American authorities, they mourned bitterly over the innovations, which, however useful, their unambitious minds could not regard as improvements. What was their loss, however, was the country's gain. Notwithstanding several severe checks to immigration, the population rapidly increased. The late war, for a time, effectually repressed the progress of the country, and many settlements, as those of Boon's Lick and Salt River, were entirely broken up. But peace was no sooner declared, than crowds of emigrants, chiefly from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, began to cross the Mississippi; and, in the year 1817, the population of Missouri was supposed to be not less than sixty thousand.

It was not the French alone, who had cause to lament the occupation of Missouri by the Americans. To the Indians it brought the most unhappy consequences. That ill-fated people quickly perceived the change in the policy towards them, introduced by the new government. So long as they had none but the French to deal with, they were generally pacific. They had few causes of complaint, and no wrongs to avenge, and they very seldom raised the tomahawk against their white neighbours. With the exception of a few instances of inroad for the sake of plunder, the settlements remained undisturbed. The French, it is well known, have always pursued an indulgent policy towards the Indians. But, no sooner do the English or Americans come near them, than war and massacres begin. So it was in Missouri. The Americans had scarcely taken possession of that country, before causes of contention were found; the fierce passions of the Indians were aroused, and but little pains taken to appease them; the border warfare began, with all its horrors; and, when the war with England commenced, many of the tribes were ready to give her that assistance, which she has never been backward to ask, or scrupulous to use. The years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from 1811 to 1814, inclusive, witnessed many bloody contests, in different parts of the State. The enterprise of Tecumseh, to excite a general Indian war, was attended with partial success; but some of the principal tribes held back, and the determined measures of the government soon quelled the disturbances. Forts were built at several important points on the Missouri and Mississippi; and, after the year 1814 no further contests ensued, except such as were immediately, and without much bloodshed, decided. The Indians, since that time, have been gradually, but rapidly, receding before the whites. Great numbers of them are yet left in the western parts of the State, and the territory immediately adjacent, from whom trouble is, perhaps not unreasonably, anticipated; but the day of their strength and prosperity is gone, and the next generation will probably witness their almost utter extinction.

Between the years 1817 and 1824, in consequence of the commercial embarrassments, and the sudden check given to the fever of speculation, in the Western States, Missouri made comparatively little progress. But, since then, she has increased very rapidly, both in population and riches. The country is settled by a substantial class of people, chiefly farmers, from the more northern of the slave-holding States. Until recently, they have not exhibited the same degree of public spirit and enterprise, that is found in some others of the Western States; but they have now awakened to the necessity of internal improvements, and several important works are projected or advancing. Education, for which ample provision has been made by law, is also beginning to receive the attention which it deserves.

The natural resources of this State are unusually varied and great. Its most remarkable feature is its mineralogical wealth. Almost every county in the State contains mines of some kind or other, many of which are unparalleled in richness. In a single county (Washington) are found iron, lead, copper, copperas, chalk, black-lead, brimstone, coal, freestone, limestone, millstones, resembling the French buhr, and some indications of silver and gold; most of them in very large quantities. *The nitrate of potash*, or saltpetre, occurs in several caverns on the Merrimac and Current Rivers, in great abundance; also upon the Gasconade, a hundred miles west of St. Louis. *Salt springs* are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found in almost every part of the State. *Compact limestone* is very abundant. It constitutes the basis rock at St. Louis, where it answers a valuable purpose as a building material. It is of a grayish blue color, and contains many fossil remains. *Chalk* has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, but in what quantities we do not know. *Sulphate of lime*, or gypsum, exists in great abundance. It is found on the Kansas River, the cliffs of which often consist of solid strata of this mineral; also in Jackson County, and elsewhere. *Alum* (sulphate of alumine and potash) is found, effloresced, in a cave in Bellevue, Washington County. *Buhr stone*, said to be equal to the French, is in great abundance on the Osage and Gasconade Rivers. *Potters' clay* has been discovered, of the best quality, on the right bank of the Mississippi, about forty miles above the junction of the Ohio, and extending for thirty-four miles up the river. The stratum varies in thickness from one to ten feet, rests on sandstone, and is covered by shell limestone, containing well characterized nodules and veins of flint. It is also found, ten feet below the surface, at Gray's Mine, Jefferson County, where it is snow-white, unctuous, becomes plastic by mixture with water, and is infusible at a very high heat. *Red chalk* is found in Washington County. Several springs in the vicinity of Herculaneum, and one near St. Louis, are highly impregnated with *sulphur*, which is deposited on the stones, over which the water runs, in a yellow crust. *Coal*, of a good quality, is found in St. Louis, Howard, Cooper, Boon, Monroe, Saline, Lafayette, Gasconade, and almost all the counties of the State. *Sulphuret of zinc* is found, associated wirh sulphuret of lead, at the mines in Washington, Jefferson, and St. François Counties. *Oxyde of manganese* and *sulphuret of antimony* have both been discovered in Washington County and on the Merrimac.

But the great mineral wealth of Missouri is in its mines of copper, lead, and iron. We are not informed of any copper mines in the State, which are in actual operation; but the existence of the mineral, in great quantities, has been ascertained beyond question. We have seen several beautiful specimens, brought from different parts of the State, one of which, found in Washington County, almost upon the surface of the ground, was the richest that we have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever seen. The lead mines of the State are better known. They are found, to the greatest extent, in the counties of Washington, St. Geneviève, St. François, Madison, and Jefferson, and also on the Osage River. Some of them have been worked for seventy years. Those in Washington County are thus described by the "Missouri Gazetteer."

"Potosi is situate about the centre of the mineral region; and there are upwards of seventy-five lead mines now open and actually occupied within sixteen miles of the town, at which are engaged about five hundred hands in mining, though a great number have gone from this county to Fever River, Merrimac, and other mines, within the last two years. It is impossible to enumerate all the mines in Washington, for the whole county is, as it were, one vast mine. The mineral obtained here by the first process of smelting produces from sixty-five to seventy per cent., and by the second process about fifteen, making, in all, about eighty-five per cent. of clear, good lead. These five hundred hands raise about five million pounds of lead annually, which, at twenty-five or thirty dollars per thousand pounds, is worth about 150,000 dollars, making about 300 dollars to the hand."

These are probably the richest beds of ore in the State, but new discoveries of them, or of indications of their presence, are every year made, in different places, and probably not one half of them are yet known.

The *iron* mines are, however, the most remarkable. Some of these are so rich and so unprecedented in their character, that the descriptions of them are almost incredible, and seem like fabulous stories. Washington, St. François, and Madison Counties, which are adjacent to each other, contain enough iron to supply the world, for ages to come.

"The Iron Mountain, as it is commonly called, in the south-east corner of Washington County, is one of the most remarkable curiosities in the world. It is about one mile broad at the base, three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet high, and three miles long, literally covered with a bright, shining ore, having every appearance of metal which has been smelted. At the base of the mountain, the ore is in pieces of a pound weight or more, and, as you approach the apex of the hill, the pieces increase in size, to thousands of tons weight, until they assume the appearance of huge rocks, presenting to the astonished beholder a spectacle which cannot be described; and those large masses are of a quality surpassing any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing of the kind heretofore known to the world. Six miles south, in Madison County, is another mountain, larger than the one above, known in this county by the name of the 'Pilot Knob.' It is entirely covered with iron ore, in huge masses, larger and more abundant than the former."

Besides these iron mountains, all the hills of that district contain great quantities of ore. That whole tract of country is a vast bed of iron. The ore is, besides, remarkably pure. That from the "mountains" does not need to undergo any intermediate process, but may be wrought without being smelted into pigs. A pen-knife was recently made from the ore, with an exquisite polish and a fine edge. We need not speak of the immense value of such mines as these. They are worth an hundred times more than all the gold and silver of Mexico. We should remark, however, that they are perfectly accessible, and that their treasures may be brought into the market at as small an expense as the nature of the commodity admits. They are situated only about forty miles from the Mississippi, and but seventy from St. Louis, to which city a railroad is now in contemplation. An abundance of stone coal has lately been discovered in their vicinity, and the whole district abounds with water power. It will not be many years before their wealth is poured into St. Louis, and thence throughout the whole land. They render it certain, that Missouri must, at no very distant day, become one of the most important manufacturing States in the Union.

Except in the mineral districts, which are, in general, comparatively barren, the soil is uniformly good. It is, besides, very varied in its nature, so as to be adapted to a great variety of productions. The northern counties contain large tracts of excellent land, calculated for hemp and flax. Cotton is cultivated, although not to such advantage as in Mississippi and other southern States. Tobacco is raised in large quantities, and of the best quality. All the varieties of grain and grasses yield abundant crops. Garden vegetables grow to great perfection. Fruit trees, of all the kinds which belong to temperate climates, are successfully cultivated, and the fruit is at least equal to that in the eastern States. The timber includes almost all the valuable and ornamental varieties of the temperate zone. There are extensive pine forests on the Gasconade and Merrimac rivers. The facilities for raising stock are great, and farmers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

direct their attention very much to this branch of their business. There are many parts of the State, consisting of rocky points and broken sections of country, which seem peculiarly fitted for sheep-pastures, and hold out great inducements for the operations of wool-growers. In short, the agriculturist can hardly go amiss, to whatever he turns his attention. There is not, perhaps, so large a body of rich land as in some other States, but there is so favorable an alternation of prairie and hilly country, of meadow and woodland, that it is all rendered valuable.

The State is throughout well watered. Mill sites and water power are found almost wherever they are needed. The Missouri River passes through the richest agricultural portion of the State, and is navigable for steamboats twenty-five hundred miles from its mouth. It has almost innumerable tributaries, which, together with those of the Mississippi, irrigate every part of the State. The Osage river is one of the most considerable. It empties into the Missouri, ten miles below Jefferson City, and is navigable for moderate-sized boats, for several hundred miles. The Gasconade is also a very important river, falling into the Missouri a hundred miles from its mouth, and passing through a very fertile and well-timbered country.

The climate of Missouri is, in general, pleasant and salubrious. Like that of all North America, it is very changeable, and subject to extremes of heat and cold; but it is, we think, decidedly milder, if we take the whole year through, than that of the same latitudes east of the mountains. We are aware that, in this opinion, we differ from a greater part of the authorities upon the subject of climate in the United States; but we have had ample means of observation, and we are confident in the conclusion now expressed. We think, that, while the summers are not at all more oppressive than they are in the corresponding latitudes on and near the Atlantic coast, the winters are shorter, and, with the almost universal exception of a few weeks of severe weather in February, very much milder. We are sure, that we have never witnessed, in any eastern city, a continuance of such beautiful weather, in the months of November, December, and January, as we have seen in the central parts of Missouri. The spring season, except the first half of March, is almost uniformly delightful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In point of healthiness, this State will bear a favorable comparison with the other western States. It is not, of course, free from the diseases to which all newly settled countries are subject, such as "fever and ague," the desease which undermines many a strong constitution, and which, although not dangerous in itself, prepares the way for more fatal disorders. But, in most respects, the whole State may be considered healthy. The disease alluded to is generally confined to the borders of the rivers, and may be avoided by proper care.

The waters of the Missouri, and of most of its tributaries, in consequence of the nature of the soil that they flow through, are very wholesome, in which respect they are much superior to the Upper Mississippi, the Illinois, and, we think, the Ohio. The Missouri is singularly turbid; so much so, that it gives the same character to the whole Lower Mississippi; and new-comers are unwilling to drink its water; but they soon learn to think it the pleasantest and most refreshing beverage, and to prefer it, when settled, to the clearest spring water. Chemists who have analyzed it declare, that it is entirely free from all hurtful admixtures, which can by no means be said of the water of most of the Western rivers. This circumstance, of course, exerts a highly favorable influence on the health of the State. Very exaggerated reports have gone abroad, of the prevalence and fatality of the bilious fever. It is certainly the most fatal disease of the region, but moderate caution and foresight are sufficient to guard against it, and it never assumes an epidemic character. The freedom from consumption and its train of kindred disorders, of which there are hardly any cases in Missouri, is more than a set-off to all the diseases which are peculiar to that section of the country.

Could we proceed to speak of the commercial advantages of the State, we should be led to offer some speculations concerning the practicability of a direct intercourse between the mouth of Columbia River and the East Indies, which, if ever established, will be a source of immense wealth to the whole West, and especially to Missouri. But for this we have, at present, no room. What we have said may be of some avail, to show the inducements which the State offers to immigrants, and the importance which it is destined, at no remote day, to assume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Observations on the Oriental Plague, and on Quarantines, as a Means of arresting its Progress, addressed to the British Association of Science, &c.* By John Bowring. Edinburgh. 1838. pp. 45.

The observations of Dr. Bowring were offered to the British Association in compliance with a unanimous request of that body; and it was also unanimously resolved, to recommend to the government the appointment of a commission to complete the investigation of the questions of which his paper had treated.

Dr. Bowring thought it necessary to apologize for what he calls his intrusion upon medical ground. It must, however, be a very narrow feeling, that would demand such apologies from those who have important truths to communicate. The science of Medicine has gained some of its most brilliant results by listening to the suggestions of those who were not its professed students. It was from the observations of simple rustics, that Jenner took the first hint of vaccination. The ingenious idea of injecting the Eustachian tube, in cases of deafness, was suggested, and put in practice upon his own person, by a postmaster of Lyons. Many, who have hung in rapture over the pages of "Faust" and "Werter," are ignorant, that Goethe was the discoverer of the intermaxillary bone in the human embryo, and one of the first who developed the singular doctrine, now received among the truths of transcendental anatomy, that the cranium is but a series of vertebræ, modified from the original type to accommodate the expanded nervous columns.

Unfortunately, those who have nothing to add to a complicated science, with which mankind and womankind are prone to meddle, are seldom troubled by any modesty in announcing their vagaries. But we must pardon the reverend homœopath, who inflicts upon the English public his infinitesimal doses of sense, diffused in copious pages of absurdity, and we must endure the *physiological* apostles of our own land, who grow fat by starving their disciples, rather than look with jealousy upon those whose freedom from prejudices, whose very ignorance of supposed truths, may be the surest safeguard from error. Especially should we value the general views, taken by enlarged minds, of the subjects, which engross, with minute details, the attention of those whose lives are devoted to their study.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are happy, therefore, to see a man of intelligence and information, like Dr. Bowring, entering the domain of the medical philosopher. We are especially gratified, when the subject handled is one of general interest, and the opportunities for its study have been as favorable as in the present instance.

Is the Plague contagious? Are Quarantines a protection against it? Such are the questions raised in the pamphlet before us.

The first question has long been answered by the popular voice, and generally by the professed writers on the subject, in the affirmative. The readers of Boccacio and Defoe may therefore be surprised to find, that the whole tendency of Dr. Bowring's observation is directly opposed to the prevailing belief; that many of the most competent medical observers confirm his opinions; and that special facts in great numbers are not wanting, to prove that it is an exceedingly difficult, if not an impossible thing, to communicate the plague by actual contact with those suffering from it. How then has this terrible doctrine of the extreme contagiousness of the plague, the most appalling idea connected with this form of pestilence, obtained so general a credence?

Without denying the possibility of the disease being communicated under certain circumstances, we can easily account for the exaggerated fears, which have so long been entertained. Men must have a cause for every fatal epidemic. They cannot consent to die in large masses, unless the most satisfactory reasons for it can be assigned. We, who have lived in the time of cholera, have seen enough to convince us of this. The disease was caused by contagion; it was produced by swarms of insects; it was the result of atmospheric conditions, shown by a certain aspect of the clouds; it was the evidence of an adynamic and exhausted condition of the race, produced by the degeneracy of our social habits; it was the work of physicians, who poisoned the wells of the great cities. These, and a thousand similar absurdities, have been most widely believed, and have led to the most painful results, in many cases. The physician has been murdered by the populace, upon his errand of mercy, and the interests of nations have been sacrificed to a baseless apprehension of danger. We cannot think it strange, that the plague, which has been so much more terrible in its ravages than even the cholera, and which has prevailed most among ignorant nations and in the less enlightened ages, should have been invested with the worst of attributes which a disease can possess, and one which so easily explains every thing to those, who receive evidence with strong faith and feeble judgment. Only let it be advanced, that an epidemic disease is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contagious, and facts will seem, to the careless observer and the terrified subjects of its visitation, to render it evident as the day. A district, the local circumstances of which call into action the general pestilential cause, is attacked, or the members of a family, living under one roof and subject to the same hygienic influences, are successively invaded, and the case of transmission can almost always be apparently made out. But, as it is next to impossible absolutely to seclude an individual, still less a community, from direct and indirect communication, the negative of the question is extremely difficult to establish.

The facts, brought forward by Dr. Bowring and one of his correspondents, are certainly strongly opposed to the contagiousness of the disease, under the circumstances where these observations were made. It must, however, be remembered, that a disease, arising from general causes, may, under certain conditions, acquire a capability of transmission from one individual to another. Doubtless much of the apparent contradiction in the history of the propagation of certain diseases may be traced to this circumstance. The confusion of two or more diseases under the same name is another source of error on this point. Such has been peculiarly the case with *typhus*, under which term seem to have been included at least two distinct affections, and which has seemed at times eminently transmissible, at others purely endemic or epidemic. With regard to the plague, using the term to include the pestilences so distinguished in different ages and countries, we are in want of fuller materials to determine the identity of the affection, and the circumstances, if such there be, which determine its capacity of transmission. Allowing their full value to the facts stated by Dr. Bowring, we cannot forget, that, in other times and places, the disease called plague has appeared but too clearly transmissible, and that, in the dreadful pestilence of Marseilles, the chain of its propagation was traced too accurately to admit of its independence of contagion.

Dr. Bowring's observations relate principally to the plague as found in Egypt. We refer to his pamphlet, which we hope may be reprinted in this country, for many interesting facts, showing the complete impunity with which the disease has been solicited and defied, under the influence of affection, of benevolence, of science. The opinions of intelligent physicians, familiar with the subject, coincided with his own. The following words, which we quote from the "Dictionnaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie Pratiques," published in 1834, may be compared with an extract from the pamphlet of Dr. Bowring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"La peste est éminemment contagieuse." — "Ce sujet a besoin d'être étudié par un homme d'un jugement sûr, et d'un esprit impartial. Qui pourrait mieux s'en acquitter que notre savant compatriote, le docteur Clot Bey?"

"Ere long, a very distinguished physician, Clot Bey, who is at the head of the medical department in Egypt; a man whose services to knowledge and humanity in that country outstrip all meed of praise, and who has treated thousands of cases of plague; will publish his observations on the subject. I found his opinions wholly opposed to those of the contagionists. He assured me, that, in the innumerable facts of which he had cognizance, he had found irresistible evidence against the prevalent opinion as to the contagious character of this disease; that, removed from the regions of malaria or miasmata, he had never known the plague to be communicated by contact; that all his attempts to communicate the disease had failed; that he had twice inoculated himself from plague-patients, without receiving the disorder; that the experiments made of wearing the clothes of those who had died of the plague, had shown the difficulty, if not the impossibility of communicating the disease; that he deemed lazarettos and quarantines not only useless, but pernicious." — p. 7.

Similar opinions are entertained by the body physician of the Pasha of Egypt, by the British Consul at Alexandria, by Mr. Abbot, Dr. Laidlaw, and others, who have been long familiar with the disease.

Not the least startling part of Dr. Bowring's pamphlet relates to a subject in which many of our readers may have had occasion to feel a personal interest.

"The fact is, the Quarantine establishments are, for the most part, instruments, and terrible instruments, of diplomacy and state policy. Under the plea of a regard for the public health, all letters are opened, all travellers are arrested and imprisoned, all commoditities are subject to regulations the most unintelligible, costly, and vexatious." "If there be a spot in the world, placed beyond the control of public opinion, it is a Lazzaret. Believed, as it is, to be an invention for public security, the tyranny, the extortions, the injuries, which are inflicted within it, escape all animadversion."

Something of this evil we have ourselves experienced. It was not a matter of surprise to us, that, during the prevalence of cholera in some parts of Europe, the jealous and timid rulers of Italy should tie up their petty states with cordons and prohibitions; we were not much astonished, when the guard pointed his musket at our travelling companion, for stepping too near the line of the papal dominion, after having crossed into Tuscany; — for all this was congenial with the habits of their governments in other matters. But to be arrested like felons in the harbour of *Marseilles;* to be huddled like brute animals within the bare walls of a dreary prison; still worse, to see the distress occasioned among some of our fel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low travellers, one of whom was hastening home to die, if she might, in her own land; and to know that all this annoyance, all this suffering, was utterly unnecessary and idle; to hear it alleged, as a sufficient reason, that it was fair to retaliate on those coming from Italy the embarrassments thrown in the way of those who would enter it; — these recollections have made us rejoice in any attempt to expose abuses, which may be tenfold worse under the sway of Oriental despotism, than in the most cowardly and tyrannical of European governments. We hope, that the government of England will appoint a commission to investigate the subjects brought into notice by Dr. Bowring, as is recommended by the British Association; believing, that it may do much to promote at once the cause of humanity and of science.

---

2. — *A History of the First Church and Parish in Dedham. In Three Discourses, delivered on Occasion of the Completion, November 18th, 1838, of the Second Century since the gathering of said Church.* By Alvan Lamson, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Dedham. Dedham. 1839. 8vo. pp. 104.

These belong to that valuable class of commemorative discourses, which are called out by the return of centennial and annual occasions, the object of which is, in the language of Dr. Lamson, "not so much a discourse, as a history, embracing such incidents and biographical notices, as may seem appropriate and useful." It is well that such should be not only preached for the instruction and pleasure of those most nearly interested, but put in a permanent form for more extensive and more lasting use. "The ecclesiastical history of New England is yet to be written; and, if it is ever executed in a style worthy of the subject, it can only be by the aid of authentic details of the religious affairs of towns and parishes." The commemorative discourses of the pulpit are therefore preparing the way for the future achievement of that great task. The least important has its value. Even the quaint, odd, trifling details extracted from the old church records, seemingly of no interest but to some hungry antiquaries, will be found to have their use in enabling the inquirer to understand more truly the character and spirit of the times and the men, and so make a truer portraiture of them. The history of the country, no less than that of the church, may be essentially aided from these sources. It was a remark of the first President Adams, that, in order to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand how the people of New England were prepared for the Revolution and fitted for their new government, it is necessary to know their town histories and town governments. There is no better way of being acquainted with them, than by means of such inquiries into their old records and local traditions, as furnish the matter of centennial discourses.

Dedham may be, in some fortunate particulars, distinguished above most other villages ; but we suppose, that, on the whole, the picture of olden time which it exhibits, is a fair likeness of all the other early settlements. A few families seeking a home in the wilderness, are induced, by some appearances in the localities which suit their fancies or their pursuits, to select the neighbourhood of "Little River," or "Wigwam Plain." They put up their hasty shelters, and call themselves a town ; they frame at once their constitution of government, styled "the Town Covenant," expressly based, as became religious exiles, on Christian principles. In 1637 they are thirty families ; a minister is among them, and they hold public worship under the covert of one of the large trees which shaded the plain. But soon, feeling ashamed, as the king of Israel did, that the ark of God should abide abroad while they lived beneath roofs, they project a meetinghouse, thirty-six feet by twenty, and twelve feet high. This they occupy as soon as it is covered in, and finish it by degrees, as they have leisure ; in nineteen years, they get so far as "to have it lathed upon the studs, and so daubed and whitened over workman-like ; " and, about the same time, they "set up " a gallery, in order to adequately accommodate the one hundred and sixty-six families to which the settlement has grown. Very close must they have sat, those families ; in modern times, they would need a church of more than double the capacity.

Meantime, while the town has raised the building, the few who are accounted worthy, organize the church ; at first, six in number ; proceeding cautiously, and leaving a record of every step for the benefit of future ages. Here, too, they are determined not to jeopard their liberty, and will not proceed till they have received from the Governor a satisfactory explanation of a certain ordinance of State, which seemed to proprohibit their forming a church without the advice of other churches. This is one of numberless characteristic incidents that crowd the history of New England, not of great moment in itself, but serving to justify Burke's remark, that "the fierce spirit of liberty was stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth." Having obtained satisfaction, they frame the church, in the simple way of the Puritans, and elect and ordain their own officers. Their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minister, Mr. Allin, is a man of gifts and influence, widely employed in the controversies and synods which had place during his ministry, and which make up no small part of the important transactions of the time. At the same time he is a thriving man in worldly affairs, becomes one of the largest landholders in the town, "hath a good stock of cattle, and a good accommodation in corn land and meadow," a salary of sixty pounds, and the governor's widow for his wife. He died after a ministry of thirty-three years, with such a reputation for sweetness of disposition, that the anagram-makers summed up his character in this, — "In Honi All."

Thus ends the first generation, in whose days the institutions of religion, and a severe simplicity of life, were the first considerations. But now a change begins. The original settlers are gone, and the sons, bred in the hardships of the forest, are inferior to the fathers, who had been educated in the halls of Oxford, and amid the comforts of Old England's civilization. There is less tranquillity in the town ; occasions of difference arise ; jealousies spring up between those to whom are assigned the higher and lower seats of their little cathedral; and the pulpit rings with complaints of the degeneracy of the times, and lamentations for error and sin. One candidate after another is invited in vain to take charge of the church ; at one period, the pulpit is vacant for eight years ; and, when supplied, the town is perplexed to devise ways and means of paying the stipend. We hurry over a half century, and at length find the ministry given to Samuel Dexter, a name that has descended through four generations of honor ; and soon the romantic features of the primitive era disappear, and we find ourselves amongst the prosaic scenes and interests of our own every-day life.

Dr. Lamson's Discourses, with their copious notes, are full of interest, not only from the unusual richness of the materials, but from the happy way in which he disposes them. In his sketches of the manners of the times, and the character of the fathers, he gives a picture as vivid as that of a novel ; and, in the discussion of authorities and hints respecting the old controversies, he uses all the careful gravity of history. To one who would find a scene and materials for a fictitious narrative illustrative of the first century of Massachusetts, we recommend these pages as fertile in valuable hints ; and we are sure that the ecclesiastical historian cannot do without them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. — *A Tale of the Huguenots, or Memoirs of a French Refugee Family.* Translated and Compiled from the Original Manuscripts of James Fontaine, by One of his Descendants. With an Introduction, by F. L. Hawkes, D. D. New York: J. S. Taylor. 1838. 12mo. pp. 266.

We do not know why this should be called a *tale*, since that word usually designates a fictitious narrative, and it is hardly wise to cast doubt upon the character of a work in the very words of its title. It is not clear too what is meant by its being "translated and compiled"; for the editor, in the Introduction, speaks of but one manuscript, from which he recommended that "extracts" should be made for publication; and we are left to guess whether the printed book contains only the extracts, or the whole original document, and whether or not aid has been derived from other manuscripts. That the existence of this paper or these papers, whichever it be, is not a pretence, like the documents of Diedrich Knickerbocker, or the Wardour manuscript, but a reality, though it might be brought in question by the title of the work, is put beyond doubt by the explicit testimony of the editor, who tells us that he read the original manuscript, which was lent him by the family in which it had been preserved for more than a century. We hope, that it has been printed without alteration.

It is the autobiography of James Fontaine, a Huguenot minister, written by him in his old age, for the information of his children. Its value consists in the picture which it gives of the sufferings endured by that persecuted people; and its interest, in the strange and almost incredible turns of fortune to which its author was subjected. Did we not know that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," we should be tempted sometimes to think, that the writer was trying his inventive faculty at the expense of his reader's credulity. Indeed, so marvellous is the account which he gives of his own adroitness, courage, skill, and success in the most various occupations and the most hazardous emergencies, that we are reminded a little too frequently of the heroic self-complacency of that vainest of story-tellers, Benvenuto Cellini; we are almost led to suspect that the old man has unconsciously exaggerated the remarkable circumstances through which he has passed, and tells them rather as they appear to his own fond memory, than strictly as they were. We should be greatly unjust, however, if we suspected him of intentional exaggeration. Of this there are no signs, but, on the contrary, an air of simplicity and truth runs through the whole; and if we sometimes smile at what seems the self-importance of the narrator, we are checked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by considering that nothing could be more natural or excusable in one who had experienced such wonderful changes and almost miraculous escapes in defending the cause of religion, while he referred every thing to an overruling Providence, and did not allow himself to doubt of a special guidance and protection. If Walter Scott had designed a representation of the times of the Huguenots to mate that of the Covenanters which he drew in "Old Mortality," he would not have ventured on inventions so bold as are some incidents in this book; and he could not have reached any thing approaching to the vivid picture of simple-hearted faith and real devotion, which this true history displays.

---

4. — *A New Dictionary of the English Language.* By CHARLES RICHARDSON. In Two Volumes, 4to. London: William Pickering. New York: William Jackson. 1838.

IN a previous number of our Journal, we gave an account of the plan of this work and of its general execution.* From that account it will be readily perceived, that the value of the Dictionary does not consist in its adaptation to popular use. As a dictionary of reference for definitions and illustrations of words, in the existing state of the language, it is inconvenient, and therefore cannot obtain extensive use for that purpose. But it is a curious philological storehouse; overloaded, indeed, with the antiquities of the English tongue, yet deserving a place in all public libraries, and in the private libraries of critical English readers. We hope the publishers will be amply rewarded for giving us access to this elaborate production, which throws much light on the origin and progressive changes of our copious English vocabulary. The work is now completed upon the plan which we explained sufficiently in our former notice of it, and we do not think it important to add any thing to what has been already said.

The Preliminary Essay and Preface appear in the closing number of the Dictionary, and afford ample matter for those who love to revel in etymological subtilties. Like other lexicographers and grammarians, Mr. Richardson has a theory concerning language, which he explains and defends; a theory which is ingenious, if not in some respects original. It is founded on the *thesis*, that organic sounds derive their meaning from natural causes. We shall say nothing concerning his illustrations of this, drawn from words of the same meaning in

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XLV. pp. 186, *et seq.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different languages, which really show nothing about the origin *of organic sounds, as connected with their meaning ; but which,* when stripped of their disguises, show only the derivation of these words, in successive languages, from a language preceding. His theory, summed up in a few words, is this ; namely, that all men have the same organs of speech and of hearing ; that organic sounds are intelligible sounds with distinct meanings ; that written signs denote these intelligible sounds, each sign corresponding to an organic sound ; and consequently that each letter, in its origin, is the sign of a distinct meaning, and in fact of a word previously familiar in speech.

Starting from these first principles, he finds or imagines the initial and final letters of words to be significant, and when he cannot account for letters interposed (appearing not to be significant), he ascribes the interposition to accident or corruption. But his illustrations appear to be, for the most part, forced and fanciful, and are so generally either unsatisfactory, or unintelligible, that we leave them for the investigation of more profound miners in the depths of philology.

Mr. Richardson is a generous critic. He speaks in just terms of praise of the labors of Johnson, from whose Dictionary, he says, may be chosen "interpretations expressed with most admirable precision and completeness" ; and he concurs in the opinion of Nares, that "Johnson's authority has nearly fixed the external form of our language, and that from its decisions few appeals have been made." He is just too, no less than generous. Speaking of his obligations to Horne Tooke (his *magnus Apollo* among grammarians), he says, "I have done to him that scrupulous justice which I have done to all, to whose labors I have been indebted. Of not one borrowed feather, unacknowledged, would I willingly permit myself the use." To that distinguished political philologer he is, indeed, more than just. He speaks of him "as the philosophical grammarian who alone is entitled to the name of a *discoverer.*" We, too, acknowledge our obligations to this discoverer, so called, but not on the ground upon which Mr. Richardson founds his preëminent claims ; namely, that "he has demonstrated that a word has one meaning and one only." This seeming paradox, when explained, amounts to nothing more than what has been perceived and affirmed by other philosophers and grammarians, ancient and modern. Scaliger affirms, that no word has more than one primary and peculiar signification. "I doubt not," says Locke, "but if we could trace them to their sources, we should find, in all languages, the names that stand for things that fall not under our senses, to have had their first origin from sensible objects." That such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

names are the origin of language, and hence that language, with all the refinements that have attended its growth, has sprung from nouns, may readily be admitted.

Sir James Mackintosh says, that "Horne Tooke's is a wonderful work; but the great merit is the original thought." The original thought attributed to that "wonderful work" does not belong to it. The real merit and peculiarity of the work, consist in the illustration of an old theory by a process of induction, and forcing every thing to bend to that theory. Every word, in its origin, says the author, is a noun. The particles are abbreviations; the verb is a noun and "something more"; but here he leaves the matter, and tells us not what that something more is. Though he rejects the common nomenclatures, both of practical and philosophical grammarians, he is obliged to resort to classification, and to speak of *abbreviations* instead of particles, and of another class of words not only as adjectives, but as *potential passive* and *potential active adjectives.*

But we must return from our wanderings to Mr. Richardson, and conclude with the expression of our conviction, that whoever examines his Dictionary, even to the small extent that we have done, will find it entitled to all the praise we have bestowed upon it.

---

5. — *A Greek Grammar for the Use of Learners*, by E. A. Sophocles, A. M. Hartford: H. Huntington, Jr. New York: F. J. Huntington & Co. 1838.

This is a very compact, thorough, and logical grammar; wanting neither in method, proportion of parts, nor copiousness of detail. The author is a modern Greek, who has lived a number of years in this country, has been a successful teacher, and now resides at New Haven. So far as we can see, he possesses a complete mastery of English, which is especially shown in his translations of examples under his rules of syntax. In these there is a raciness and clearness of expression, which give proof, that both the English and ancient Greek are clothed with their full power and life in his mind. Mr. Sophocles is quite unlike many of his countrymen in his appreciation of the labors of modern European scholars. He does full justice to Matthiæ and Buttmann; and may, in truth, we think, be said to have written his Grammar, with a due knowledge of the state of Greek learning at the present day. His candor and love of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truth appear remarkably in what he says of pronunciation, upon pages 22, 23 ; where he ascribes, contrary to the practice of the modern Greeks, to the letter η the sound of *ey* in *they*, and to υ that of the French *u*. In short, we find nothing, or almost nothing, in his views, or mode of stating them, which seems foreign, or can be referred to a narrow and prejudiced way of contemplating Greek grammar.

The innumerable references, throughout this Grammar, to laws and rules previously made known, not only deserve praise on account of their compactness and method, but will prove of great assistance to a thorough student, who is desirous to have, with the facts of grammar, their reasons and accordance with other facts, as far as they can be given. We are struck, for instance, with the references to the laws of euphony, which are elegantly stated at the beginning of the work. When the author has occasion to mention $\sigma\pi\epsilon\acute{\iota}\sigma\omega$ future of $\sigma\pi\grave{\epsilon}\nu\delta\omega$, it is only necessary for him to refer back to these laws, in order to make it plain, that this form, instead of being anomalous, as we are carefully assured in some school grammars, is in the highest degree regular, being but an example of obedience to a law that controlled the language.

Among the improvements in this Grammar, we notice lists of second aorists, active and passive, and of second perfects. It is well known that these forms of the verb are few in number, and that the second aorist active, especially, belongs almost exclusively to anomalous verbs ; so that the usual rules for its formation are inapplicable and useless. We should think it well, if other lists of a similar nature were to find their way into elementary books ; for instance, one of nouns which actually follow the Attic form of the second declension, and one of verbs, other than those in $\iota\zeta\omega$, which take the so-called Attic form of the future. The advantage of such lists consists in showing the student the limited use of certain forms, that he may not conceive of them as being equally general with others, of which the examples are innumerable.

The list of anomalous verbs in this Grammar is truly excellent. Through love of severe system, Mr. Sophocles has referred to this list, those verbs, ($\grave{\epsilon}\grave{\iota}\mu\acute{\iota}$, $\epsilon\tilde{\iota}\mu\iota$, $\tilde{\iota}\eta\mu\iota$, etc.,) which are usually placed by themselves, after the ordinary paradigms. This is rather an advantage in the hands of a faithful teacher, who will take pains to let his scholars know, that the anomalous verbs are *one of the most important titles* in Greek grammar.

We have gone through the Syntax (which occupies a hundred pages, or more than one third of the Grammar,) with great pleasure. The rules are stated with precision, and the examples are from the authors of the classic age, — many of them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the dramatic poets, — and apparently of the author's own selection. A little more minuteness in unfolding the doctrine of the modes would perhaps have been desirable.

There are a few things, which we hope Mr. Sophocles will alter in a second edition. On page 2, instead of the sneer at "some modern philologists, who imagine they discover the digamma at the beginning of almost every Homeric word beginning with a vowel," it would have been well, to give a list of those few words, which nearly all sober scholars of any eminence unite in regarding, as having originally been sounded with the digamma in the Homeric dialect. On page 35, the author says, "It is not necessary to manufacture γυναῖξ for the sake of γυναικός." We wish that he had explained what other form in the nominative is presupposed by the existing oblique cases, rather than this, which he condemns and Buttmann favors. On page 47, it would have been desirable to state, what adjectives in -ος are of two endings; and what license the poets allow themselves herein. Under the verb, the first person of the plural in the active uniformly appears in the dual also. We like the old plan better of giving no first person dual, and of explaining the subject in the syntax. We regret also, that in the paradigms the dual follows the plural; not, indeed, on account of any principle involved in the position of the two numbers, but because Mr. Sophocles thus opposes the prejudices of teachers in favor of the old jingle, which they have heard in their boyhood.

On the whole we heartily recommend this Grammar, as likely to make thorough and intelligent Greek scholars, and, indeed, to bring about a new era in the acquisition of this language.

---

6. — *An Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, in Four Parts, containing a Systematic and Comprehensive Exposition of the Theory, and the more important Practical Problems, with Solar, Lunar, and other Astronomical Tables. Designed for Use as a Text-Book in Colleges and Academies.* By William A. Norton, late Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the University of the City of New York. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 485.

This treatise is well adapted to the student who wishes to acquire a thorough knowledge of Practical Astronomy; who would not be contented with a merely popular work, and yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has not the mathematical ability to master the more profound calculations required for the full developement of the mechanism of the heavens. He will here find a clear and well-digested view of the methods of determining the motions and places of the sun, the moon, and the other heavenly bodies, their eclipses and occultations, the construction of astronomical tables and the measurement of time, together with some useful astronomical tables uncommonly well arranged; so that, if he have any taste for numerical calculation, he will be abundantly supplied with good materials, and, if he should desire to predict an eclipse or to calculate an almanac, he could not readily be referred to a more satisfactory source of information. He will also find a somewhat novel and lucid "exposition of the operations of the disturbing forces in producing the perturbations of the motions of the solar system," sufficiently accurate and comprehensive, perhaps, for the ordinary purposes of instruction. A great defect of the volume consists, however, in the meagreness of its details with regard to the natural history of the heavenly bodies. A single page, illustrated by no diagrams, is all that is allotted to the physical constitution of the moon; and in direct contradiction to the delicate observations of Schröter, without any allusion to them, this body is declared to have no atmosphere. The variable stars and nebulæ are hastily passed over in an uninteresting description, and no notice is taken of the sublime speculations to which they have led the minds of philosophers. But such defects as these do not render the work of less value for the practical purposes for which it was evidently designed, and for which it may be recommended as an excellent text-book.

---

7. — *An Elementary Treatise on Optics, designed for the Use of the Cadets of the United States' Military Academy*, by WILLIAM H. C. BARTLETT, A. M., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Academy. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1839. 8vo. pp. 231.

THE science of Optics is not to be confounded with the Natural Philosophy of Light. In the latter department of science the nature of light is the especial object of investigation, and a prominent place is given to the discussion of the two theories of emission and of waves. All the phenomena of observation are carefully scrutinized in reference to their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bearing upon this subject, and compared with the results deduced from each theory by the calculus; and the calculations themselves exhaust the highest powers of transcendental mathematics. In Optics, on the contrary, the properties and phenomena of light are alone considered, without regard to hypotheses; and the results, which are mostly obtained by the usual processes of calculation, being founded upon the data of exact experiment, are absolutely true, and cannot be affected by any modifications which the hypotheses may undergo. If, therefore, the one study be the more captivating to a philosophical student, and deserve a high place in a liberal course of education, the other, to which Newton almost exclusively confined his optical researches, is probably the more healthy discipline to the mind, and far the more important to him who designs to make a practical use of his knowledge. Professor Bartlett's work is, as its title implies, strictly a treatise on Optics. The unaffected freedom from pretension, with which it is offered to the world, prepossessed us strongly in its favor upon first opening it; and we rejoice in being able to say, that we have not been disappointed by a further examination, but that the simplicity of the entrance is a fair sample of the neatness of the interior. The whole theory of optical instruments, including the laws of the reflection, refraction, and dispersion of light, and the description of the eye, occupies about two-thirds of the volume, and is presented in a highly finished form. The phenomena of absorption, internal reflection, interference, divergence, double refraction, and polarization are explained in the remainder of the work with great distinctness and precision. The mathematical formulæ are, throughout, most happily and clearly exhibited; the deductions and explanations are highly perspicuous; and, in short, the entire arrangement and execution of the treatise are excellent, worthy of the distinguished reputation of its author, and exactly adapted to the class of students for whose use it was prepared.

---

8 — *Man, in his Physical Structure and Adaptations.* By Robert Mudie, author of "The Heavens," "The Four Seasons," "The British Naturalist," etc. etc. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Company. 1838. 12mo. pp. 294.

Mr. Robert Mudie, author of "The Heavens," of "The Four Seasons," and now of "Man," — whether a man of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flesh and blood like the late Dr. Mavor, or of straw, like the present Peter Parley,— is evidently a professed book-maker. It is not, that he has as yet published very many volumes; for many men who lived before booksellers remunerated, and penny-a-liners contracted, have written more and oftener. But it is, that he shows a desperate tendency to embrace all sorts of available subjects; that he hugs with artistic eagerness, every dilatable topic; that he manufactures volumes with colored plates, and compromises the purchasers of one little book, by concatenating it in a series with other little books. In short, though apparently a very good kind of man, it is evident, that he is in the habit of writing by contract.

In speaking of the present work, in connexion with three others to come hereafter,—namely, upon Intellectual, Moral, and Social Man, — he remarks; "They are my favorites, above all others I have written, and, whatever may be said of the execution, this subject deserves attention from the public." There can be no mistake in either of these propositions. It may, however be a question how far an author should announce his partialities for his own productions, at least to those who are likely to read the works which are the subject of self-gratulation; and it may also be doubted, whether the community required to be reminded that Man, in a physical, intellectual, moral, and social point of view, is a subject deserving of attention.

We have said that Mr. Mudie seems to be a good sort of of man; and we may add, that Mr. Mudie seems to know a good many things, and sometimes tells a little anecdote well. But, if we may give a classical form to a familiar word, he is one of the most severely *terebrating* authors that we have met with for a long time. Physical man, indeed! The book has nothing to do with any particular subject, but has a page here and a paragraph there, on almost every thing; and there is a viscosity about every thing this author touches, that makes it string out interminably. Half a dozen pages are taken up to show that dissections do not teach the nature of man. Nobody ever thought they did. He happens to mention the steam engine merely as an illustration; whereat the instinct of the book-wright whisks him through an episode of three pages. He alludes to the story of the ass between two bundles of hay, again as an illustration; but the seducing image of his approving bibliopolite once more leads him from his path, and some fifteen or twenty shillings' worth of copy is evolved before the reader can be released from his speculations upon the asinine dilemma.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so on through the whole book. Dulness, benevolence, prolixity, with here and there a tolerable story, and a few sensible remarks, — a little physiology, — a little comparative anatomy, — a little metaphysics — a great deal of skimble-skamble stuff, — and you have finished the first fraction of Mr. Mudie's quadruple infliction.

We, whose duty it is to go through these dense and unwedgeable masses of print, like a pod-auger, — boring and bored, — must show the chips we bring away fairly and fully to the public. In the present instance, we must needs report that the book is done by the job, — conscientiously and with the best of motives, no doubt; the author firmly believing, that he can serve both God and Mammon in the same duodecimo. It is not our fault, that he has no more capacity for the subjects which he handles; and, dearly as we love the booksellers, the truth must be told, though it should condemn "The Heavens" to fall — ninety-nine per cent., "The Seasons" to remain stationary on the counters, and "Man" to become the slave of grocers and trunk-makers.

Independently of these general remarks, we may indulge in one or two suggestions as to the style of this little work. As punctuation is but a small item in the expense of getting up a work, it may be well in the future duodecimos to insert a period occasionally in the midst of a page, and embellish the word which follows, with a capital. Except in contracts and similar pieces of composition, we do not like to hear people called "the parties," — a word to which Mr. Mudie has a partiality that smacks of some previous employment. It is not proper to use such words as "adaptorial" and "transmogrifier," nor, in the present advanced state of civilization, is it any longer considered original or genteel to exclaim,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," &c.

---

9. — *The Life of William Cowper, Esq.* By Robert Southey, LL. D., Poet Laureate, etc. In two Volumes. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1839. 12mo. pp. 329, 360.

We have already noticed this Life at some length, in connexion with a general review of Cowper's character.* We refer to it now merely to express our satisfaction at seeing the Life separated from the works, and republished among

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XLIV. pp. 29, *et seq.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, in a convenient and agreeable form. The five volumes of Mr. Southey have been compressed into two. This will bring the work within the means of many, who would not have been able to procure it in the English edition. When such vast numbers of the most worthless productions of British pens are poured upon the country in cheap American reprints, it is an agreeable variety, and a propitious omen, to find that a work of such solid merit and manifold interest is sufficiently appreciated by what is called the reading public, to justify a publisher in sending it forth from the press in handsome style. Great credit is certainly due to the taste of the firm, to whom we are indebted for this and other excellent reprints.

---

10. — *The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by Jared Sparks. Vol. X. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 386.

Mr. Sparks has now completed his series (or his First Series, as we hope we may be permitted to call it,) of American Biography, and we know not where we should look for more exciting and varied interest, than in these volumes. Much valuable matter, connected with American history, has thus been secured from oblivion and preserved in an attractive form. The lives are without exception written with ability; indeed some of the ablest pens in the country have been engaged in the work. The contributions of Mr. Sparks himself are among the most valuable. Whatever comes from him in the department of History or Biography, the public long ago had the best of reasons to anticipate, would bear the marks of thorough investigation, and present a finished model of literary composition.

The present volume contains the Lives of Fulton, Warren, Hudson, and Marquette. The Life of Fulton is an elaborate exposition of that great man's scientific attainments, with a narrative, neatly put together, of the simple events, which diversified his existence. The second is an animated history of the short but brilliant career of Dr. Joseph Warren, including a description of Bunker's Hill Battle. It is from the pen of Alexander Everett, whose name, it is perhaps needless to say, is closely connected with the best literature of the country.

The Life of Hudson is a well written statement of the little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is known of that great navigator. The Life of Father Marquette, by Mr. Sparks, which furnished a text for some observations of ours in the last Number, is accompanied by a reduced *fac-simile* of the map attached to his Journal. And here we may take occasion to say, that the editor of the American Biography is entitled to great praise for the care and judgment, with which he has furnished his volumes with illustrations of this kind when needed. The series contains skilfully engraved portraits of the principal personages whose lives are commemorated, with *fac-similes* of their handwriting; and this last volume is closed by a General Index to the whole collection. It may be added, that the paper and print are beautiful, and the size and form the most convenient, being those for which Dr. Johnson, more than seventy years ago, declared his preference,—"such that a man can take the book in his hand, and read it while standing before the fire."

---

11. — *An Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at the Odeon in Boston, September 13th, 1838.* By Edward Everett, Honorary Member of the Association. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 8vo. pp. 40.

Mr. Everett's Address is an admirable specimen of his great and varied powers. The topics are selected with that perfect appropriateness to the occasion, for which his numerous discourses are remarkable. His object was to furnish something instructive for the young merchants, for whose especial benefit the Association was formed. Accordingly, the discourse contains a series of observations, at once wise and beautiful, on the accumulation of capital, the system of exchanges, the security of property, and the credit system. Many ignorant prejudices on these several topics are noticed by Mr. Everett with remarkable calmness, and the important truths connected with them are set forth in the clearest light. Among the most striking excellences of Mr. Everett's writings are the copiousness and felicity of his illustrations. The most ordinary subjects grow into beauty beneath his touch. His genius strikes out poetical splendors from the hardest materials. The imagery which adorns his discussion has the great and rare merit of placing the truth he inculcates in a more imposing form, — of convincing the understanding, while it delights the fancy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12. — *Esquisse Générale de l'Afrique, Aspect et Constitution Physique, Histoire Naturelle, Ethnologie, Linguistique, Etat Social, Histoire, Explorations, et Géographie.* Par M. D'Avezac, des Sociétés Géographiques de Paris et de Londres, etc. etc. etc. Paris : Dondey-Dupré. 1837. 12mo. pp. 132.

This is a carefully-digested summary of African Geography, drawn from the principal authorities, ancient and modern. It begins with a description of the natural features of this quarter of the globe ; its boundaries, seas, capes, rivers, mountains, winds, and climate. Then follows a sketch of its natural history, both vegetable and animal. This last-named branch of the subject presents many facts which are curious and interesting, and they are accompanied in this sketch with ingenious remarks and speculations.

It is stated, that of quadrupeds Africa possesses more than a quarter of the whole number of known species. Of the monkeys, the genus *cynocephalus* is represented by various species, almost all large, strong, and mischievous. The varieties of the monkey are very numerous ; and of the remarkable genus of ourangs, Africa affords the most remarkable of its species, the chimpanze, of which the arms are less long, the stature higher, the intelligence less limited, than that of the ourang-outang of Borneo, and which therefore approaches to man in a more striking manner. In no part of the globe, the author remarks, can this resemblance appear so striking as in Africa ; for there nature, as a proof of the uninterrupted chain by which all beings are united, has placed this monkey, so similar to men, by the side of the man who bears the nearest resemblance to the monkey, the stunted Bosjeman, who, upon the other side, is bound, on the same soil, through a series of intermediate varieties, with those who are regarded as the most perfect type of the human species.

In entering upon a description of the varieties of the human species which are to be found in Africa, the author discusses at some length the question, whether man constitutes a single order, genus, and species, preserving all the fundamental characters of the order, genus, and species, and presenting no diversity, except in those accessory and accidental characters of form and color, which science habitually considers as the signs of simple varieties ; or whether he must be admitted to be a genus, subdivided into several species, distinguished from one another by decided, permanent, and ineffaceable characters ; in other words, whether the European, the Mongol, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Negro, which present the three most divergent types, can be traced back to a common stock, or whether they have each special characters, among which crossings in different degrees may, it is true, have produced numerous varieties, but which besides are fundamental in each type, and not susceptible of being changed into one another.

We cannot at present follow the author through this discussion, but we proceed to notice his classification of the African races, all the varieties of which he reduces into the following ten general classes, viz.

"1. The European races, who here formed the colonies disseminated along the borders and in the islands, including the Turkish race, which is thinly scattered in the countries along the Northwest coast.

"2. The Arabian races, which spread over the eastern borders to Sofalah and Madagascar, throughout Egypt, over the northern provinces the whole length of the Mediterranean, over the Atlantic shore to Senegal, and extend to a very great depth into the desert, of which they occupy the southeastern portions.

"3. The Coptic race, of a deep yellow complexion, a short and straight nose, large lips, and swelled face. This race shows a daily tendency to disappear from the soil of Egypt, and seems, as has been previously remarked, to preserve traces of the ancient infusion of a Mongol or Chinese element.

"4. The Kouschyte races, having a complexion approaching to black, an aquiline nose, middle-sized mouth, an oval face. They people Abyssinia and a part of the borders of the Red Sea, under the names of Khabeschyn, Danâqyl, Schihou, Ababdeh. The majority of these nations, perhaps all, call themselves *Aga'zyân* or *Shepherds.* Perhaps different Asiatic and African elements combine, in different proportions, to form this race. The traces of negro mixture are easily detected, and on the other hand, the essential form seems to show great analogy with the inferior castes of India. Whether the origin of this race be foreign or indigenous, Africa is the only country which possesses it at the present day. Some detached branches of it are found on the coast of Zanguebar, and among the Berber population.

"5. This last forms one of the most remarkable groups on the continent, of which it occupies the mountainous regions at the north, and the central parts of Tsahhra, from Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean and to the Canaries, and from the Mediterranean to Ten-Boktoue and Kasynah, perhaps even beyond Lake Tchâd, under the different denominations of Schelouhh, Berêber, Qabâyl, Touârek, Sourqâ, and others, given them by their Arabian or Negro neighbours, and under the general appellation of *Amazygh*, that is, *nobles*, or *Amazerqt*, which means *free*, which they bestow upon themselves. They form a union of very different elements, some white, others tawny, the greater number olive, some almost black. A narrow forehead, an oval face, rounded features, sunken and cruel eyes, black and rough hair, with the olive complexion, — these peculiarities, in the midst of this confused conglomeration, characterizes an original stock, which some traditions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

designate as of Canaan, but which has been nourished on one side by a sap derived from the negro races, and into which, on the other hand, have entered strong branches of the Japhet race.

"6. From the midst of the Negro races a mongrel population is detached, of a tanned or copper color, projecting nose, middling mouth, an oval face, who consider themselves as descended from Arabian fathers united to Tauridian women. Under the names of Foulahs, Fellânys, Fellâtahs, or rather under that of *Peuls*, which they give to themselves. These people occupy a large and undulating zone, from the shores of the Senegal to the mountains of Mandharah, and perhaps much further. Their crisped, and even woolly, though long hair, justifies their being classed among the *oulotrique* population; but the features of their countenance, and the color of the skin, which has gained them among travellers the denomination of *red Peuls*, forbid that they should be confounded with the negroes, however intimate, in other respects, may be the mingling of the two types on the common border.

"7. The Negro races, properly so called, with a black skin of a more or less deep dye, a nose generally flat and broad, large and projecting lips, short face, and woolly hair, are spread over the larger part of the African soil, from Senegal and Upper Nile, beyond the southern tropic. The specific characters are differently combined among the different races which form this division; thus the Ouolof, the blackest of all the negroes, is that of which the nose is less flattened, and the lips are smallest. The Moutchicongo, on the contrary, whose complexion is much lighter, has a nose almost flat and enormous lips, and the women, especially, resemble the Hottentots. Among these extreme types, the Aschanty, the Mondingo, the Arada, the Ibo, the Monjou, the Makoua, offer a series of intermediate types.

"8. The Hottentot races, with a skin brown as soot, nose entirely flattened, large and projecting lips, a triangular face, forming a profile like that of a monkey, inhabit the southwest extremity of Africa.

"9. The Kaffre races, with a blackish grey or lead-colored complexion, arched nose, large lips, and upper part of the cheek prominent, occupy, on the northeast of the Hottentots, a vast portion of eastern Africa, as well as the south point of Madagascar. With these must be probably classed the Gallas, who from Melinda have advanced to the heart of Abyssinia.

"10. Lastly, the Malay race has spread several colonies on the African coast, after having peopled the eastern shores of Madagascar.

"It is hardly necessary to remark, that on the mutual limits of the respective geographical divisions, the races which we have just enumerated are more or less mingled together, and that the precise line of demarkation is not always easy to discover." — pp. 52–57.

This classification is followed by a notice of the different languages of Africa; the forms of religion and of government; its historical epochs; and the progress of modern discovery on its coasts, and in the interior of the continent. These topics, it will be perceived, embrace a wide field, and the author has brought together upon them, from a vast number of sources, a great variety of information, which is skilfully con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

densed into a very narrow space. As it is distinguished rather for the merit of elaborate selection and condensation than for novelty, we forbear to make any further extracts. The character of the work may be best gathered from the following recapitulation of his labor by the author himself.

"We have exhibited, under its various aspects, that great whole, which is called Africa; we have spoken of its exterior characters, its internal constitution, and its attire of animated beings; then considering man, upon whom the possession of it is devolved, we have made researches into his race, studied his language, his manners, his social habits, criticized his origin, and taken a hasty survey of his annals; and passing from the subject itself, to its relations with our own pursuits, we have made an inquiry into the explorations which have revealed it to us, and into the correlativeness which must be established between the notions acquired, and the theatre upon which they were obtained. Such is the cycle which we have attempted to form from the scattered fragments which no one before has attempted to combine; however small may be their separate value, they swell into importance by reason of the place which they occupy in the entire picture. It is upon this that must depend the whole interest of this feeble sketch." — pp. 131, 132.

---

13. — *An Inquiry into the Origin of the Antiquities of America.* By JOHN DELAFIELD, Jr. *With an Appendix, containing Notes, and a View of the Causes of the Superiority of the Men of the Northern over those of the Southern Hemisphere;* by JAMES LAKEY, M. D. Cincinnati: Published by N. G. Burgess & Co. 1839. 4to.

A QUARTO volume from what, when we studied geography, used to be known by the instructive name of the "Territory Northwest of the Ohio," is something to attract attention. And when we open it, and find it printed in a style which emulates the London press, and is seldom even attempted in America, we turn to the title-page again, to see if we did not mistake its birth-place. But there it stands, printed in good Roman characters, that none can mistake, "Published by N. G. Burgess & Co., No. 27, Pearl Street, Cincinnati, 1839." We have heard something of the book-trade of that western city, and have seen some dingy volumes from her presses. But these broad margins, these wide lines, this clear, black letter, these plates, so well drawn and lithographed, — we hardly expected to see such things come so soon from beyond the mountains; we little imagined, that the veteran brethren of the type would have so soon to be guarding their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laurels against the rivalry of these frontier-men, as we have scarcely yet taught ourselves not to call them.

But since they have come to the competition, we bid them welcome. We love good printing almost as one of the Fine Arts. A clear, black type does indeed give a force, a definite meaning, a piercing point, to good matter. Open lines and wide margins in like manner expand our capacities, and enlarge our views; so that we may say, most truly, that good printing is one of the creative arts. While we have, therefore, cheap books and cheap engravings for general use, let us have too some works and some paintings, upon which much mechanical labor has been bestowed. Let us now and then make a reach toward ideal beauty in printing, as in every thing else.

But the book before us is, upon its face, not only remarkable for beauty; it is equally so as the production of a Western man of business. That one of the commercial community in that great pork-mart, where such as know no better might naturally suppose, that business men are mere business men, should write a work upon a subject requiring long study and deep thought, is to us a very pleasing fact. If we had more men resembling Mr. Delafield in this respect, we should soon see their influence in promoting the only principle that can oppose the prevalent one of our day and land; we mean Disinterestedness. Let a man love Study, Science, and Art, and he is on the way to Philanthropy and Christian Brotherhood.

With much, therefore, to prepossess us in favor of this volume, we open it, and are struck at once by a characteristic rare in our day, condensation. No words are used, that could have been dispensed with; in truth, had the author used more words, and supplied the connecting links in his argument more fully, he would have found more readers. He states his facts so briefly, draws his inferences so directly, and avoids not only fine writing, but all explanation and detail, so entirely, that, unless we think, and weigh, and compare, and connect, we shall have a very imperfect view of his course of reasoning. Of the matter contained in this volume, a judicious manager would have made four such; nay, a true literary French cook would have made four such from a tithe of what is here.

The work professes to be "An Inquiry into the Origin of the Antiquities of America." And by this is not meant merely an inquiry as to which of the American races originated those antiquities, but also a discussion of the origin of those races themselves. In other words, an answer is sought to two questions;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I. What races of people built the ancient works in America?

II. Whence and how was America peopled?

In answer to the first question we have given to us, first, the continuity of monuments from the Great Lakes to Peru, varying at different points, from causes which our author suggests; next, the tradition of the Delawares with regard to their coming to the country east of the Mississippi, and driving to the South the original possessors; then, the annals of Mexico and Peru, referring their origin to the North; and lastly, the want of any account, among the northern tribes, explaining the antiquities which were about them, and also their habits, which would never lead to the making of such works. From these facts, stated most briefly, our author draws the conclusion, that the identity of the race, which built the antiquities of the United States, with that of Mexico, and of both with that of Peru, is made so highly probable, as to throw the burden of proof upon him who doubts.

Concluding, then, that all the antiquities of America were built by one race, and that, the race known to us in Mexico and Peru, our author next inquires as to the origin of this people. He brings forward and examines their language, anatomy, mythology, hieroglyphic system, astronomy, architecture and decorations, manners and customs, illustrating all by curious plates; and from all, clearly presented and fairly weighed, draws the conclusion, that the civilized people of America was identical with that of ancient Egypt and Hindostan, and our northern Indians the same with the Mongol race.

But he does not rest here. He goes into an examination of the origin and migrations of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt and Hindostan, the family of Cush. This portion of Mr. Delafield's work contains much curious and very interesting matter, and some with which very few are acquainted. To present it in a condensed form would be to invade his copyright, for we could not hope to compress his clear, close statements. Let it be sufficient to say, that he traces the family of Cush to Egypt, and gives us the emigration from that land again, through Persia and Siberia toward Behring's Straits, along the line of which emigration we find the evidences of this peculiar race, the builders of pyramids, mounds, immense walls, and great cities. From Behring's Straits, our author traces the southward march of this strange people in America, by means of a Mexican symbolic map, which he gives, covering nineteen feet of paper, and thus puts the key-stone to his arch of evidence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have, in this work, then, a brief, but very clear and fair view of the evidences which favor the theory, that the antiquities of America originated in the labors of a branch of the great Cushite family. The difficulties of the theory are not discussed, but the positive proof is certainly strong ; and no one can read this work, without becoming interested in those inquiries, the main results of which it gives so ably and precisely.

In addition to Mr. Delafield's argument, we have in this volume a Preface, by Bishop McIlvaine, respecting the bearing of such inquiries as Mr. Delafield's upon the Bible ; and an Appendix, consisting of a curious paper, by Dr. James Lakey, of Cincinnati, upon the causes of man's superiority in the Northern Hemisphere over his fellow-man in the Southern.

In short, a careful examination of this Western quarto proves it to be as well worthy of attention from the matter it contains, as from the beauty with which that matter is laid before us. It makes us look to the West with new interest, and increases our faith in her rapid and steady intellectual and moral progress ; for the two must go together. She has intellect enough to place her high in useful exertion, and to give new vigor to the mind of all America, if her children can but stand enough aloof from business and politics for a fair exertion of their powers. Mr. Delafield has set them a noble example.

---

14. — *Desultory Reminiscences of a Tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France.* By an American. Boston : William D. Ticknor. 8vo. pp. 364.

The young author of this work has shown a sound heart and good head. He has given us his recollections of a tour in Europe, carefully and leisurely prepared, and written out with considerable attention to style. Novelty is not to be expected in a work professing to treat of countries so long trodden by travellers' feet, as Germany, Switzerland, and France. Still an observant and honest tourist may furnish his readers with entertainment and instruction, by reviving the faded images imparted by others, or by putting familiar facts in new lights. The classical scenes, on which the great drama of European history has been enacted, and where the momentous work of civilization and art is still going swiftly on, can never lose their interest. The traveller's tale will always be eagerly read.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have, in this work, carefully-drawn descriptions of the most celebrated natural scenes in Europe. Works of art are treated with taste and feeling, and national manners are indicated with due discrimination. The author appears to have made himself familiar with the various objects, most deserving a stranger's attention, in the great capitals of Europe, and entered heartily into the enjoyment of whatever was beautiful and excellent in taste, or illustrious in historical fame. The city of Paris, in particular, is the subject of ample and minute detail.

The book is written, as we have said, with considerable attention to the style ; but it has faults, in that respect, which ought to be pointed out. The language is too stilted and monotonous, running into long and cumbrous sentences, and thereby bearing at times an inadequate expression of the author's ideas. It is overloaded with epithets, which weaken instead of strengthening it. It is deficient in terseness, and would be greatly improved by a pretty thorough thinning out of superfluous words, those weeds of language. Take, for instance, a sentence selected almost at random, "Gilded as were now its rippling eddies, by the rays of a setting sun, that bathed no fairer landscape in the warm flood of its descending splendor, it formed a scene, such as the glad eye could not weary in gazing upon." But the book is, notwithstanding, very readable and agreeable.

---

15. — *Treatise on the Contract of Sale.* Translated from the French of R. J. Pothier, by L. S. Cushing. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1839. 8vo. pp. 400.

The accurate translation of this standard work by so good a writer as Mr. Cushing, is a valuable service, alike to the professional and general reader. A contract the most frequent and important is here satisfactorily discussed, upon the broad authority of good conscience and equity, as well as upon the more limited principles of municipal law. The train of reasoning is such as naturally passes through intelligent and thinking minds; and, void of artificial elements, it leads to principles which not only do justice, but secure therefor the approbation of common sense. Thus the treatise on Contracts, like that of the same author on Obligations, is not only a good book of law, but an excellent book of morals. That distinguished writer and advocate, Mr. Alison, has justly remarked, that "Pothier, by an astonishing effort of mental vigor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has extracted from the heterogeneous mass of the old laws and customs of France, the element of general jurisprudence, and followed out the ingrained principles of the Roman Law, with a power of generalization, and clearness of expression, to which there is nothing comparable in the whole annals of legal achievements." The treatise on Contracts is an important portion of those works, which elicited such a warm and merited eulogium from the English lawyer.

Though this treatise can possess, in America, none of the authority and weight of statute laws, and their judicial expositions, it richly furnishes those scientific and equitable considerations, which lawyers and judges, however able in native resources of intellect, or however much relieved from responsibility by inflexible precedents, wish ultimately to repose upon in forming conclusions, which, from their practical effect upon the interests and happiness of their fellow-men, must needs be justified as well at the bar of conscience as of public opinion. Besides, it is clothed with the authority of common law for those portions of America which were formerly under the jurisdiction of France, as Louisiana and Lower Canada.

This, in common with all translations, is marred by some inherent defects, impossible to be removed, because founded in the very elements of thought. The frequent occurrence of Latin words and phrases, concentrating in their signification whole laws and principles, more or less unknown to the foreign reader, abates much of the point and force of the general reasoning. It must be owned, too, that some doctrines are laboriously discussed, which have become, by a change of circumstances, and the diffusion of knowledge, scarcely worthy of even a formal statement.

---

16. — *Poems*. By George Lunt. New York: Gould & Newman. 1839. 12mo. pp. 160.

The largest poem in this volume is of the didactic or philosophic kind, written in the good old couplet of Pope. It is called "Life," and is an attempt to unfold and illustrate the truth, that Christianity is necessary to the full developement of the nature of man. We are inclined to the opinion, that didactic poetry is the most difficult achievement of genius, when wrought up to its highest perfection. To carry on a train of philosophical meditations, or to support a succession of reasonings and inferences, with all the restraints

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of metre and rhyme, and with all the ornaments of poetical illustration, must task the understanding, the imagination, and the power of expression, to their utmost. And in truth we find, as might be expected, in most attempts of this kind, little more than a series of unconnected truisms, sometimes expressed with point and terseness, but most frequently, on a close analysis, assuming the form of a *caput mortuum*.

If we say, that Mr. Lunt has not produced a didactic poem of the first class, we question neither his taste nor his genius. In the first place, the subject he has chosen is one of the greatest magnitude and importance. Treated thoroughly, it would require years of toil, almost endless knowledge, and the highest philosophical as well as poetical powers. It is the great subject of speculation in modern times. Apart from its claims as a system of religious truth, imparted to man by Divine Revelation, Christianity, in its political, social, and intellectual relations, is the one great, stupendous phenomenon in modern history.

Mr. Lunt has given us a very pleasing poem, touching upon the leading topics of this high argument, and written generally in a polished and melodious style of versification. There is one fault, very common in the heroic couplet, which Mr. Lunt occasionally falls into; that is, the use of unnecessary epithets, to complete the rhythm, and to balance the hemistichs. It is curious to observe, how frequently in this poem (and almost every other written in the same measure), the first half of the line contains an adjective, necessary perhaps both to the sense and rhythm, and, after the cæsural pause, comes another see-sawing with it, wholly superfluous, except for the melody. Thus.

"Where *burning* words instinct with *living* fire."

Besides, is it not tautological to call "*burning* words instinct with *fire* ?'

Again,

"The same *dark* passions fire his *owing* breast."

"Through the *dry* sands of Afric's *burning* waste."

"Or *torrid* sunbeams scorch the *blazing* line," — mere surplusage.

"No *generous* glow his *rugged* bosom warms."

"Where the *rude* soldier leads his *hard-eyed* band."

"Crawls *basely* down to his *ignoble* grave."

"Nor *soft* refinement sooths his *rugged* heart."

"How man's *dark* spirit sank in *gloomy* night."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Waits the *glad* coming of day's *burning* eye."

"A *kindlier* fire his *frozen* bosom warms."

"His *selfish* bosom feels a *genial* glow."

In truth, there are many lines in this poem, which might be cut down to eight syllables, with no detriment to the meaning and with much advantage to the style. We notice, too, several repetitions of favorite words, such as "immortal," "glowing," "burning," &c. which have an unpleasant effect, and weaken the impression of the imagery. Occasionally we find a finical expression like, "jewelled sky." It might do to compare jewels to stars, but to compare stars to jewels is to compare an object of transcendent beauty in nature, to another beautiful indeed, but too familiar, — to tradesmen's shops and ladies' fingers. However, it must be confessed, that the best poets frequently commit this fault, — we mean the error of taste, — in comparing noble objects to things in their nature less noble.

Having found fault freely with this poem, we give the following extract.

"Would grander visions charm gay fancy's eye?
Behold the gorgeous East come sweeping by,
As when our common parents o'er it trod
Glowing with beauty from the hand of God!
Leave the lone savage to the deep recess
Of his unseen, primeval wilderness;
See man, a loftier being, grasp the sway
Which weaker mortals dare not disobey,
Stretch his broad empire to the rising sun,
Deem nothing his, while aught is to be won,
Yet, ere his hand secures the dazzling prize,
A change comes o'er it, and the pageant flies; —
And like the pictures on the magic glass,
Which one by one, in gay procession pass,
Yet, ere the steadfast eye can fix them there,
Fade quite away, and melt in empty air, —
So the vain empires men eternal deem
Rise up and vanish, like a shifting dream! — p. 30.

Many of the shorter poems are written with grace, feeling, and great truth to nature. Take, for instance, the following;

"TO A WARM WIND IN WINTER.

"Low, sweet wind, whose melody
Floats along the rippled sea,
Why, to ride the curling foam,
Did'st thou leave thy pleasant home?
For thy motion soft and slow,
And thy voice so sweet and low,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tell of milder climes than this,
Far beyond the blue abyss.

Dost thou come from Araby,
Where eternal summers be?
Or, where over ocean isles
Everlasting verdure smiles?
Sporting under spicy trees,
Singing where the roses blow,
Could'st thou leave them, wandering breeze,
For the land of cold and snow?

Dost thou bring from Eastern bowers
Tidings of the birds and flowers?
For the birds away have flown, —
And the flowers all shrunk and gone; —
Go, and tell them how we long
For the roses and the song; —
Now, sweet wind, I warn thee go,
Here is only cold and snow!" — pp. 53, 54.

We have been struck, in reading this volume, with Mr. Lunt's command of poetical expression and imagery. Sometimes his pictures are indistinct, from being overwrought; but generally they show a nicely observant eye, and a happy facility in the execution.

---

17. — *Caii Crispi Salustii de Catilinæ Conjuratione Belloque Jugurthino Historiæ. Sallust's Histories of the Conspiracy of Catiline and the Jugurthine War. From the Text of Gerlach. With English Notes.* Edited by H. R. Cleveland, A. M. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1838. 8vo. pp. 198.

This is a very neat and attractive edition of the great Latin Historian. It is printed in a clear type, on good paper, and with a careful supervision of the press. The text selected by the editor is an excellent one. Mr. Cleveland has given, in a short introduction, a well-considered and well-worded criticism on the different classes of historical compositions, and on the writings of Sallust.

The peculiarities of Sallust's style make him a difficult author for schoolboys to understand. He is condensed, epigrammatic, and elliptical. Now a condensed style is for strong minds; an epigram is not comprehended readily by those who are unaccustomed to the society of wits; and elliptical sentences require a reflective power, and a concentrated and continued attention, which schoolboys are not apt to have. Sallust abounds, moreover, in philosophical reflec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, drawn from an extensive experience of life, sometimes from an experience nowise creditable to the historian himself; — and these reflections are addressed to minds of more maturity than are found within the walls of a school-room. These points in the character of Sallust require a peculiar treatment by the editor of a school edition. Mr. Cleveland has met the difficulties of the case very skilfully and successfully. His notes are brief and pertinent ; they explain what really needs explanation, either in the construction of the sentences or in the matter treated of by the author. They are uniformly clear, intelligible, and neatly expressed ; sometimes highly ingenious in solving difficulties, and throwing light on disputed passages ; and they condense, within a very narrow compass, a great variety of excellent criticism.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE III. OF THE LAST NUMBER.

In our late article on "Nautical Discovery in the Northwest," we had occasion to speak of "the supposititious voyage called De Fonte's" (*North American Review*, Vol. XLVIII. pp. 129–132); we quoted a part of the letter published in Burney's "Voyages" under the name of this navigator, and added, that, without feeling any confidence in its genuineness, we yet thought that there was matter in it for an investigation, which we hoped would be undertaken by some one with leisure and opportunity for such inquiries.

The following views and facts, for which we are indebted to the Honorable James Savage, the learned editor of "Winthrop's History," appear to put at rest a question, itself of no little curiosity, and of which both sides have been maintained by foreign writers of consideration.

The introduction to the "Letter" of De Fonte recites, that "the Viceroys of New Spain and Peru, having advice from the court of Spain, in the fourteenth year of King Charles [of England], A. D. 1639, of a voyage being undertaken by some industrious navigators from Boston in New England, for discovery of a Northwest passage, he [Admiral De Fonte] received orders from Spain and the Viceroys to equip four ships of force, and sailed with such ships April 3d, 1640." It is impossible to imagine, that the memory of such an expedition, undertaken under such auspices, with a commander of high rank, sailing with the purpose of promptly defeating the attempt of a great rival maritime power, (acting, indeed, through its humble colonists, — nearest neighbours, however, to the long-sought passage,) an expedition so successful, besides, in its discoveries,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should survive in a sailor story of six pages, and in that alone; the Spanish authors, to whom we referred, affirming, that "the public repositories in Spain and the Indies have been carefully searched, and that neither journal, copies of orders, nor any paper whatever, relating to such a voyage, can be found."

But, again, the expedition is alleged in the "Letter" itself to have been against a Massachusetts vessel, which had reached the Pacific Ocean by a *northwest passage.* Accordingly, the Spanish critic, who refutes the fabulous story of his country's honor, objects to the relation of De Fonte, that there is a contradiction between his tale of meeting the Boston ship so little distance from Behring's Straits, and his conclusion, on returning home to Peru, "having found that there was no such passage into the South Sea, by what they call the Northwest passage"; and remarks, that on the showing of the "Letter," the voyage of Shepley must have been through the "thick-ribbed ice." The voyage being represented to have been made by a northwest passage, it is immaterial to the present purpose, to inquire, whether any Massachusetts vessel, "so early as the middle of the seventeenth century, found her way round Cape Horn to the Northwest." The truth, however, is, that there is no reason to suppose any such vessel to have been in the Pacific till a century and a quarter later.

The London "Quarterly Review" (Vol. xvi. p. 160), referred to by us, in our recent article, has the statement, that "about the same time, one M. de Groseiller, of Canada, was despatched from Quebec for the purpose of discovery. Landing near Nelson's River, he fell in with a wretched hut, in which were six people, nearly famished. They were part of the crew of a ship which had been sent from Boston, and which, while they were on shore, had been driven to sea by the ice, and was never heard of more." But where is the account of Groseiller's voyage, or rather journey? At all events, "about the same time," in the connexion in which it stands, means, about the time of James's and Foxe's voyage, in 1631, when our humble city was a year old, and a boat had not yet been built here; so that if such a shipwreck as is alleged, of a Boston vessel, occurred, she must have been from Boston, in Old England. Further, there is no credible account of a New England ship, within a hundred years after, going half the length of the Labrador coast, much less penetrating into Hudson's Bay.

At the close of the "Letter" the editor of the "Monthly Miscellany," where it first appeared, expresses his belief, that it "will not be unacceptable to those who have either been in those parts, or will give themselves the trouble of reviewing the chart." But here is no proof, that the author of the "Letter,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the editor of the "Miscellany," so much as pretended to possess a chart by De Fonte. He may have referred to any chart of the South Sea in common use. If this editor, in 1708, were the fabricator of the "Letter" about a voyage in 1640,* as is altogether probable, he forebore to stretch his boldness so far as to project a chart to commemorate those great discoveries, which he described in a narrative of six pages, written, perhaps, in half as many hours. The French translators supplied the deficiency, by enriching the adventure, after the middle of the last century, with that requisite accoutrement, though, as was at that day suspected, it was obtained from the laboratory of the recent Russian discoveries.

The conduct, ascribed to the commander of the expedition, was so absurd, under the circumstances, as to stamp the "Letter" for a fiction. De Fonte is represented to have been fitted out with a fleet of four ships, to capture the Boston vessel, which had dared to go north about, and come on the back of the Spanish dominions, in that unknown ocean, they called their own; and, moreover, informed the owner, that his commission was "to make prize of any people seeking a northwest or west passage into it." Yet he tells us, how he forthwith violated his instructions, betrayed his trust, rewarded the interloper owner with a diamond ring of twelve hundred dollars' cost, besides a quarter-cask of good wine, and the interloper captain with the gift of a thousand dollars for his fine charts and journals, and even the common sailors with two hundred dollars more. Instead of this, to execute his duty, he should have made them all prisoners, and sequestrated their property. A consideration for his liberality is indeed, alleged, "a small present of provisions," which the receiver acknowledged he had no need of. But the question, how, under such circumstances, this could have been bestowed, is as hard to answer, as the question why it should have been received. The Massachusetts captain must have had small surplus of stores, laid in by him in Boston the year before, and not needed for his return voyage from the hyperborean regions, to distribute to a squadron, nine thousand miles nearer home than himself.

The name of the Massachusetts captain, if there was one, was Shapley (or Shepley, or Shapleigh). Among one thousand eight hundred and eleven names, contained in the Appendix to the second volume of "Winthrop's History," of persons desirous of becoming freemen in the colony during the years 1630 – 1648

* That the writer of the "Letter" knew something of Massachusetts Bay, appears probable from his finding the name *Conihasset* to the north of Nootka Sound. Conihasset (otherwise *Cohasset*) is a well-known pleasant maritime village, a few miles from Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inclusive, neither of these names, nor any similar one, is to be found. In so important an expedition, projected and solely directed by Gibbons, he would, from his associations, have employed, as ship-master, none but a church-member and a freeman of Massachusetts.*

"Captain Shapley told me," says the pseudo De Fonte, "his owner was a fine gentleman, and major-general of the largest colony in New England, called the Maltachusetts." Here are a couple of anachronisms. In 1640, Massachusetts was usually called New England, and was not, until three or four years later, obliged to regard herself as one of the New England colonies. In 1640, the title of major-general had not been conferred on Gibbons, nor on any other man. In his "Wonder-working Providences," Johnson says, "Major Edward Gibbons," thus designating his rank, when he was simply sergeant-major, or commanding officer of the regiment of Suffolk, "hath now [1652] the office of major-general also." In the preceding page, he makes Thomas Dudley the first major-general; and Hubbard (p. 373) confirms the statement of the priority of Dudley, giving 1644 as the date of the earliest election.† The elevation of Gibbons did not, according to Johnson, his intimate acquaintance, occur before 1649, near ten years after the pretended expedition must have sailed.

But there is yet in reserve that argument which Mr. Samuel Weller's father esteemed most of all, an *alibi*. "*The owner*," says the Letter, "and the whole ship's company, came on board, the 30th." The owner was Edward Gibbons, and the time was July 30th, 1640.

A ship from Boston, moored, on that day, in that part of the earth, should, in order to get through the ice, for one or two thousand miles west of Baffin's Bay (which must have thawed the previous summer), have sailed as early as April, 1639; or, if her voyage were round Cape Horn, not after October of the same year. A competent navigator, in our own times, bound to keep an appointment in the vicinity of Behring's Straits, would not dare to start a month later than October to reach his destination by the middle of the following July, in our usual

* The name of Shapley is believed to occur, on this side of the ocean, for the first time, 2d of April, 1641, when Nicholas Shapleigh, described in the deed, "of King's Ware, in the county of Devon," receives conveyance of all the grantor's estate in New England. He was probably a creditor, and did not come over for some time, for livery of seisin is, a few days after, witnessed by E. Godfrey, Roger Gard, sometime Mayor of Acomenticus, and one more. The land, of course, was in Maine.

† This, however, is not entirely accurate. John Humfrey was the first major-general, in 1641. He went home to England in a few months after his appointment and probably the place remained vacant till Dudley's elevation to it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course. For the return voyage, supposing the adventurer to have come by a north passage, he would have to push through it in August, the only month which could be thought of for such service, and would be happy to reach Massachusetts Bay in November; or, if he came by our modern route, he could hardly reach the end of his voyage before March, 1641.

Where, then, between these limits of time, was Edward Gibbons, the "fine gentleman" who was owner of the vessel met by De Fonte, and a passenger in her? For if, during any part of the interval, we can find him in Massachusetts, then De Fonte is a phantom, and the writer of his "Letter" was a knave.

We have two guides in following his motions; one, the Records of the General Court of Massachusetts; the other, the slender first volume of Boston Records.

From the first it appears, that, on the 13th day of March, 1639, Gibbons was representative for Boston, with two others. As, for the next forty years, the town had only two, if he was one, he could less be spared for so distant an excursion; and he was one in May, and again in September, of the same year. It being, at the last date, hazardous to undertake the passage "in climes beyond the solar road," the credulous reader of De Fonte must suppose him to have taken the circuit by the southern extremity of our continent. But no; for we find, that, in March, 1640, he was sent, with two other gifted brethren, to reduce some schismatics, who had been driven from the church of Boston, and had pretended to set up public worship at Newport. In the May following, he is again at his post in the Massachusetts legislature. In November of the same year, he heads an expedition; but it is only as far as Dorchester, whither he goes with "a guard of twelve musketeers," to meet the sachem, Miantunnomo. In October, 1641, and through the six following years, he is still on the Boston seat in the General Court, and without any such manifestations of importance, as a negotiation with a "Prince of Chili," and the gift from him of a costly "diamond ring," might naturally have tempted him to assume.

According to the Boston Records, at the meeting of the freemen of the town, when "Captain Edward Gibbons" was first elected to the General Court of the colony, he was also made a selectman. The clerk attests, that he was present at the selectmen's meetings, May 27th, July 29th, August 6th, September 30th, October 28th, and November 25th, 1639; that, with Governor Winthrop, Bellingham, and others, he was re-elected to that office December 16th of the same year; that he attended meetings on the 30th day of the same month, and on January 27th, February 24th, March 30th (on which last day the records mention his sale of an estate), April 27th, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

July 2d, of the succeeding year ; and that on the 28th of September he was chosen once more to the same office, and was engaged in its duties on that day, and on the following October 26th. It is unnecessary to follow him into the next year. It is plain, that he has only from July 2d of the Julian year, (or 12th by the Gregorian, which his generous enemy, Admiral De Fonte used) till the 17th of the same month (or the 7th by Boston reckoning), — that is, five days, — in which to meet the Spanish magnifico beyond Queen Charlotte's Sound. And after the friendly separation, July 30th, his "diamond ring" must do the office of Aladdin's lamp, and bring him back, with his cask of wine, in fifty days, to his selectman's seat in Boston.

Dr. Snow, the learned and modest historian of Boston, conjectures (p. 89) the origin of this marvel of De Fonte to have been, in a real voyage of Gibbons from Boston to Bermuda, in a pinnace of thirty tons, in October, 1636. It was disastrously protracted, so that he did not return till June, 1637. In "Winthrop's History" (i. 226) may be seen a simple report of it, written at the time, and a preposterously wonderful one is given in Mather's "Magnalia," book vi. "Thaumaturgus."

In connexion with that part of the same article on "Nautical Discovery in the North-west," in which we spoke of the discovery of the Columbia River, by Captain Gray, we have been referred, by Mr. Sparks, to the fact, that the first suggestion of a trading voyage to the Northwest Coast appears to have been made by John Ledyard. In Sparks's *Life* of that enterprising American traveller (pp. 133 *et seq.*), is a full account of his endeavours to effect such a voyage as early as 1783. He had then recently returned from Cook's last voyage round the world, during which he had visited some of the Russian Settlements on the Northwest Coast, and become acquainted with the fur trade carried on by the Russians with the natives. His quick and sagacious observation pointed out to him the advantages that might be derived from this trade to the United States; and, as soon as he returned to his native country, he made various efforts to persuade some of the merchants to engage in such an expedition. At length Robert Morris approved his plan, and authorized him to put it in execution.

Ledyard spent several months in searching for a suitable vessel, in the principal ports of the United States. No vessel could be procured, and the project was abandoned. He then went to Europe, where he likewise failed, after having nearly attained his object. All this was done, before any voyage of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the kind had been undertaken, either in Europe or America. While inquiring for a vessel, he was in Boston, more than two years before Captains Kenrick and Gray sailed from that port to the Northwest Coast; and it is probable, that the first ideas of the voyage were derived from information communicated by him. It may be remarked, that the early voyages were fitted out and conducted precisely on the plan, which he had proposed, and the success corresponded with his anticipations.

The narrative of these particulars, as contained in his *Life*, is curious and interesting; and it leaves no room to doubt, that John Ledyard was the first projector of this branch of trade.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE VII. OF THE LAST NUMBER.

In our notice of Mr. Du Ponceau's work upon the Chinese Language (*North American Review*, Vol. XLVIII. p. 288), we introduced an extract, containing the remark, that the two ships, with which Captain White went to Cochin-China in 1819, were said to be the *first American* vessels, that had ascended the river Donnai, in that kingdom. This statement rests upon the authority of Captain White himself, who says, in the preface to his work; "It is presumed, that no American ever prosecuted any important speculation in the country, previous to the joint adventure of the brig Franklin and ship Marmion. At least it is very certain, that they were the first American ships that ever ascended the Donnai River, and displayed the stars and stripes before the city of Saigon."

We have since received the following memorandum, from John Prince, Esquire, of Jamaica Plain, who was part-owner of the first American ship that visited that country;

"The ship *Arab*, Benjamin Lander, master, owned by John Derby, John Prince, and Samuel G. Derby, sailed from Boston for Cochin-China, 17th March, 1803, with 40,000 Spanish dollars, and other goods $2311·28; and, not succeeding, went to Manilla, and returned from thence in the summer of 1804."

We have to express our thanks to Mr. Prince, for this interesting fact in the history of American commerce; which has been unexpectedly elicited by our discussion of a literary topic, having no apparent connexion with it.

In the same article, the reader is requested to make the following correction, at p. 309, line 1; for *characters*, read *words*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

Summary of the Principal Chinese Treatises upon the Culture of the Mulberry and the Rearing of Silk Worms. Translated from the Chinese. Washington: Peter Force. 8vo. pp. 198.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Builder's Guide, illustrated by sixty-six Engravings which exhibit the Orders of Architecture, and other elements of the Art. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 4to. pp. 83.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Cardinal Cheverus, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and formerly Bishop of Boston in Massachusetts. From the French of J. Huen-Dubourg, Priest, and late Professor of Theology. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 389.

The Life of George Washington. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Ferdinand Andrews. 8vo. pp. 562.

EDUCATION.

A Manual of Conchology, according to the System laid down by Lamarck; with the late Improvements by De Blainville. Exemplified and Arranged for the Use of Students. By Thomas Wyatt, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 191.

English Grammar for Beginners, on the Inductive Method of Instruction. By John L. Parkhurst. New York: Gould & Newman.

The Elements of Guitar-Playing; including a Complete System of Fingering founded on Chord Positions. Together with a General View of the Rudiments of Harmony; adapted to the Formation of Guitar Accompaniments. By James Ballard. New York: Geib & Walker.

Pub. Terentii Afri Andria Adelphique. Ex Editione Westerhovianâ. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Curâ C. K. Dillaway, A. M. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 18mo. pp. 186.

Mr. Dillaway's editions of the Latin Classics, have been repeatedly noticed with approbation. This little volume contains two of the best plays of Terence, in a very neat and convenient form, with brief explanatory notes, in English. The plays are very correctly printed, and cannot fail of being an attractive book to the young student. Mr. Dillaway's commentaries show taste and judgment, and a competent knowledge of the author's peculiarities both of sentiment and diction.

Fables de la Fontaine, avec des Notes Historiques, Mythologiques, et Grammaticales, à l'Usage des Colléges et des Écoles. Par F. Sales, Maître de Français et d'Espagñol à l'Université de Harvard. Boston: Jâques Munroe & Cie. 12mo. pp. 336.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fables of La Fontaine have for a long time been a favorite text-book for French classes, and with justice. Their terseness and point, the admirable wit and wisdom by which they are distinguished above all other fables, entitle them fairly to the unexampled popularity they have ever enjoyed. But, at the same time, they abound in idiomatic terms, and classical allusions, which go beyond the knowledge of most young scholars in whose hands they are placed. It was, therefore, highly desirable to have a good and cheap edition prepared, in which difficult passages and remote allusions should be explained; and, as whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, it was desirable that the task of preparing it should fall upon the very man, whose name stands in the title-page. Mr. Sales is as well known among us as the French language itself. Like Nestor of old, μετὰ τριτάτοισιν ἄνασσι, he continues to be a master among the third generation. By editing this volume, he has added another to his already numerous claims upon the respect and thanks of the literary community.

A Grammar of the Italian Language. By Pietro Bachi, Instructor in Harvard University. A New Edition, revised and improved, with the Addition of Practical Exercises, and numerous Illustrations drawn from the Italian Classics. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. London: R. J. Kennett. 12mo. pp. 568.

Mr. Bachi's Italian Grammar has been well known for a number of years past, to all lovers of the Italian language in this country. The new edition contains many important additions, particularly of practical exercises, and illustrations drawn from the classics. Every part has been carefully revised, and the results of the author's experience, during several years of instruction, are interwoven in the original texture of the work. In its present form, it is probably the most complete grammar of the Italian language now in existence.

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, and the First Book of the Greek Paraphrase; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, Plans of Battles, Sieges, &c., and Historical, Geographical, and Archæological Indexes. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 493.

Sallust's Jugurthine War, and Conspiracy of Catiline, with an English Commentary and Geography, and Historical Indexes. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 332.

HISTORY.

An Historical Sketch of Abington, Plymouth County, Mass. With an Appendix. By Aaron Hobart. Boston: S. N. Dickinson. 8vo. pp. 176.

Secret Proceedings and Debates of the Convention assembled at Philadelphia, in the Year 1787, for the purpose of forming the Constitution of the United States of America. From Notes taken by the late Robert Yates, Esq., Chief Justice of New York, and copied by John Lansing, Jr., Esq., late Chancellor of that State, including "The Genuine Information" laid before the Legislature of Maryland, by Luther Martin, Esq., then Attorney-General of that State, and Member of the same Convention. Also other Historical Documents relative to the Federal Compact of the North American Union. Richmond, Va. Wilbur Custis. 12mo. pp. 335.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notices of Men and Events connected with the Early History of Oneida County. Two Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Association of the City of Utica. By William Tracey. Utica: R. Northway. 8vo. pp. 45.

Comparative View of Ancient History; Embracing a Sketch of the Contemporary History of the Nations of Antiquity. To which are added, Observations on Chronological Eras; comprising an Explanation of the different Ancient and Modern Systems of Computing time, and the Modes of reducing each to a Correspondence with the Christian Era. By Joshua Toulmin Smith. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 122.

LAW.

Civil Code of the State of Louisiana; with Annotations by Wheelock S. Upton, LL. B., and Needler R. Jennings. New Orleans: E. Johns & Co. 8vo.

A Treatise on Criminal Law, with an Exposition of the Office and Authority of Justices of the Peace in Virginia, including Forms of Practice. By J. A. G. Davis, Professor of Law in the University of Virginia. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Co. 8vo.

An Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius. By P. Brady Leigh, Esq., Barrister at Law. With Notes, &c., by George Sharswood, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: Nicklin & Johnson. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Practice of the Court of Chancery, with an Appendix of Forms, &c. By John Sidney Smith, of the Six Clerks' Office. With Notes and References to American Decisions; by David Graham, Counsellor at Law. Philadelphia: Nicklin & Johnson. 8vo.

A Summary of Practice in Insurance, Revenue, and Prize Causes, in the Admiralty Courts of the United States, for the Southern District of New York; and also an Appeal to the Supreme Court; together with the Rules of the District Court. By Samuel R. Betts, Judge of the District Court. New York: Halstead & Voorhies. 8vo.

Elements of Medical Jurisprudence. By T. R. Beck, M. D., and J. B. Beck, M. D. Sixth Edition. New York: Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. By Richard W. Gill, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and John Johnson, Attorney at Law. Vol. VII, containing Cases in 1834–1836. Baltimore: W. & J. Neal.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

On Dengue; its History, Pathology, and Treatment. By J. Henry Dickinson, M. D., Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina. Philadelphia: Haswell, Barrington, & Haswell. 8vo. pp. 23.

A Treatise on the Diseases produced by Onanism, Masturbation, and other Excesses. By L. Deslandes, M. D., Member of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, and other learned Societies. Translated from the French, with many Additions. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 18mo. pp. 258.

A System of Anatomy for the Use of Students of Medicine. By Caspar Wistar, M. D., late Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. With Notes and Additions, by William E. Horner,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. Seventh Edition. Entirely remodelled, and illustrated by numerous Engravings, by J. Pancoast, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, one of the Surgeons of the Philadelphia Hospital, Fellow of the College of Physicians, &c. Philadelphia. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 491.

Outlines of the Institutes of Medicine, founded on the Philosophy of Human Economy in Health and Disease. In Three Parts. By Joseph A. Gallup, M. D., late Professor in the Vermont Academy of Medicine, and of the Clinical School of Medicine, &c. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 416, and 460.

Boylston Prize Dissertations on 1. Inflammation of the Periosteum. 2. Eneuresis Irritata. 3. Cutaneous Diseases. 4. Cancer of the Breast. Also Remarks on Malaria. By Usher Parsons, M. D., late Professor of Anatomy & Surgery, Brown University. Boston: C. C. Little & Co. 8vo. pp. 248.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters to School-Children, on their Relation to their Teachers and to one another; on their Duties as School-Children; on the Necessity of Government in Schools; on the Dangers to which School-Children are exposed; &c. &c. &c. By E. C. Wines, Author of "Hints on Popular Education." Boston: Marsh, Capen, & Lyon. 18mo. pp. 135.

Willy's Stories for Young Children. By Jane Marcet. New York: Samuel Colman. 18mo. pp. 144.

Amusing Stories for Good little Boys and Girls. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 16mo. pp. 190.

The Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at Lowell (Mass.), August, 1838, including the Journal of Proceedings, and a List of the Officers. Published under the Direction of the Board of Censors. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 8vo. pp. 187.

Letter to the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, by a Citizen of Mass., occasioned by the Petition of Himself and Others for a Repeal of the License Law of 1838. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 36.

A Lecture on Music, and its Effects upon Society, and the Expediency of having it taught in our Common Schools; delivered before the Academy of Sciences of Montgomery County, &c. By Chauncey P. Holcomb. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 21.

An Appeal to the People of Pennsylvania, on the Subject of an Asylum for the Insane Poor of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 24.

Lectures to Sunday School Teachers, on Mental Cultivation; delivered at the Odeon, in Boston, September, 1838. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo. pp. 115.

Traveller's and Emigrant's Guide to Wisconsin and Iowa. By Henry J. Abel. Accompanied with a New and Improved Map of those Territories, with the Addition of Parts of Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. Philadelphia: Published for the Author.

The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, from 1789 to 1839, together with the Declaration of Independence, and Constitution of the United States, with Portraits of the Presidents. Complete in One Volume. New York: McLean and Taylor. 8vo. pp. 632.

Political Sketches of Eight Years in Washington. In Four Parts,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Annotations to each; also a General Appendix; an Alphabetical Index, and a Series of Charts giving a Comparative Synopsis of the Constitution of the several States, and of the United States. By Robert Mayo, M. D. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. Washington: E. Anderson. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 216. Vol. I.

Abolition or Sedition. By a Northern Man. Philadelphia: George W. Donahue. 18mo. pp. 187.

Criticism; its Use and Abuse. By Samuel F. Glenn. Washington, D. C.: William Fischer. 1839. 8vo. pp. 11.

A Fourth Letter on the Vexatious and Cruel Injustice and Fallacy of the Rectangular System of Survey, universally adopted and practised in the United States, addressed to the Editor of the Boston Courier. By John Lee, Decypherer of the Charter of Omagh, and Author of Proportional Formulæ and Theory of Longitude. Cambridge: Metcalf, Torrey, & Ballou. 12mo. pp. 12.

Book of the Months, a Gift for the Young. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 18mo.

Social Amusements, or Holidays at Aunt Adela's Cottage. Translated, with some Alterations, from the French "Les Jeudis dans le Château de ma Tante." Boston: William Crosby & Co. 18mo. pp. 218.

The two preceding little volumes are among the best of their kind we have ever seen. "The Book of the Months" is a series of sketches, stories, and sentiments, appropriately arranged, and illustrative of the peculiarities of the successive seasons. The other is a translation, exceedingly well done, from the French, "Les Jeudis dans le Château de ma Tante," and is full of the pleasantest reading. Both these works seem to be designed for the amusement and instruction of children; but "men are but children of a larger growth," and we have caught ourselves reading them with as much delight as the merriest rogue that ever played truant on a summer day. French writers have an admirable tact in story-telling, but nobody can do it more attractively than *ma tante*.

Holiday Stories, in Prose and Verse. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 18mo.

This is an agreeable collection of stories and poems for the entertainment of the young folks, and very well suited to that end. If the rising generation should not prove to be better instructed, and better humored, than their predecessors, it will be because they have neglected their opportunities. It seems as if half the world were wholly occupied in providing for the intellectual wants of little people, who know not that they have any wants. This volume, and the two that we have already noticed, seem to us to be especially praiseworthy in their adaptedness to the tastes and years of those for whom they were designed.

NEW PERIODICAL.

The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters. Edited by the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey. No. I. April, 1839. Boston: William Crosby & Co. New York: C. S. Francis. London: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 48. Monthly, $3,00 per annum.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Rob of the Bowl; a Legend of St. Inigoes. By the Author of "Swallow Barn," "Horseshoe Robinson," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 270 and 275.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a Medicine. Founded on Fact. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. New York: Scofield & Voorhies. 18mo. pp. 155.

Tales, Ballads, &c. By Caroline Gilman. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 16mo. pp. 190.

Susan Pike; or a few years of Domestic Service. A Tale. By a Lady. New York: C. S. Francis. Boston: J. H. Francis. 18mo. pp. 66.

Captain Kyd, or the Wizard of the Sea. A Romance. By the Author of "The Southwest," "Lafitte," "Burton," &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 237 and 229.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

An Address at the Centennial Celebration in Hardwick, Mass., Nov. 15th, 1838. By Lucius R. Paige, Pastor of the First Universalist Society in Cambridge. Cambridge: Metcalf, Torrey, & Ballou. 8vo. pp. 76.

A Baccalaureate Address, delivered at the Annual Commencement of Geneva College. By Benjamin Hale, D. D., President. Geneva: 8vo. pp. 30.

Causes of the Backward State of Sound Learning in the United States. An Address at the Opening of the Public Exercises of the Irving Institute, Oct. 4th, 1838. By Charles H. Lyon, A. M., One of the Principals. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 14.

Introductory Address, delivered at the Opening of the Session of the Medical College of Georgia, on the Second Monday of November, 1838. By Joseph A. Eve, M. D., Professor of Therapeutics and Materia Medica. Published by the Class. Augusta. 8vo. pp. 24.

Introductory Lecture delivered at the Opening of the Albany Medical College, in the Anatomical Theatre, January 2d, 1839. By David Meredith Reese, A. M., M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic and Clinical Medicine. Published by Request of the Class. Albany. 1839.

The Reformation of Medical Science, demanded by the Inductive Philosophy; a Discourse delivered before the "New York Physicians' Society," on their Anniversary, Nov. 21st, 1838. By William Channing, M. D. New York. 8vo.

On the True Value of Experience in Medicine; an Introductory Lecture, delivered at the Session of the Louisville Medical Institute for 1838–39. Louisville. 8vo. pp. 21.

Address delivered before the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania, Tuesday, Nov. 1st, A. D. 1838. By William B. Reed. Philadelphia: T. K. & P. G. Collins. 8vo. pp. 62.

Oration on the Colonization of New England, delivered Dec. 22d, 1838, before the Pilgrim Society of Louisville. By Charles Ripley. Louisville, Ky.: Prentice & Weissenger. 8vo. pp. 44.

A Discourse, delivered Nov. 7th, 1838, on the Occasion of the Author's Inauguration as President of Hanover College, Indiana. By Erasmus D. Mac Master, A. M. Hanover, Ind. 8vo. pp. 36.

Popular Education. An Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of East Tennessee College, September 12th, 1838. By Joseph Estabrook, A. M., President of East Tennessee College. Knoxville: Ramsey & Craighead. 8vo. pp. 18.

A Discourse on the Utility of History. By Edward D. Mansfield,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor of History and Constitutional Law in Cincinnati College. 8vo. pp. 18.

An Address, delivered before the Peithessophian and Philoclean Societies of Rutgers' College, on the Literary Character of the Scriptures. Delivered and published by Request of the Peithessophian Society. By Alexander H. Everett. New York: Jared W. Bell. 8vo. pp. 32.

On Labor. An Address at the Annual Cattle Shows of the Worcester, and the Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin Agricultural Societies, Massachusetts, October, 1838. By Henry Colman, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of the State. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 8vo. pp. 23.

Address on the Study of the Modern Languages, delivered before the Eighth Annual Convention of the College of Teachers. By James F. Meline. Cincinnati. 1838. 8vo. pp. 19.

The Annual Address to the Candidates for Degrees and Licenses in the Medical Institution of Yale College, February 26th, 1839. By Thomas Miner, M. D., Member of the Board of Examination, and late President of the Connecticut Medical Society. New Haven: B. C. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 20.

An Oration, delivered before the Midway and Newport Library Society, at its Anniversary Meeting, March, 1838. Savannah: T. Purse & Co. 8vo. pp. 21.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Chocosua, and other Sketches. By Rh. S. S. Andros. Fall River: William Canfield & Co. 8vo. pp. 88.

Hannah, the Mother of Samuel the Prophet and Judge of Israel. A Sacred Drama. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 94.

Geraldine, Athenia of Damascus, and Miscellaneous Poems. By Rufus Dawes. New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. pp. 343.

Babylon. A Poem. By C. W. Everest. Hartford: Canfield & Robins. 8vo. pp. 48.

Wales, and other Poems. By Maria James. With an Introduction, by Alonzo Potter, D. D. New York: John S. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 170.

Campbell. An American Tale. By C. Charles Beaumont. New York: David Baker. 12mo. pp. 84.

The Ruins of Athens; Titania's Banquet, a Mask; and other Poems. By G. Hill. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 8vo. pp. 160.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

The Triumph of Faith; an Original Narrative. Also Thoughts for the Afflicted; and a Practical Exposition of the Song of Heaven. By the Rev. Herman Norton. New York: John S. Taylor. 18mo. pp. 71.

Primitive and Modern Piety. A Sermon delivered at Portland, at the Ordination of the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., to Constantinople, Oct. 3d, 1838. By I. Maltby, Pastor of the Richmond-Street Church, Bangor. Bangor: E. F. Duren. 8vo. pp. 40.

Missionary Efforts. A Sermon preached at Hallowell, Me., Sept. 26th, 1838, before the Maine Convention of Unitarian Churches. By

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jason Whitman, Pastor of the Second Unitarian Society, Portland. Published by Request. Hallowell: Glazier, Masters, & Co. 12mo. pp. 30.

"Forbid them not," or, The Hindrances which prevent little Children from coming to Christ. By S. E. Dwight. New York: E. French & Co. 18mo. pp. 82.

Inquiring of the Fathers, or Seeking Wisdom from the Past. Discourses preached in the New North Church, on Lord's Day, December 9th, on the Completion of the 124th Year from the Establishment of the Church, and of the 25th Year since the Settlement of the Present Pastor. By Francis Parkman, D. D. Boston: Samuel N. Dickinson. 8vo. pp. 40.

The Question, Will the Christian Religion be recognised as the Basis of the System of Public Instruction in Massachusetts? Discussed in Four Letters to the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 8vo. pp. 25.

Sermons. By Henry Melville, B. D., Minister of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, &c. &c. Edited by the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, D. D., &c. &c. New York: Swords, Stanford, & Co. 8vo. pp. 567.

The Atonement; a Charge to the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, &c. By the Rt. Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D. D. Philadelphia: 8vo. pp. 38.

A Sermon preached in Trinity Church, New York, on Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1838, before the Annual Convention of the Diocese. By Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Ascension. New York: G. & C. Carvill & Co. 8vo. pp. 18.

A Sermon preached at the Opening of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Sept. 5th, 1838. By the Rt. Rev. William Meade, D. D., Assistant Bishop of Virginia. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 34.

Speaking the Truth in Love; the Spirit of the Church, and the Duty of her Ministers. A Sermon before the Clergy of the Northern Convocation of the Diocese of New Jersey, &c. &c. By the Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. Burlington: I. L. Powell. 8vo. pp. 20.

Familiar Dialogues on Shakerism; in which the Principles of the United Society are illustrated and defended. By Fayette Mace. Portland: C. Day & Co. 12mo. pp. 120.

The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom; exhibited in Notes of Voyages made in 1837, from Canton, in the Ship Morrisson and Brig Himmaleh, under Direction of the Owners. In Two Volumes, New York: E. French & Co. 12mo. pp. 216 and 295.

Sermons by the late Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D. D.; to which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, by William B. Sprague, D. D., Minister of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany. Albany: Packard, Van Benthuysen, & Co. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 597 and 596.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Far West; or a Tour beyond the Mountains. Embracing outlines of Western Life and Scenery; Sketches of the Prairies, Rivers, Ancient Mounds, Early Settlements of the Far West, &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 263 and 241.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED